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Who Killed Diana? By Michael Gross

NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER 15, 1997

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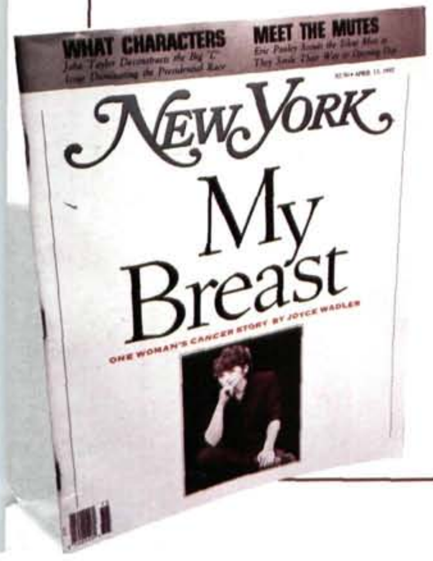

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MEET THE MUTES

NEW YORK

My Breast

ONE WOMAN'S CANCER STORY BY JOYCE WADLER

By Joyce Wadler

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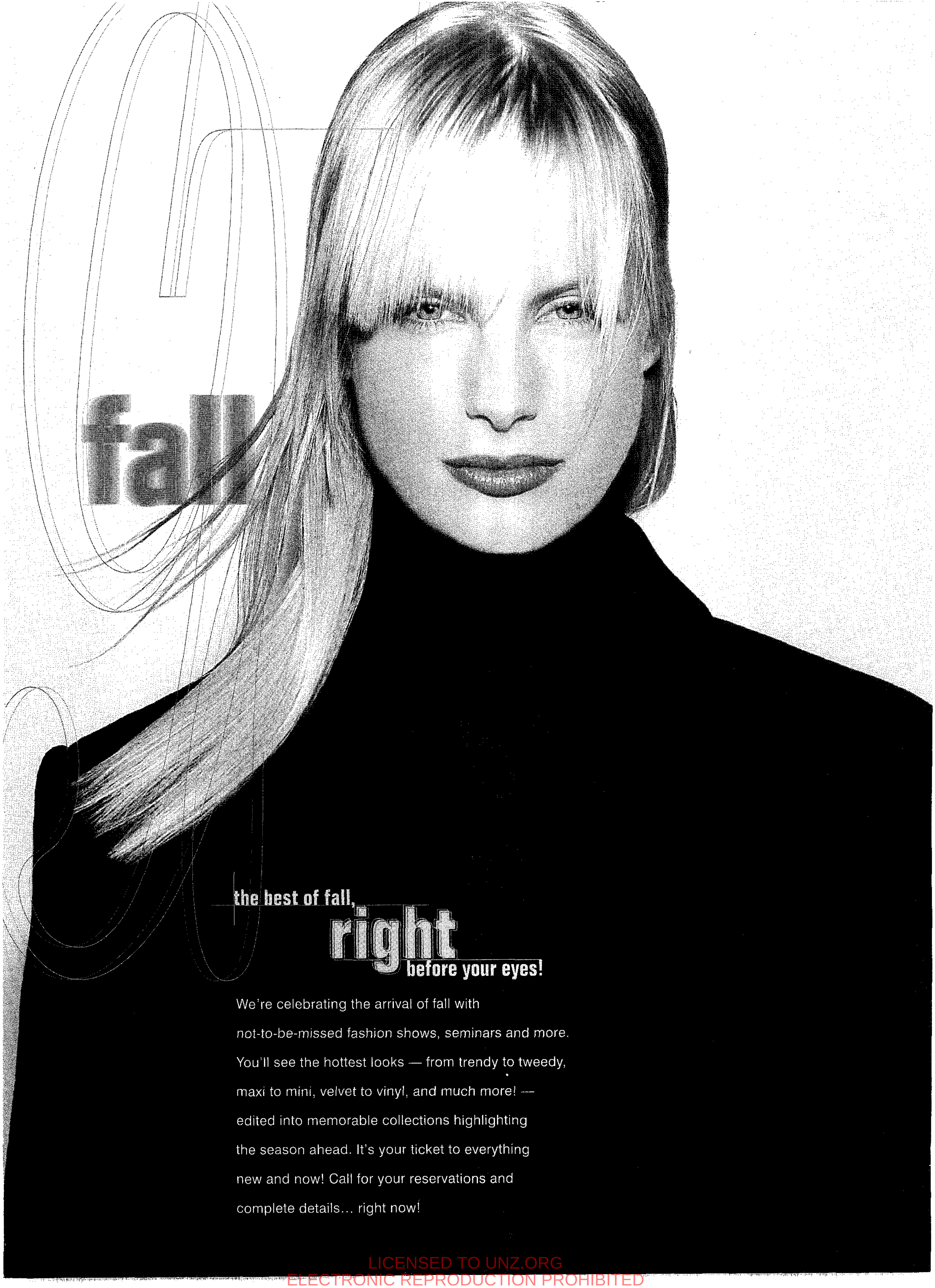
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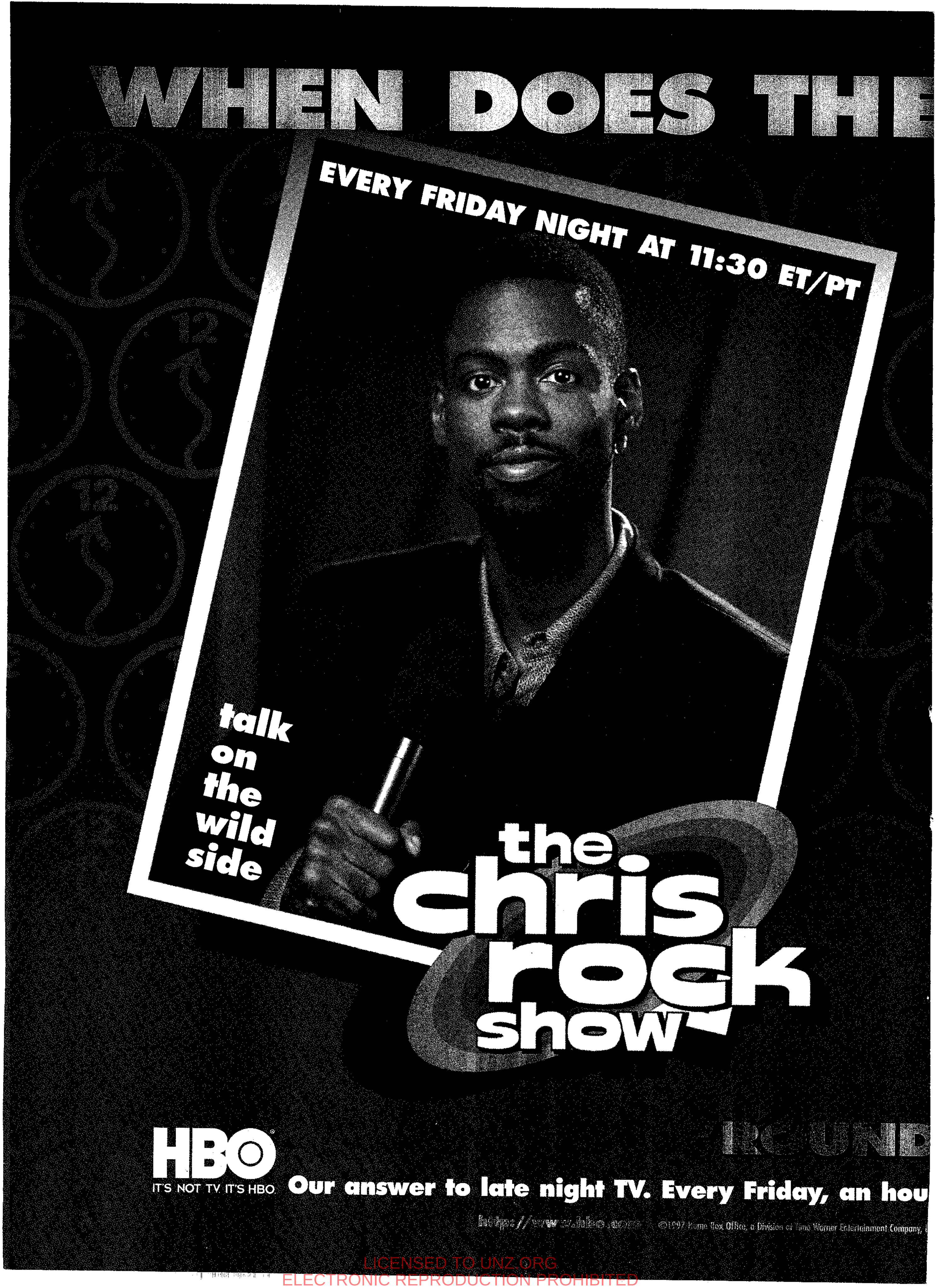

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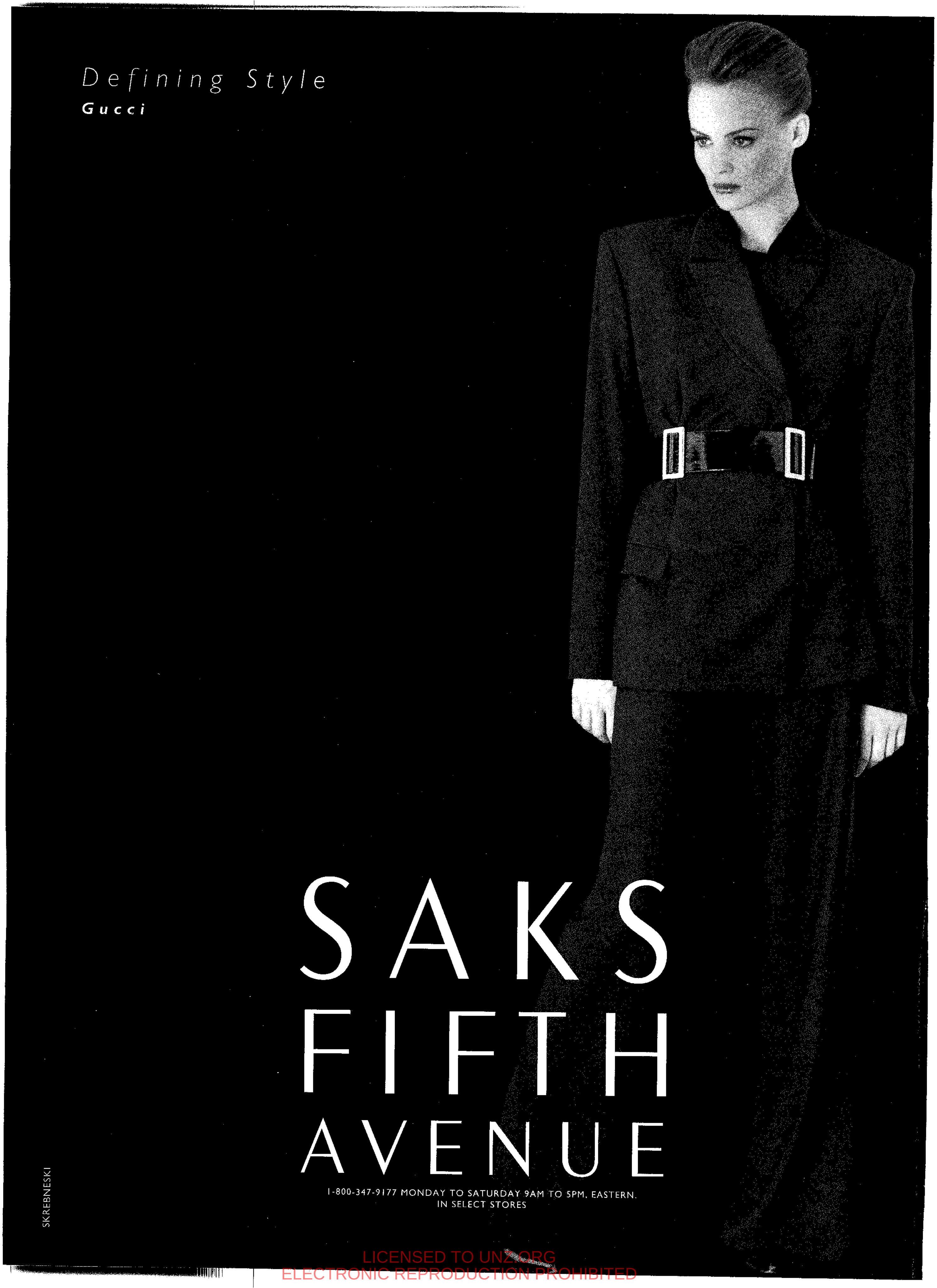

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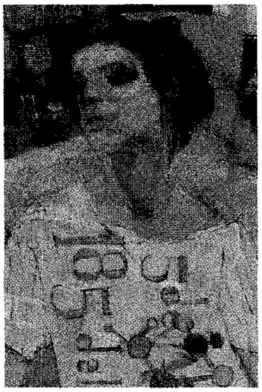
>
> JOYCE WADLER, PAGE 24



24 Strike Two

By Joyce Wadler

In 1992, *New York* published Joyce Wadler's account of her breast-cancer diagnosis, surgery, and survival. Now she's fighting again—this time ovarian cancer, brought to her courtesy of the gene that predisposes Ashkenazic women to reproductive cancer—washing down more daunting statistics with the same cocktail of fear and humor. (Part one of two.)

38 Bad Press

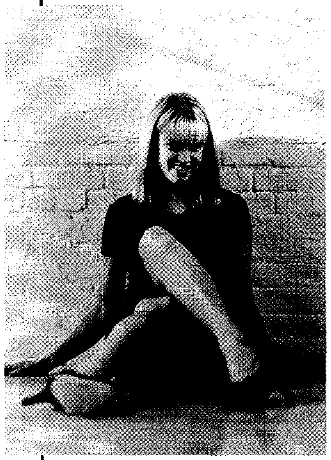
By Michael Gross

Never mind the drunk driver or the fast life: The instant verdict was that the media killed Diana, sending New York journalists scrambling to distance themselves from the paparazzi sleaze. "It was *them*," the anchors say. So who, then, is us?

42 Teed Off

By Faye Penn

Golf, everyone? With the popularity of the bucolic sport soaring, New Yorkers have resorted to sleeping in their cars to score public tee times, or paying upwards of $100,000 initiation fees for private clubs. That is, if they can get past boards more finicky than the Dakota's.



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By Rebecca Mead

If the idea had occurred to Jann Wenner, *Rolling Stone* would today be called *Jann*. But then *Jane* editor Jane Pratt's approach has never been by-the-book: When she launched *Sassy*, at 24, she injected sex and sauciness into the earnest world of teen magazines. Now, after several high-profile flops, she's trying to recapture that buzz with *Jane*—a magazine once again aimed at readers only a few years younger than she.

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Center photograph by Cherruault/Sipa.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1997—VOL. 30, NO. 35. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover photographs: portrait by Danny Clinch. Hair and makeup by Luisa Ascensao for Make-Up Forever. Magazine by Steven Freeman.

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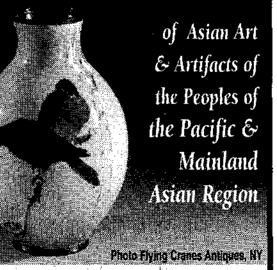

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New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Telephone: 212-508-0700. **Copyright © 1997 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.

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LETTERS SEPTEMBER 15, 1997

The Boyfriends

Gay high society has more on its collective mind than well-toned abs, some members claim, but some real, live trophy boys just seem happy to be noticed.

BECAUSE I STILL BELIEVE IN SOME kind of truth in journalism, I would like to correct several errors written about myself in Maer Roshan and Eric Konigsberg's "Boys on the Side" [August 18]. First of all, I have not been to a party at Fire Island on the Fourth of July in more than four years. I did not say what Roshan attributed to me, nor have I ever, in my life, asked for a Bud. I don't drink beer. I came to the party alone and left alone. My only contact with Maer Roshan at the party in question occurred when he approached me about investing in a magazine he was trying to get off the ground, an offer I declined.

David Geffen
LOS ANGELES

IT WAS MY JULY 4 PARTY MAER CAME TO (July 4, *1993,* incidentally) and with which he leads off his piece. Maer writes that the "boldfaced respectability" of the folks on the upper deck "contrasted notably with the anonymous gym rats frolicking below" in the pool. "[To them], the Establishment types on the deck represented opportunity—a chance to pump up their careers or, at the very least, their bank accounts."

In fact, the folks below were only anonymous to Maer. They were for the most part young bankers, lawyers, doctors, and ad executives who really didn't need much help pumping up their careers. And only one guest I know of saw the party as having anything to do with his bank account—Maer himself. He was looking for money to keep afloat a publication he had founded. I see nothing at all wrong in that, and wound up mailing in $5,000 myself in February 1994, written off as a bad debt the following year. I don't begrudge Maer his lobster or even the $5,000, but the truth is really not as sensational, or as tacky, as Maer makes it sound.

In the second sentence of the story, Maer has "Barney Frank chatting with Clinton apparatchik Bob Hattoy." Well, Barney, though always welcome, has never been at one of my Fourth of July parties. He simply wasn't there. And David Geffen, whom Maer has being fetched "a Bud," has never asked for a Bud in all the years I've known him—I always wind up getting him club soda because I'm too cheap to buy Perrier. Trivial, except that I seriously doubt that Maer's memory for five July 4's ago was any better in attributing to David a nasty, hurtful remark—even "joking"—than it was in placing Barney at the party.

Andrew Tobias
MANHATTAN

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Maer Roshan replies: It's true that I approached both Mr. Geffen and Mr. Tobias (as well as 60 or 70 others) in an attempt to save *QW* magazine in the months after its owner died in 1992. As the magazine's founding editor, I felt obliged to do everything I could to save the city's only gay newsweekly and two dozen jobs. But it was not my practice to accost prospective investors in their swimsuits; in fact, I sent business plans to both men in December 1992. In any case, I'm surprised to see Mr. Tobias equate my activities on behalf of the magazine with feathering my own bank account. If I were as mercenary as he paints me, I'd surely be able to tell a banker from a bimbo.

Before the article was published, I checked the details of the party with two other guests, each of whom quite vividly recalled Mr. Geffen's companion. As for the issue of Mr. Geffen's beverage, I distinctly remember his companion returning from the bar with *two* bottles of beer. He may well have intended to polish off both on his own. If that is the case, I offer Mr. Geffen my apologies and a case of Perrier as penance. My apologies, too, to Barney Frank, who informs us that he was not at the party. Finally, though I'm grateful that Mr. Tobias doesn't begrudge me the lobster, let the record show that I didn't consume any: As a former yeshiva boy, I've never eaten lobster in my life.

AS ONE OF THE "BOY TOYS" YOU DISPARAGE, I take offense at your reporters' snide characterizations. Believe it or not, we not only know how to pronounce "Balthazar," "ménage," and "Jann," we can (a) always get a better table at Balthazar than you can and (b) use all three of those words in the same sentence, if you catch my drift.

As for your advice that we familiarize ourselves with "Page Six"—why? Our stock-in-trade is knowing the right people, and "Page Six" can't even spell their names. How long would we last in this game if we R.S.V.P.'d to invitations by misspelling the famous names of our benefactors' friends and associates? There is more I could say, but I've got to continue studying for my GREs.

Daniel
MANHATTAN

LAST YEAR WAS A DARK YEAR IN THE GAY universe. After your sad cover story on the demise of gay culture, I burned my rainbow flag and began a personal boycott of the Big Cup. But now I can rejoice: Your article on trophy boys reminded me that homo life in the Big Apple is just as fabulous as ever. As a 25-year-old with a pseudo-job and a 42-year-old boyfriend who is a television executive, I had no idea that my life was so interesting.

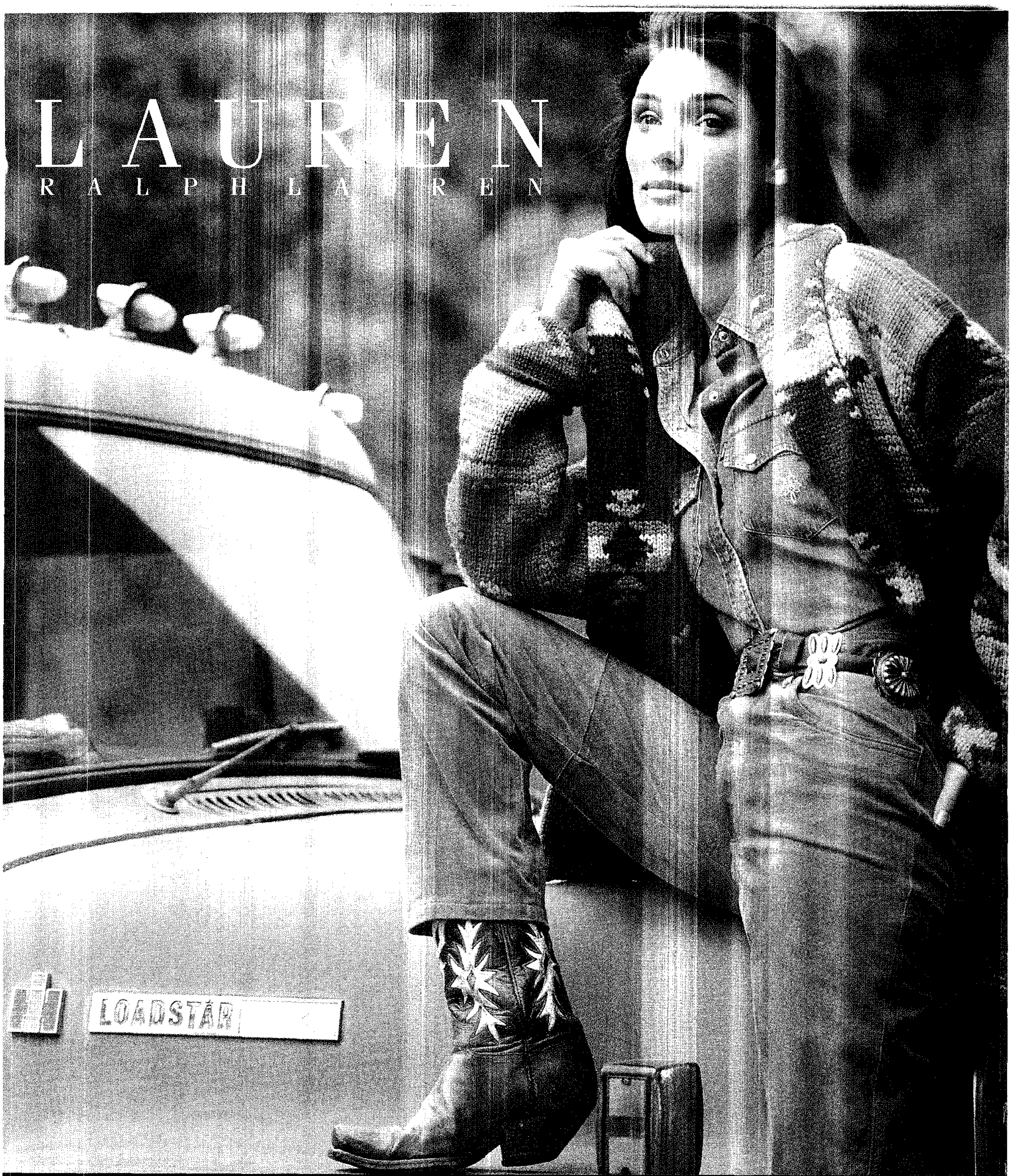
Aaron Krach
MANHATTAN

PERHAPS MR. ROSHAN AND MR. KONIGSBERG should use what little literary talent they have to write a positive story about gay society: a story about the amount of money David Geffen has donated to AIDS causes; a story about Barney Frank, a brave pioneer in American politics; a story about the close-knit and supportive gay communities that have developed on Fire Island and in the Hamptons. Even a story about gay life that did not mention Andrew Cunanan, muscle boys, or Liz Taylor would be an improvement.

Glenn C. Finn
MANHATTAN

THE LOVER-BELOVED DISTINCTION JAMIE ST. Juste credits to Carson McCullers goes back at least as far as Proust. That may not mean much to your daddy du jour, but it's a surefire tiebreaker if you should find yourself playing *Gay Jeopardy!* in the Hamptons.

David Ehrenstein
LOS ANGELES



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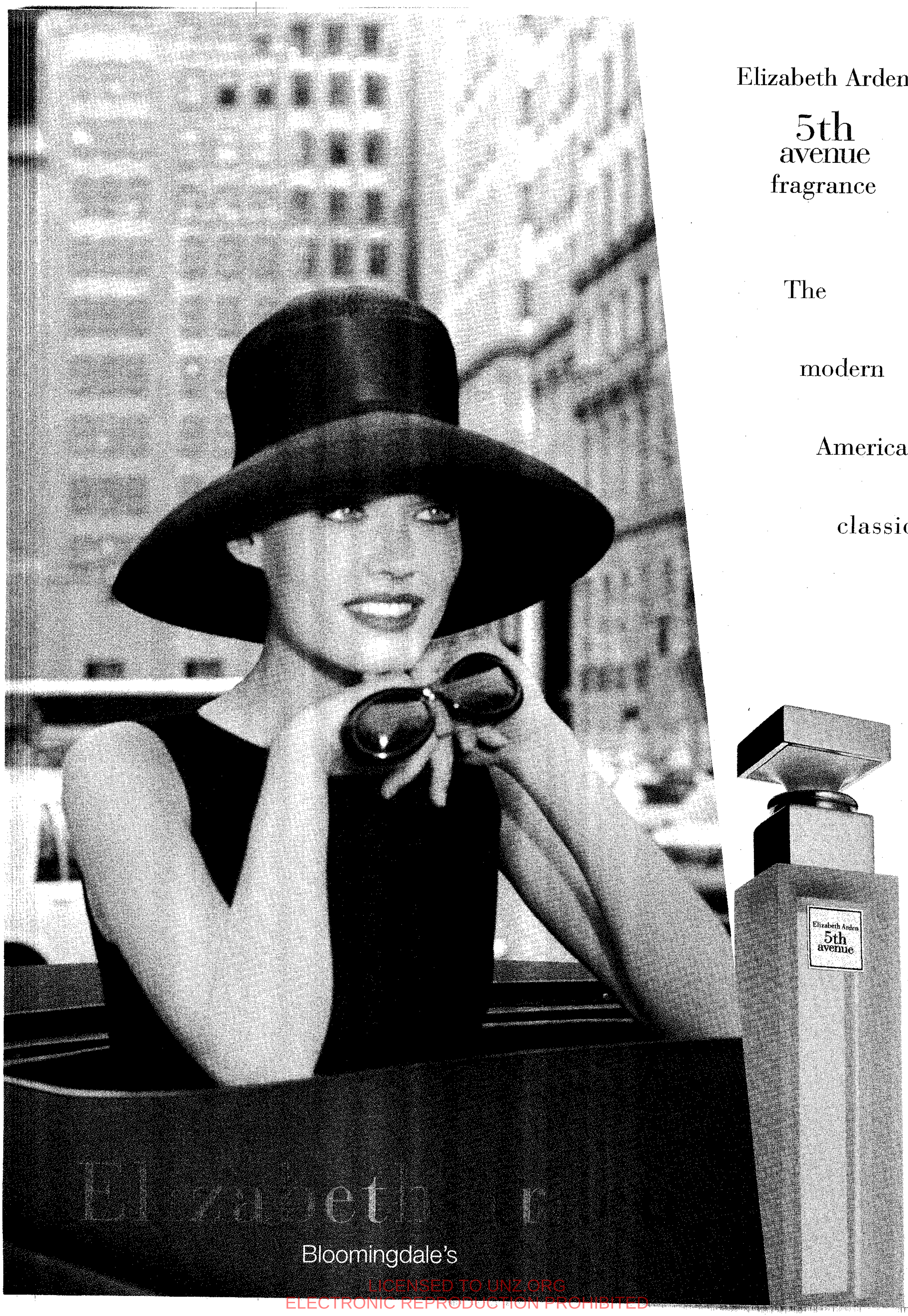
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

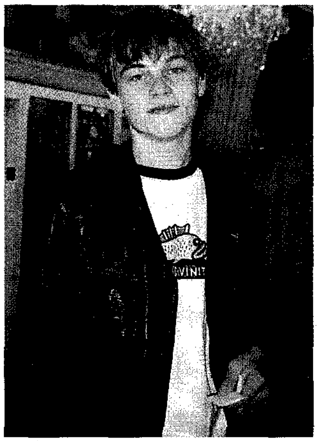
TIMES'S LIVING SECTION EATEN UP

Is "the Gray Lady" becoming an outdated moniker? The New York *Times* will become decidedly more lively this fall, when additional color photos and sections are added to the paper. Some changes that will be in effect starting September 15: Wednesday's Living section will become the Dining section, featuring the restaurant reviews that have hitherto been printed on Friday. Thursday's Home section will now be the House and Home section and will feature real-estate listings, though the Sunday Real Estate section will remain intact. Friday's Weekend section will be split into two divisions, with movies and performing arts in one, fine arts and leisure in another. In addition to an expanded Saturday edition, each day's paper will now feature a separate sports section and a separate arts section. Styles, which has been relegated to the back of the Sunday Metro section, will once again be a separate entity. One *Times* insider says the staff is taking the changes in stride: "A lot of people feel like they had to do it—everyone else is, and it's too stodgy anyway. There's been a long push to spice the paper up." As for the gossip column under consideration for the Metro section, a newspaper source says it will most likely run several times per week. Word is that the spot will be offered to **Elisabeth Bumiller,** who tackled the **Rudy Giuliani–Donna Hanover** controversy in a pre–*Vanity Fair* gloss last year.

DIAL 212 FOR DOUGLAS

Michael Douglas is becoming a New Yorker once again. As a result of the actor's still-unfinalized divorce from **Diandra,** she keeps the Santa Barbara house and he moves in to the Upper West Side New York apartment. Douglas was getting reacquainted with his new hometown last week, making an appearance at Balthazar for the East Coast premiere of *The Game.* Also there were Douglas's longtime friend and once production-company partner, **Bruce Paltrow,** and his daughter **Gwyneth,** who will co-star with Douglas in the remake of *Dial M for Murder.* Notes Douglas's spokesman, **Allen Burry,** "It will be an acting challenge for Michael to play the husband of someone he knew so well as a child."

Michael Douglas: Fetal attraction?



Leonardo DiCaprio: Heartbreak hotel

ABANDON (STAN)HOPE, ALL WHO ENTER

Fans of the Stanhope are finding that life isn't what it used to be since the elite hotel came under new ownership last December. One frequent guest places the blame on new owner and manager **Richard Born,** saying the former surgeon will "do anything to make a buck," rendering the establishment "a virtual Holiday Inn." In the past month, guests and residents have also found themselves at the whim of production crews filming throughout the publicity-happy hotel. Two weeks ago, some public areas were closed off so **Danny Aiello's** new series, *Dellaventura,* could shoot scenes there. Then last week, several people were trapped in an elevator so **Woody Allen** could finish filming his latest movie, starring **Leonardo DiCaprio** and **Kenneth Branagh,** in the hotel's lobby. "The elevator just stopped. There was no air conditioning, and we were holed up for ten minutes while Woody went to work," complains a guest. Responds Born: "We are upgrading the entire hotel. Our customers have been very happy with the changes we're making both physically and operationally." As for any delays caused by filming, Born insists, "the most the guests were delayed was ten seconds while a scene was actually being filmed. I don't think standing around for ten seconds looking at Leonardo DiCaprio is a tragedy."

TOYS 'R' HIS—AND THE ART, TOO?

The dramatic $20 million battle between Toys 'R' Us's **Charles Lazarus** and the estate of his late wife, **Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan**—who asked for a divorce on her deathbed—has just become even more bitter. Now **Dr. Peter Kaplan** is suing his stepfather in State Supreme Court to get back personal things he claims he left in the three homes his mother shared with Lazarus. Kaplan tells the court that he "enjoyed a warm relationship" with his stepfather—until his mother died in 1995, when Lazarus's "attitude towards me abruptly changed. . . . I was shocked at his new cold treatment." Kaplan was even more shocked last December, when he flew to the family's Bahamas vacation home only to discover that Lazarus had sold it, according to his court complaint. Wedding presents, a gun collection, and art that Kaplan kept in the Bahamas had been removed, he claims. His court papers also detail other possessions—family photos, the twenty-gauge shotgun his mother gave him for his 13th birthday, and a Picasso decoupage, another gift from his mother—that Kaplan says Lazarus won't return. The spurned stepson is upping the ante by including in his suit the woman Lazarus

Photographs: top, Alex Berliner/Outline; bottom, Maria Del Greco/Outline.

Kitty Carlisle Hart: Family matters

ADVICE OR VICE FROM ROSENTHAL?

Just when **David Rosenthal's** new job as Simon & Schuster publisher was announced, *Boston* magazine was on the stands reporting one of his gaffes. Lecturing at last year's Radcliffe Publishing Course, Rosenthal "told an inquisitive young woman that to get ahead in the wacky publishing world, the power of fellatio should never be underestimated," according to *Boston.* Rosenthal says he has "no recollection of saying that," pointing out that it's only a paraphrase ("Believe me, if they'd had a quote, they would have used it"). *Boston* stands by its story. "David's very artful comment is not a denial," says editor **Craig Unger.** One source who attended the afternoon lecture reports that there was some laughter but also "general discomfort" after Rosenthal's bad joke. Rosenthal himself laughs off the flap. "Certainly if anything like that was said, I'm sure it was in a humorous, satiric context," he says. "You're talking to the publisher of the *Official Politically Correct Dictionary.*"

Pete Hamill: Photo finish

married "within four months of my mother's death," **Joan Regenbogen.** Attorneys for both sides refused to comment on pending litigation; the next hearing is set for September 19.

EVERYTHING MUST GO AT BARNEYS

Barneys isn't exactly looking gift horses in the mouth after closing its flagship store last month. That's what shopper **Simone Cooper** learned after leaving her $6 orange rice-paper umbrella at the Barneys Warehouse Sale one afternoon. When she returned the following day to retrieve it, it was nowhere in the Lost and Found. But salesgirls eventually located the lost parasol, with a sales label attached, in the accessories section. "At first I was quite annoyed. The saleswoman shrugged and said, 'I guess anything around here is up for grabs,' " recalls Cooper, whose umbrella had been knocked down in price to $20 from $40, according to the handwritten tag (Cooper paid not a cent to get it back). Barneys P.R. director **Jason Weisenfeld** appreciates the humor. "The New York Warehouse Sale is a complete frenzy," he laughs. "These things happen."

KITTY'S BIG NIGHT; PETE'S LAST FIGHT

A HART IS NOT A HOME: From the Beltway to Broadway, those who knew Pamela Harriman have noticed that her son, **Winston Churchill,** inherited her friends along with her millions. Harriman always stayed at **Kitty Carlisle Hart's** apartment when she visited New York, so when Churchill came here this summer to marry **Luce Danielson,** he called Kitty. But she couldn't put him up. "I was terribly sorry; I had no room," Hart explains. "I had my son, my daughter-in-law, and my granddaughter." For a moment, the honeymooners were going to shell out the bucks to stay at the Plaza Athénée, but then, at the last minute, they were able to borrow an apartment from an out-of-town friend, according to a source. And in the future, Hart's home is always open. "Next time they come, they're welcome to stay here," she says.

NO RE-PETE: **Pete Hamill's** last days at the *Daily News* were not easy ones. According to *News* sources, a heated argument ensued between Hamill and other top editors about running a controversial, risqué shot of Diana getting out of a limousine. Hamill voiced objections to the shot, but others thought it should run. It did—and the *News* was flooded with calls of protest. Let's hope that popular executive editor **Debby Krenek,** who will in all likelihood finally get her long-awaited chance to edit the paper, has less of a struggle getting her way.

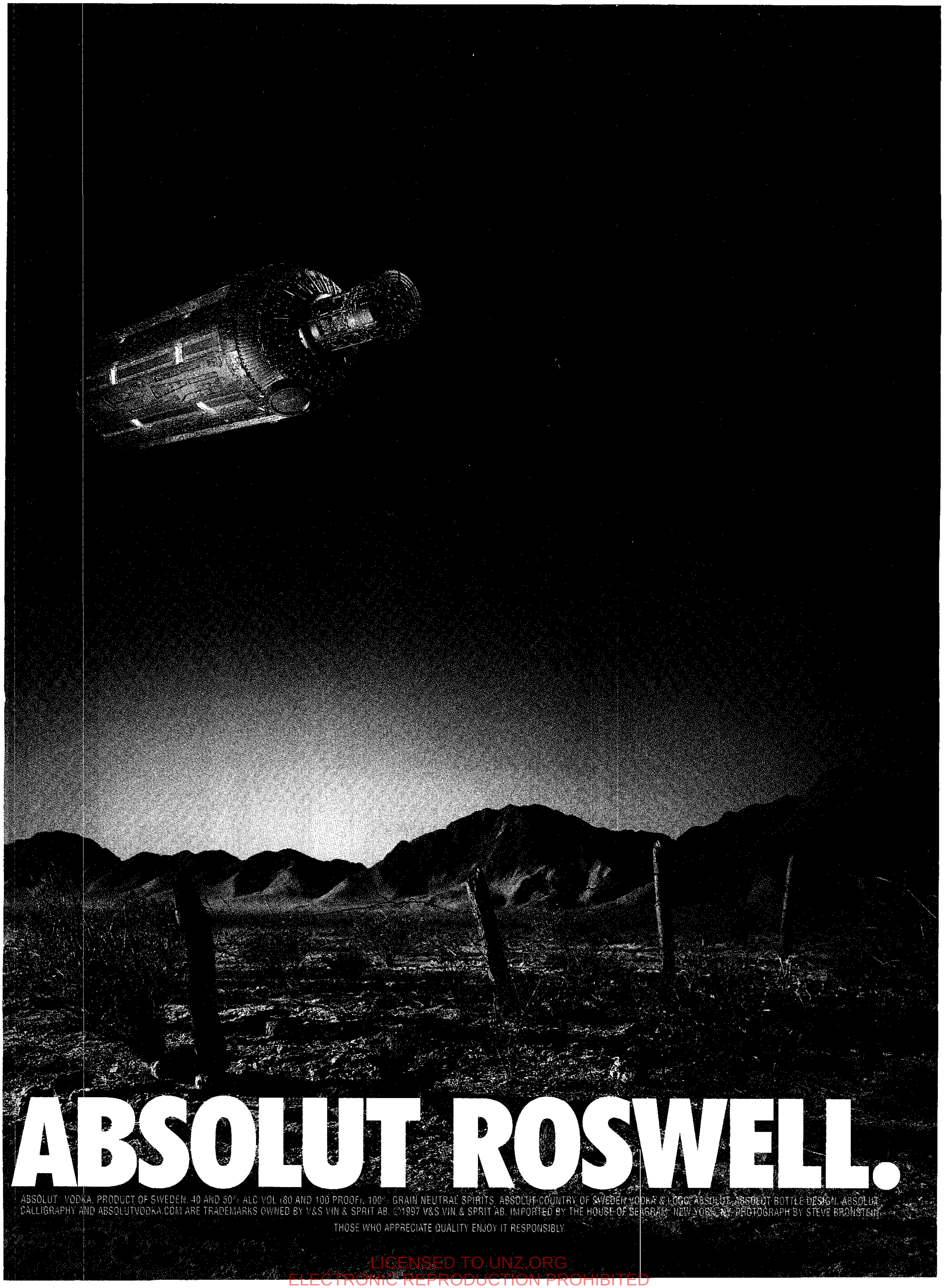
OVER AT THE RAINBOW: Is the Rainbow Room looking for another star? **Joe Baum** and **David Emil,** who run the three-star restaurant, want to carve out a new, intimate showcase where chef **Waldy Malouf** could earn his fourth star, according to sources. One idea is to convert Rainbow & Stars, the money-losing cabaret, into a swank new eatery. "They're considering opening up another restaurant, but not necessarily in Rainbow & Stars," says one insider, who points to a sixty-fifth-floor banquet room that could be converted into Malouf's mecca.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

ALLEN GINSBERG'S MANY MEMORIALS

Somewhere, Allen Ginsberg is howling with laughter at the ruckus his memorials are causing. There's the star-studded birthday celebration journalist **Al Aronowitz** wants to put together in Central Park next June. He's already contacted celebrities like **Johnny Depp, Peter Coyote, Dennis Hopper, Sam Shepard,** and **Toni Morrison,** but he has yet to have a conversation with the Parks Department. And he's had a falling out with former Ginsberg secretary **Bob Rosenthal,** who runs the Ginsberg Trust. Rosenthal is planning a tribute at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine next spring and is working to put together an MTV *Unplugged* on the late poet. Yet another faction, a group of Lower East Side artists and musicians who worked with Ginsberg, do have a permit for their memorial in Central Park on September 28—but Aronowitz dismisses that event as "a smoke-in for a bunch of Lower East Side hippies." **Andrew Hoffman,** Abbie's son, has agreed to emcee the event, which will feature Buddhist chanting, poetry reading, acoustic music, and a vegetarian picnic. "Allen liked to eat meat raw, so that's very funny," laughs Rosenthal. Stay tuned.

Photographs: left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; right, Rick Maiman/Sygma.



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GOTHAM

It's a beautiful city! I hope they finish it sometime soon—***Ed McMahon Jr.***

Foreigners

ROYAL BLUES: LONDON HIPSTERS MOURN THE PRINCESS

LAST WEEK, WHILE BBC-WATCHING, tabloid-reading, royalty-loving London was engaged in its singularly un-British public display of grief over Princess Diana's death, the younger generation was mining a more complex emotional vein. Raised on a faith-draining diet of conspiracy theories, Thatcherism, and "God Save the Queen" (the Sex Pistols' 1977 punk-rock overture, not the mid-eighteenth-century national anthem), young Britons found themselves in a curious state, an uneasy mixture of grief and cynicism, nostalgia and bewilderment at their own sentimental reactions.

Many of the qualities for which Diana had often been ridiculed by the young and the hip suddenly seemed like cherished traits after her death. The blushing, poised but insecure 19-year-old Diana became an emblem of their lost early-eighties innocence; the distraught, bulimic, thirtyish victim of the royal family's machinations was now the outsider with whom they could all identify.

Just after midnight on Sunday, August 31, three young men waiting in a North London car-service office ruminated on that morning's news. "Young people never cared at all about the royals," one said. "But this brings it home on such a human level. It's not even ironic, is it?" Conversation turned to the usual twentysomething obsessions, such as conspiracy theories (there must be one, the lads seemed to feel, though none of them had actually heard one) and the Kennedys ("This is major; it's like JFK's death, isn't it?").

Before heading out of the office to catch his ride, one turned back to remark that "the *real* tragedy would've been if she'd gotten old and wrinkly like the Queen Mother. As it is, she's the perfect martyr—and she left behind a beautiful corpse."

The next afternoon, a handful of 'zine editors sat in their bunkerlike offices, discussing their reactions. "I shed a tear yesterday," admitted Stephan Fowler, 31, of *The Well,* an incipient free glossy for the Clerkenwell neighborhood. "She demonstrated how much of an impact one person can have on the world, with no qualifications and no intellect."

Asked whether Diana was as compelling a figure for his generation as she was for his parents', David Wilson—who also admitted crying—waxed ethological. "We've been shown her image every day for sixteen years," he replied. "So it's like losing a mother."

"I might have gone to Kensington Palace," said Kira Jolliffe, the 27-year-old editor of *Cheap Date* ("For Thinking Thrifters"), a secondhand-shopping 'zine, "mainly out of curiosity. But I wouldn't be shocked to hear that one of my friends had left flowers. It's one of those things you find out about people—like learning that one of your mates is really into Christ."

Over pints of Guinness at the Three Kings of Clerkenwell, a gaggle of writers, filmmakers, musicians, full-time ponderers, unreconstructed Liverpudlian Communists, and assorted bohemians explored a rediscovered fondness for the dead princess. Howard Jones, the 31-year-old owner of a small nightclub, offered a reductionist interpretation of his generation's grief: "It's sort of a dark secret, like expressing fealty to the royals, but every British male in his late twenties and early thirties has had a sexual fantasy about Diana. It's not the kind of thing you walk into a pub and announce. I remember waking up one morning at six, shocked to find I'd had a wet dream about her. I was 29."

"Normally," added his friend Adam Smith, a 28-year-old software designer, "if a royal had got topped off, we'd be gleeful. There's no loyalty to the crown—not after the Sex Pistols. But in this case, it's a human tragedy above all."

If the royal family is an embattled institution, Diana's estrangement from it lifted her above the fray. "In a way, she was an empty sign onto which people projected the meaning they wanted to see," observed Matthew De Abaitua, a 25-year-old editor of the anti-work quarterly *The Idler* ("For Those Who Live to Loaf"). "Now that she's dead, we can no longer do that; she's become fixed. And that's what people are mourning." ETHAN SMITH

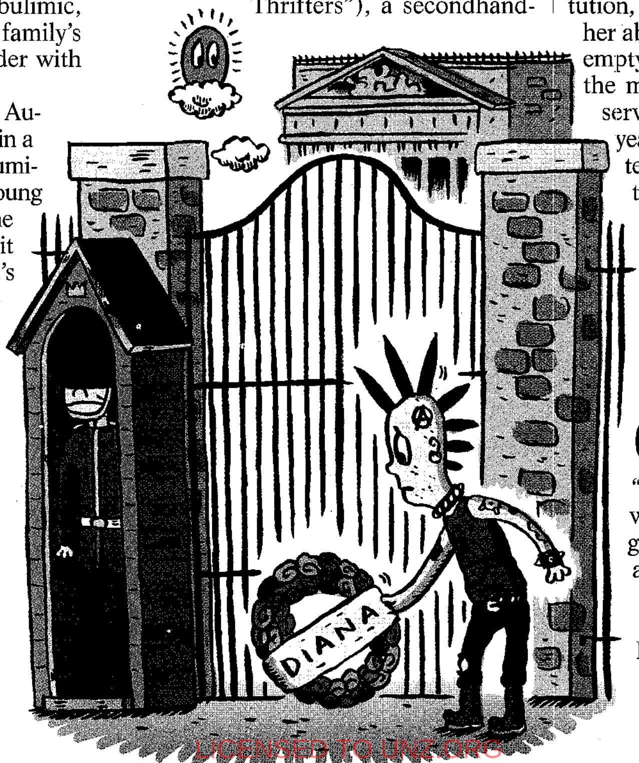
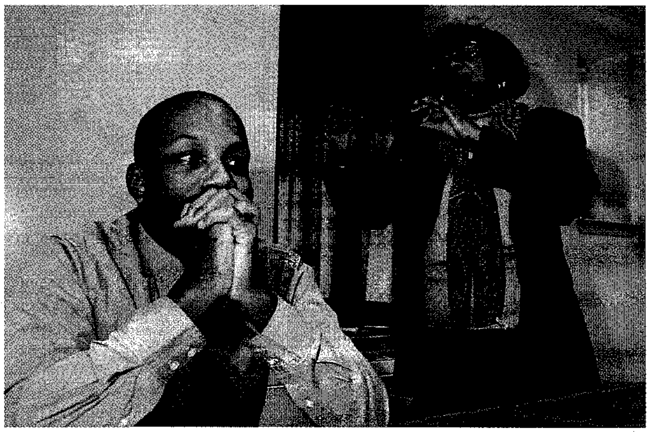


Illustration by Paul Corio.

Politics

A CANDIDATE WITH GOOD CREDIT

"I WANT TO DO TO THE CITY COUNCIL what Newt Gingrich did to Congress," says Errol T. Louis, pacing around his campaign headquarters, which happens to be the wood-paneled ground floor of his Crown Heights brownstone. "I want to get



Uneasy listening: Challenger Louis waits out City Councilmember Pinkett.

a group of progressives and take over a voting majority in the council." Grabbing his campaign schedule, Louis dashes out the door and into his beige Saturn. "We're just going to Brooklyn Gardens [a center for homeless men and women] to drop off some literature," he says, drumming his fingers on the dash as he drives down a section of Bedford Avenue lined with boarded-up buildings. "Then maybe we'll do some door-to-door."

Meet the new breed of New York City Council candidate. Dressed in an expensive charcoal-gray wool suit and a blue-and-white-striped tie, Louis—who is running in the Democratic primary against Mary Pinkett in Brooklyn's 35th District (which covers everything from the black middle-class enclave in Fort Greene to Dresden-like stretches in Crown Heights)—looks like a banker. And that's exactly what he was until this past May. After earning a master's from Yale, he co-founded the Central Brooklyn Federal Credit Union in 1993 to give loans to the mostly black-owned businesses in his neighborhood. The small bank has since been hailed by policy-makers as a model of how to tap the entrepreneurial energy of inner-city neighborhoods. Now the 35-year-old son of a retired New York City cop sees an opportunity to make a decisive move into politics.

For years, the council has been logjammed with tough-to-beat incumbents, and until recently, the likes of Errol Louis weren't particularly attracted to it. "My dad asked me, 'Why do you want to go hang out with a bunch of flatliners?' " Louis says. "But I think the council is going to be a great place to work to get things going for this community." New term limits passed last year mean that most of the council lifers will be forced out in 2001. Everything will be up for grabs. "Imagine this," he says. "You used to have to wait for years before you could get on a committee, but now I could conceivably have the speakership within a term."

Louis parks on Carlton Avenue and walks briskly into the tidy entrance of Brooklyn Gardens. The executive director greets him at the door and gives him some unexpected news: "Mary Pinkett will be here any moment."

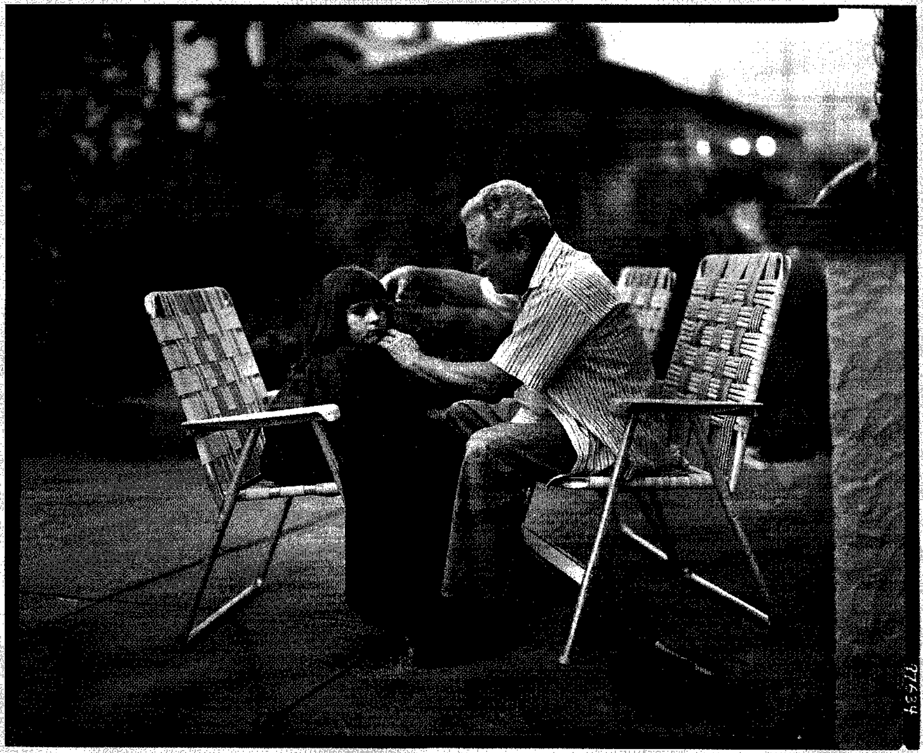
Louis is stunned. In his carefully laid campaign plans, he and his staff had decided that he would *not* debate the 24-year council veteran. "It's not that we're trying to avoid her," he says. "But we thought it would be more efficient to concentrate on getting out the positive aspects of our plans and staying away from the old-style City Council rhetoric."

He collects himself and makes his way to the front of the room, where around twenty single moms, former homeless men, and mental patients have gathered. "My platform," he says calmly, "is simple. I'm a businessman. I've helped finance a lot of the business throughout this district. That's how you get economic growth and job security. What we need is somebody downtown to work on getting help for our businesses." Then he pulls out a flyer—an unflattering breakdown of Pinkett's voting record. "She was absent for at least five major votes," he says. "For three years in a row, she voted for Giuliani's budget cuts."

Pinkett, who arrives late, puts both fists on the table and stands up. "A statement was made about my voting for the Giuliani budget [cuts]," she begins, in a stern, lecturelike tone. "You have to understand government as it works." Her voice rises. "Under the charter of the City of New York, only the mayor has the authority to initiate the budget. I worked on keeping money in this community." Then she turns slowly and looks at Louis. "I don't want to cast blame. But when they tried to put an incinerator in our backyard, some of us spent all night at City Hall to make sure it didn't happen. I did not see any of my opponents there."

Louis chews the ice in his cup as he absorbs Pinkett's point. Another lesson has been learned about the power of incumbency. Ten minutes later, after shaking hands with each member of the audience, he gets back in his car. "Ugh, that incinerator crap. Like I would have been for the incinerator?" he says, shaking his head. "I have to hand it to her, though. She's good at that back-and-forth stuff." NORMAN VANAMEE

SHOT



Bensonhurst, 7:30 P.M., Saturday, August 30, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photograph: top, Andrew Goldberg.

Curious Georges

The one called Boy went to a boutique's opening; the boyish Stephanopoulos attended a premiere.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Counterclockwise from above: Carmen Electra and B-Real of Cypress Hill at *InStyle*'s "What's Sexy Now!" party; Boy George at the opening of Marc Jacobs's SoHo store; Carré Otis in the 57th Street Sculpture Garden for a party thrown by Rado watches; at Balthazar, for the premiere of *The Game*, Lauren Bacall and George Stephanopoulos.

Below, left to right: Laurie Anderson and Lou Reed at the Watermill Center Summer Benefit; Run-DMC (Darryl McDaniels, Joseph Simmons, and Jason Mizell) following their performance at Life.

Job Training

HELP FOR THE HELP: HOW TO TURN YOUR HOUSEKEEPER INTO MARTHA STEWART

YOUR HOUSEKEEPER WOULD BE PERFECT IF only she could cook. Trade her in? Imagine the ordeal. Train her instead. Food for Taught (and Other Wonderful Domestic Lessons), an in-home cooking school customized for your family's dietary desires, is the latest in the ever-burgeoning array of specialty services for New Yorkers with money to burn and no time to spare.

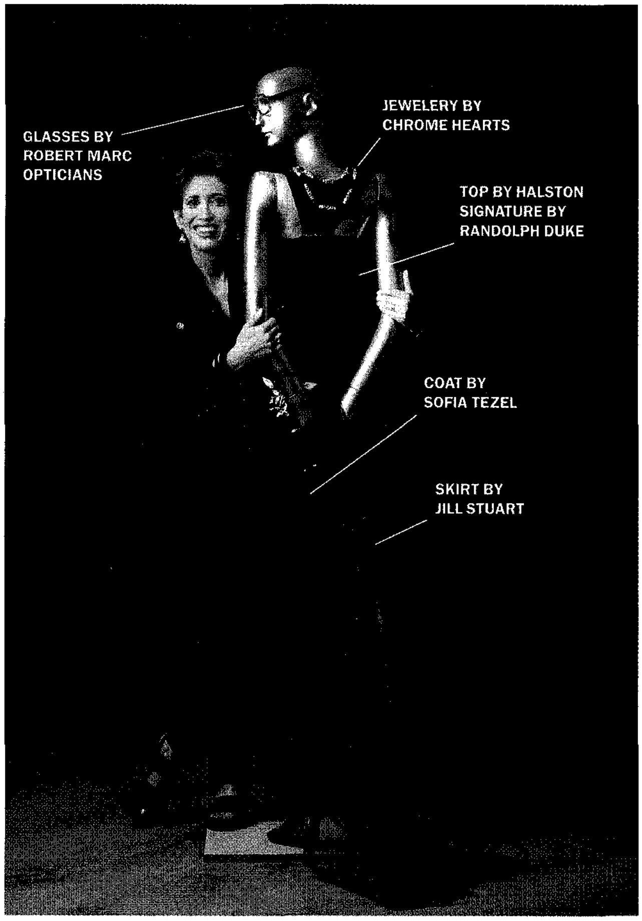
"The idea is to have someone come into your home, one-on-one, like a personal trainer," says Robin Kellner, who has added this new wrinkle to her business of matching families with household help. "Your housekeeper will learn these skills where she actually has to work: in *your* home, with *your* family—'We watch what we eat,' 'We don't watch what we eat,' 'We're all on spa cuisine' — *whatever.*"

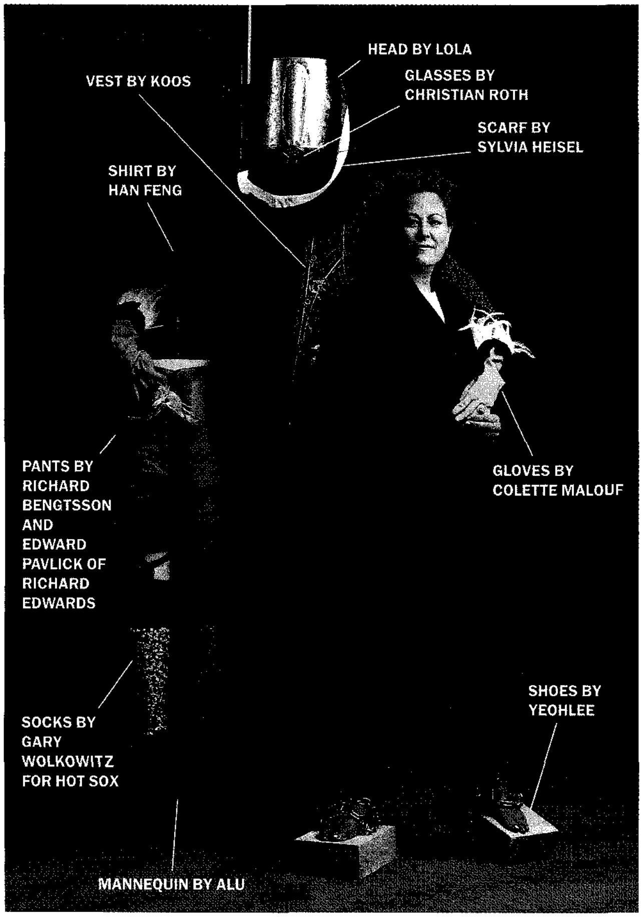
Kellner knows the territory: She's provided staff at every level, including a chef for the Trumps (when they were plural), a nanny for Kathleen Turner, and an estate manager for Al Pacino. As she describes her new venture, her assistant Lisa Kornbluth interviews a steady stream of nanny and housekeeper candidates in the other half of her one-room, file-cabinet-packed office. Kellner built her business on constant staff turnover, but, in a very nineties move, she's now concerned with diversifying the skills of existing employees.

The two chefs she's signed up so far as instructors both have experience in private homes and with picky kids—homemade fish fingers and chicken pizzas are proven winners. One of the instructors, Sharon Zakow, is already making fresh baby foods for a private client; wouldn't it be nice if your nanny did, too?

Session No. 1 of the three-part, eight-hour, approximately $500 course includes a trip to the local markets. "Going out into your neighborhood, finding a great place to market, a great meat place, a place for vegetables, with the person right there showing them how to pick out the freshest fruits," Kellner says. Session No. 2 covers kitchen skills, plus making a few dishes; in Session No. 3 they will prepare a whole meal, radicchio to biscotti.

If all goes well, Kellner has more specialized services to offer. A majordomo will explain how to clean marble, rare woods, brass sconces. A laundress will detail the finer points of starching a man's shirt. Or "how to make a proper bed. People spend an enormous amount on their linens," Kellner says. "Doing it properly makes all the difference in the world. They only have to be shown once—it's not a complicated concept." ALEXANDRA LANGE


GLASSES BY ROBERT MARC OPTICIANS
JEWELERY BY CHROME HEARTS
TOP BY HALSTON SIGNATURE BY RANDOLPH DUKE
COAT BY SOFIA TEZEL
SKIRT BY JILL STUART


VEST BY KOOS
HEAD BY LOLA
GLASSES BY CHRISTIAN ROTH
SCARF BY SYLVIA HEISEL
SHIRT BY HAN FENG
PANTS BY RICHARD BENGTSSON AND EDWARD PAVLICK OF RICHARD EDWARDS
GLOVES BY COLETTE MALOUF
SHOES BY YEOHLEE
SOCKS BY GARY WOLKOWITZ FOR HOT SOX
MANNEQUIN BY ALU

DESIGNER TEAMWORK

Borrowing from the Surrealists, top fashion figures an designers collaborate on some singular ensembles.

CREATIVE TIME, A LEADING PRESENTER OF PUBLIC ART PROJEC around New York for 25 years, has always encouraged arti to view the city as one big canvas (even showcasing th work in such nontraditional settings as subway tunnels a storefronts). But the group's latest endeavor—a yearlo "fashion project" intended to foster dialogue about fashio evolving role and artistic value—finds them trying somethi new: exploring the possibilities of viewing the body itself as a canva

For the first phase of the project, Anne Pasternak, Creative Tim executive director, and Melissa Feldman of MF Productions, invit several high-profile figures from within or around the fashion world play an updated version of Exquisite Corpse. When the Surrealists i vented that game, they passed a portrait-in-progress from one artist the next, each one drawing another body part without looking at wh had come before. In the new version, the players asked their favori designers—among them Jean Paul Gaultier, Manolo Blahnik, Miucc Prada, Jil Sander, Martin Margiela, Geoffrey Beene, Anna Sui, a Michael Kors—to create one unique piece (a scarf, a sleeve, a sho each for a different part of the body.

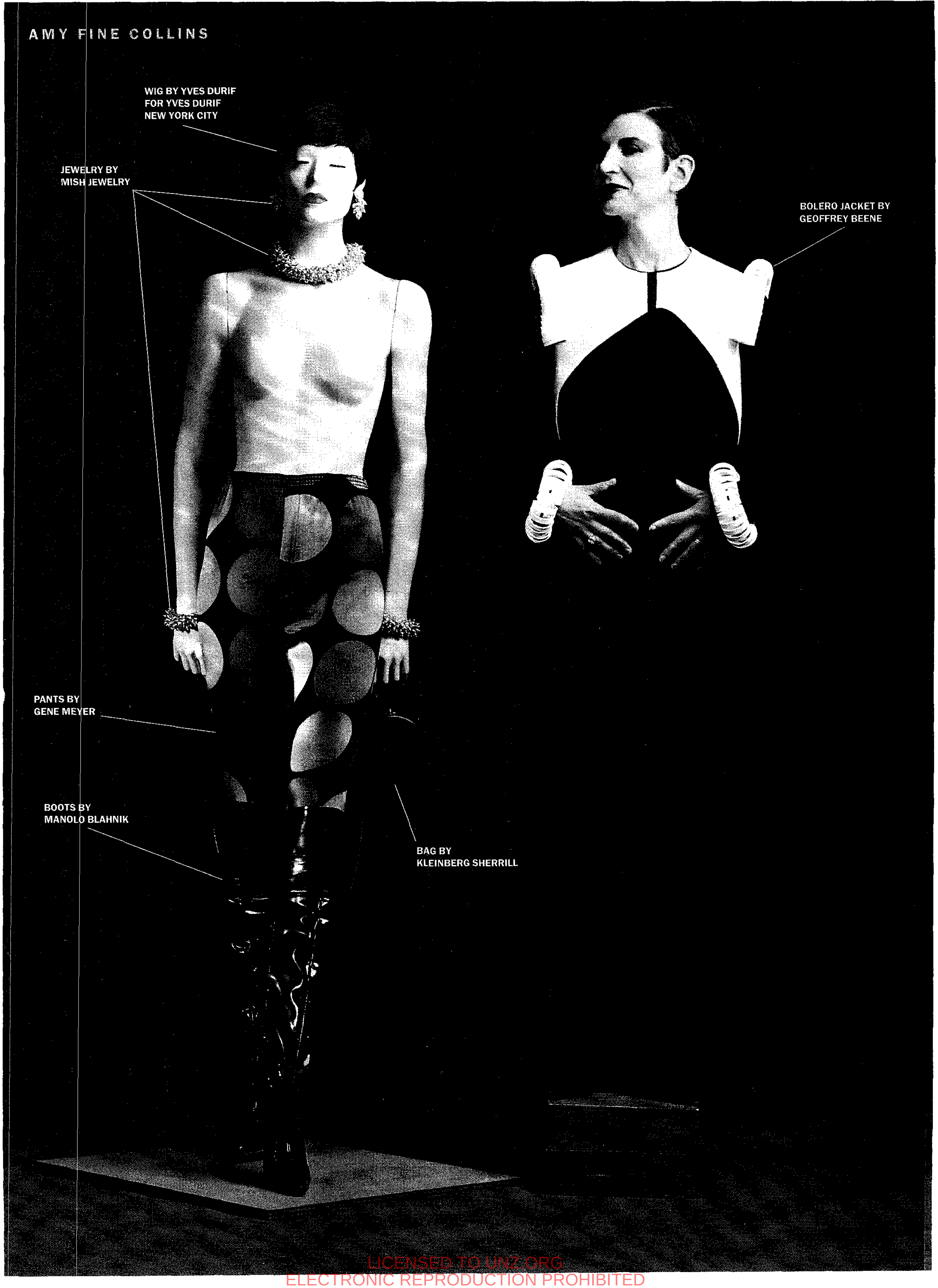
The list of player-participants includes some of the fashion worl greatest innovators and keenest observers: Holly Brubach and Robe Bryan (of the New York *Times*), Amy Fine Collins (of *Vanity Fai* stylist Lysa Cooper, socialite Beth Rudin DeWoody, Thelma Golden (the Whitney Museum of American Art), Adelle Lutz (the actress a costume designer), Fern Mallis (of the Council of Fashion Designers America), gallery owner Andrea Rosen, Cindy Sherman (the photo rapher), Anna Wintour and Camilla Nickerson (of *Vogue*), and *Ne York*'s Jade Hobson Charnin all oversaw the assembly of a "corpse."

"This was an opportunity for the designers to be creative and ha fun outside of market constraints," says Pasternak, "and it show them as truly creative, powerful voices who are really responding to t world around them. And that's what the year of fashion is all about."

On September 11, the sartorial sculptures will be on view at Creat Time's gala benefit at its cathedral-like gallery space in the anchorage the Brooklyn Bridge. Later on, they'll be raffled off—piece by piece- but they will still be on display in the windows of Saks Fifth Avenue t week before fashion week, October 23–30. ARIEL KAMIN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDE
PRODUCED IN COOPERATION WITH SAKS FIFTH AVEN

THIS PAGE: **Hair by Satoru at the Oribe Salon; makeup by Berta Camal for Jed Root. F Mallis's piece styled by Han Feng.** **OPPOSITE PAGE:** **Hair by Yves Durif for Yves Durif, N York City; makeup by Sergio Corbacho for Vincent Longo New York. Mannequins sty by Steven Swirczek with Gian Font and Stacey Goldfeder, all from Saks Fifth Avenue.**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FOR YVES DURIF
NEW YORK CITY
JEWELRY BY
MISH JEWELRY
BOLERO JACKET BY
GEOFFREY BEENE
PANTS BY
GENE MEYER
BOOTS BY
MANOLO BLAHNIK
BAG BY
KLEINBERG SHERRILL

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Take Out Your Earplugs

The Democratic mayoral primary is nearly over. What have we learned? That Ruth can't buy a break. That liberals have a long way to go to make the city theirs again.

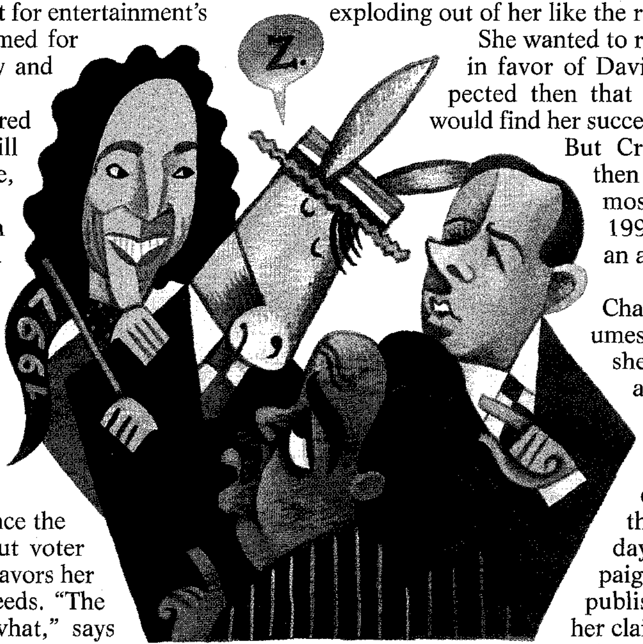
CALL IT THE *SEINFELD* CAMPAIGN: THE DEMOCRATIC MAYoral primary has been a campaign about nothing.

No, that's not exactly right. It's been about the mangled state of the local Democratic Party; it's been about desultory squabbles over the number of inches separating a child from a urinal in a staged photograph; mostly, it's been about why so many people are so down on Ruth Messinger.

Nature, clearly appalled, finally rose up and smote this meandering campaign with an issue in the form of the sickening police beating of Abner Louima. That focused public attention for a bit, at least until Henri Paul staggered up from his bar stool and was tossed the keys to a certain Mercedes. But if you were hoping for a few fresh ideas about how urban liberalism could revive itself and make a case against Rudy Giuliani, or at least make a lively race of it for entertainment's sake, then you couldn't be blamed for joining the hordes this Tuesday and staying away from the polls.

Lately, speculation has centered on whether the campaign will come down to a runoff. Please, Lord. There's an old joke that speakers on the rubber-chicken circuit like to tell, in which a diner, chattering rudely during a speaker's dismal presentation, is finally whacked with a wine bottle thrown in anger from the dais, only to beg, "Hit me again—I can still hear him." We very much need this Tuesday's bottle to finish the job.

Messinger has done nothing but plummet in the polls since the campaign began in earnest. But voter turnout, such as it is, probably favors her reaching the 40 percent she needs. "The people who vote no matter what," says turnout specialist Jerry Skurnik, "are older, mostly Jewish voters in Manhattan and the outer boroughs, and younger Jewish voters in Manhattan."



The real question, though, is, 40 percent of what? Skurnik, who has an almost frightening memory for these things, recalls that the 1981 Democratic primary, in which Ed Koch was challenged lustily but not too seriously by Brooklyn assemblyman Frank Barbaro, brought out around 600,000 voters, which was the lowest total he remembers seeing. That was about a third of registered Democrats. Not a few watchers think we'll be lucky to hit 20 percent this time, and 40 percent of 20 percent equals 8 percent.

Clearly, plenty of Democrats are perfectly happy with the Republican who holds the office now, so they're waiting until November to stroll into the voting booth. That said, the trio of leading candidates has been markedly uninspiring. Nothing amusing would ever have happened if Al Sharpton weren't running—at the anti-police-brutality rally in City Hall Park, Sharpton said he'd next march across the Brooklyn Bridge in November, "and that time, we're bringing our furniture with us"—but his candidacy is a protest candidacy. Sal Albanese is a decent person with very decent intentions who deserves a kinder fate than the one that appears to await him. In a low-turnout race, anything is possible, and God knows, Democrats seem to be desperate for an alternative to Messinger. But Albanese, lacking both charisma and money, just hasn't been able to fill the capacious empty space.

Finally, the front-runner. For years, Messinger has trained for this job with the intensity of a prizefighter, scrutinizing budgets and pleading before coffee klatches, facts and figures exploding out of her like the report of an automatic weapon. She wanted to run in 1989, but she backed off in favor of David Dinkins. She no doubt expected then that the normal course of events would find her succeeding Dinkins right about now. But Crown Heights happened, and then Giuliani cut the crime rate almost in half, and the world of 1997, for New York Democrats, is an arid moonscape.

The recent feud with Schools Chancellor Rudy Crew speaks volumes about the prevailing attitude she faces. Messinger's television ad showing a child leaning against a urinal brought Crew's considerable wrath upon her, as the chancellor accused her of misrepresenting the overcrowding crisis. A few days later, the Messinger campaign produced two previously published photographs supporting her claim that classes were sometimes held in actually functioning rest rooms.

She was right. But by then, it hardly mattered. An unpopular politician cannot match up against a popular chancellor; and now she's in the position of virtually saying that if she were elected she wouldn't want Crew around, which would be bad (possibly disastrous) for the school system and which sure isn't good for her. A *Times* editorial—not a *Post* editorial, a *Times* editorial—mocked and belittled her. "Shocking," says Koch, who is a long distance from being a Messinger fan. "What she said is accurate."

It's enough to make one feel pity for her. But pity won't make this race close. If she has any chance of doing that, her campaign needs to quit picking fights and sending reporters catty faxes about Giuliani and just tell people what kind of city she has in mind. That really shouldn't be this hard to do. ▬

Illustration by David Cowles.

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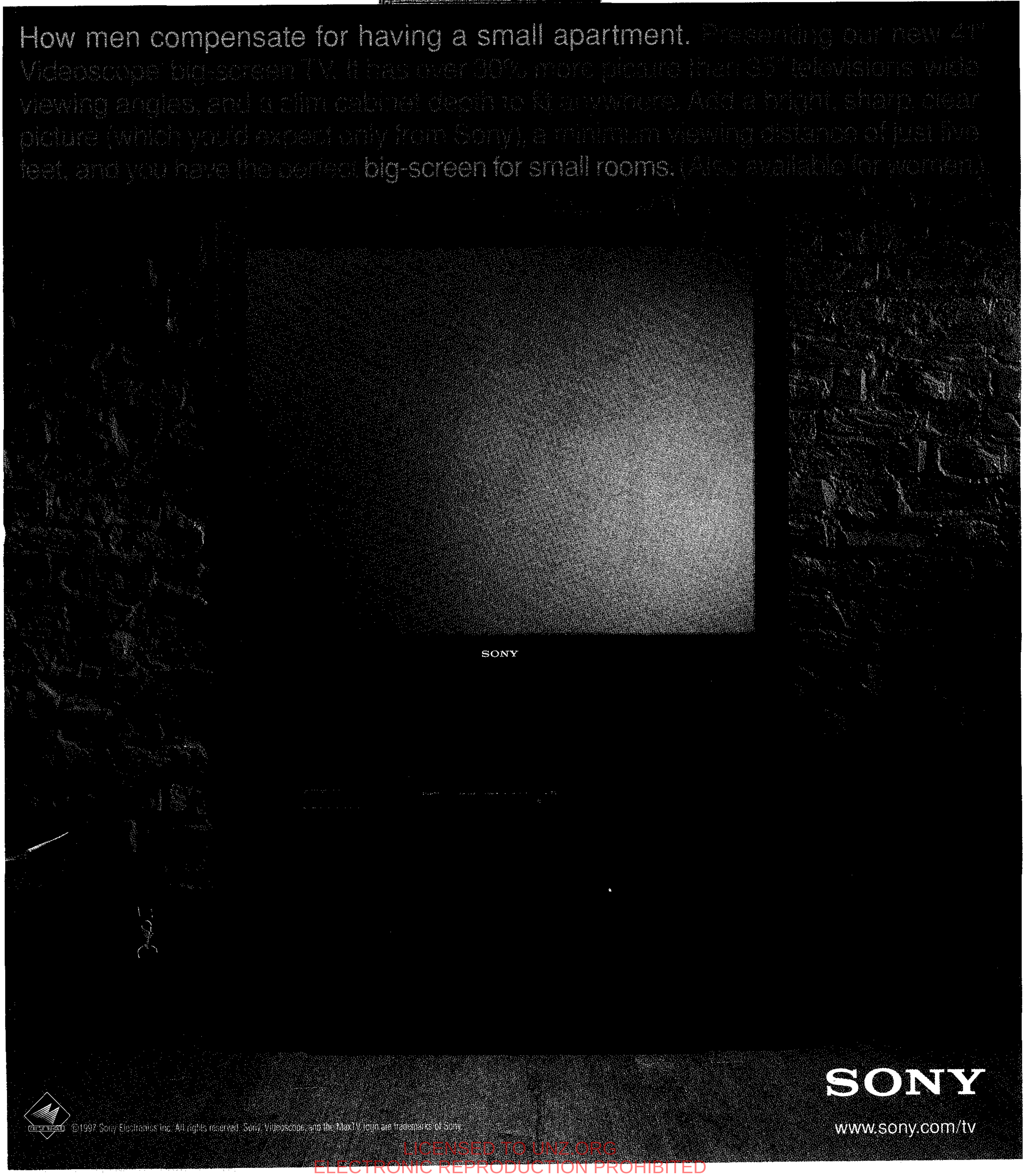

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Six years ago, she conquered breast cancer. Now she's fighting ovarian. And wishing the doctors had known then what they know now about the deadly genetic mutations carried by Ashkenazic Jews.

Double Exposure

By Joyce Wadler

WHEN I WAS A KID AND KNEW EVERYTHING THERE WAS TO KNOW IN THE UNIverse, I had an ongoing argument with my grandmother. She had hot-footed it out of Russia around 1910—it being a particularly bad place for a Jew—and she still held on to what I believed to be the old-country view: Stash your money in your brassiere and keep one eye on the exit, because our lives are governed by dark and uncontrollable forces and if something can go wrong, it will. "You should only be lucky," she said. "This is America, Gram," I'd say. "You make your own luck." ■ Now, however, having had both breast and ovarian cancer in five years, and having learned I am carrying one of the newly discovered genetic mutations that occur in an estimated 1 in 50 Ashkenazic Jews, I have come to respect my grandmother's point of view: It is helpful to be lucky. And I am not. ■ My breast cancer was caught early, but my ovarian cancer, like most ovarian cancers, was

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATALIE ASCENCIOS

what the doctors call "advanced." Despite my regular visits to the gynecologist, by the time the surgeon snared it, it had contentedly spread: setting up a number of little encampments on the omentum, the fatty apron of tissue that falls off the stomach and drapes over the transverse colon; twisting around the large intestine; gluing the uterus to the colon. My chance of surviving two more years is 50 percent. I could be cured now, or the cancer could come back.

Years of newspaper work have taught me the importance of a snazzy tag for disasters, so I have named me: Middle-aged Mutant Jewish Writer. I looked after my health and it still didn't matter. I was my own Unabomber, carrying my future from the time I was born, caught in a genetic accident. If the test for 185del AG had been around a few years earlier, if I'd known my true medical genealogy, if there were routine screening for ovarian cancer, I might be feeling better.

"Is there anything else that comes with this gene?" I ask my doctor. "A house in the country? A car? A guy? You know, I could really use a guy."

"Nope, you got it all," he says.

THIS IS WHAT MIDDLE-AGED MUTANT JEWISH Writer, growing up in a boardinghouse in the Catskills, knew of her family: That her maternal grandfather, Max Aronowitz, came from Romania and entered the country informally, through Canada. That her maternal grandmother, Gussie Tauber, claimed to be from Vienna but was not. That there were, on my mother's side, endless configurations of cousins, and when they were young, the girls were wild.

The wild Aronowitz women: My mother, Milly, runs away to Miami at 17, getting a job painting flamingos on glass. Her favorite niece, Gorgeous Roberta, has so many boyfriends that my mother, now married and respectable, stops speaking to her for a while. Roberta's daughter, Sophie, makes the family proud by becoming a Miss Israel, then scandalizes them by posing naked in one of the tabloids and discussing what great sex she has with her boyfriend.

I looked after my health, and it still didn't matter. I was my own Unabomber, carrying my future from the time I was born.

"RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!" A sound like thunder as pictures of Sophie are ripped from Aronowitz refrigerators around the world and torn apart.

"How could she do it?" Ma asks. Which astonishes me. Even before I have emerged as Mutant Middle-aged Jewish Writer, I get it: It's in her genes, I think. She's a flaming Jewish sexpot. Let them find a cure for that.

But no cancer. Nowhere, among Ma and her mother and her sister and her half-brothers and her cousins and her nieces, is there any cancer.

There is no breast or ovarian cancer on my father's side, either. My grandmother, Gussie, does have one sister who dies of pancreatic cancer; but that is one in five. My grandmother makes it, cancer-free, to her late eighties, as does my mother's mother.

It is true that if there were cancer, they might not discuss it, because there is a big tradition of not upsetting the children. There are, in her heavy, dark photo albums, a lot of people my grandmother doesn't want to discuss. The nephew who had polio and committed suicide. The guy on a country road in Poland, wearing a jacket and pants that are too small, staring anxiously at the camera as if it were an alien form, which it probably is.

"Who's that?" I ask.

She turns the pages fast.

"Europe," she says. "Gone."

Or, sometimes, one word: "Hitler."

I grow up and come to the Village, making a living working for newspapers and magazines. In romance, my grandmother would say, I am not lucky; at 47, when this adventure begins, I have not even managed a first marriage. But I have had my friends for years.

My best friend is Herb, a comedy writer, whom I met twenty years ago when we were reporters at the old New York *Post.* I looked across the city room and there he was, a tall, thin, bearded guy with a nice smile. We tried it romantically for a while, but it did not work. In most other ways, however, we fit: Visiting friends in Africa who are correspondents for the L.A. *Times,* we both decline when they hear about a massacre in Somalia and want me and Herb, obvious tourists, to come with them "as cover" to check it out.

"You're kidding, right?" I say.

"We're the feature people, remember?" says Herb. "We do the jokes."

My closest old boyfriend is Donal. He is a photographer, a big, handsome man with a honey-colored mustache, the quietest guy in our crowd and the best-educated. We lived together, on and off, for six years. Unlike some of the other men I dated, Donal didn't have any problem with Herb. The problem was, Donal had no head for business and he was always in the darkroom, and when he was not, he was late. Also, he was the worst housekeeper in the world. We break up. A few years later, in the summer of '91, Donal tells me he has become gay. Herb and I are stunned.

"Did you see this coming?" asks Herb. "I didn't see this coming. Aren't gay men supposed to be neat?"

Also: "Only Donal would pick a time like this to become gay."

When we go to a photo exhibit where Donal and his boyfriend are expected to be, I am tense.

"What do you think he'll look like?" I ask Herb.

"A lot like you, I would think," Herb says.

I do not meet the boyfriend at the exhibit. I meet him a few months later, at St. Vincents, in the HIV ward. He had been tested; he wasn't supposed to get sick. Two years later, the boyfriend, whose name is Rick, is dead, and Donal is positive.

But I am lucky. Donal's change of life happens well after we are broken up—the first thing Don wants me to know is that my health was never at risk.

My luck holds even when I get breast cancer, at 43. The cancer is encapsulated, so that I can be treated with lumpectomy and not lose a breast. When I have chemotherapy, it is a sort that does not make me lose my hair or exhaust me. Chemo Lite. It takes five months, and during that time I work out, go to France, and write a book about breast cancer, then a television movie. Meredith Baxter is me. I know it's lost a little of the essence when I go up to Toronto, where they're filming, and meet the guy who plays Herb.

"You mean she's a *Jewish girl?"* he says.

When the trailers show Meredith learning the lump in her breast is malignant and getting very upset, I call Ma, so she won't be upset also.

"I just want you to know, when I found out, I didn't *geschrei* like that," I tell Ma. "But you *could* have," Ma says. "And who knows? Maybe her way was better." I get off the phone. "This is so weird," I tell Herb. "I'm having sibling rivalry with a television character." "Don't think of it as television," says Herb. "Think of it as your gentile self."

I am not one of those people who live in fear of recurrence, either. Cancer has already come to the family—my father died of prostate cancer at 67—but I consider my breast cancer an aberration and do not expect to ever get sick again.

"Cancer is not a death sentence," I say when I speak to women's groups. But because I've heard the stats, that women who've had breast cancer have a higher risk of getting breast and ovarian cancer, I try to take very good care of myself.

Now I make Vow One: Get me out of this mess, Great Jewish Deity, and I'll get a Miata. I'll *buy*, not lease.

I see my surgeon and oncologist at Memorial Sloan-Kettering every six months and have blood screens and breast exams. I see a gynecologist, outside Memorial, every six months. I like my gynecologist. He is warm; he is easy to talk to; he teaches at a university; he writes books. "So what did you get for the paperback?" he asks when I am in the stirrups.

When I have unusual vaginal bleeding, similar to a very heavy period, two years after breast cancer, after chemotherapy has put me into early menopause, my gynecologist does an endometrial biopsy—you should always check out unusual bleeding, he says. When I have chronic constipation a year later, I go to a proctologist. Neither doctor finds any problems. The gynecologist, in fact, says I'm in great shape.

"If you didn't tell me you were in menopause, I couldn't tell," he says.

A milestone, I think—my first middle-age compliment. There is another reason I don't worry about cancer: I have the best doctor on the block. His name is Larry Norton; he is the chief of breast-cancer medicine at Memorial Sloan-Kettering, and in addition to being the son of a newspaper guy, which is the best lineage I feel anyone can have, and having no use for authority, he is funny and loose and smart. Also, he is obsessed. I check in with him before speaking about breast cancer, to make sure I'm up to date, and he is always in the shop.

"Don't you have a family?" I say, eight o'clock Friday night, cramming for an October lecture. "Don't you ever stop?"

He talks fast, a real New Yorker, which is another thing I like.

"I *love* my family," he says. "I *love* my kids. But you ask me what their favorite candy bar is, what movies they like, I couldn't tell you. My wife could tell you; I couldn't tell you. You know why I can't stop? I'll tell you a story."

A writer on the way to the bathroom will stop for a story. I settle in.

"You ever talk to a crowd and you see somebody who doesn't seem to belong there?" Norton says. "This happened to me once. I'm somewhere in the Midwest, a medical thing, I see this couple; they just don't fit. I give this talk, very technical; afterwards, somebody brings them over. It turns out a few years ago she had inflammatory breast cancer. She goes to her doctor. He says, 'I believe what you have is very serious, but I just read a paper by this doctor in New York'—I'm the doctor in New York—'and he's got a way to treat this.' So these people, I think they're farmers, have driven a hundred miles, paid $300 for a lecture they've understood maybe three words of and a meal you could not eat, just to shake my hand and thank me for saving her life."

He sounds like he is choking up.

I feel safe with Norton. Beyond safe. I feel smug.

That is where I am when this story begins, in the fall of '95: Smug City.

My love life, it is true, is not so hot. I have not had a real boyfriend in more than four years, when I dated a charming but troublesome newspaper guy named Nick DeStefano, and it eats at me. It is the reason I keep a stack of books by my bed and hate Sundays. I feel incomplete and lonely without someone in my life, and the old make-do solution, spending the night with a good male friend, is less feasible these days.

"So whaddaya say we go to the country and lock ourselves in a room for a weekend?" I ask Izz, the left-wing lawyer, a boyfriend in the days when Abbie Hoffman was underground.

"You confuse me with the Italian Stallion," says Izz, who is 58. "I'm an old Jew. I run for the curb, I get winded."

I am also having some minor physical problems. Constipation is still bothering me. I've had another instance of vaginal spotting, which I'm scheduled to have checked out, as well as what the gynecologist's nurse calls a "slightly irregular" Pap smear. I have a bad feeling when I hear that. Just before I was diagnosed with breast cancer, a doctor aspirated a lump in my breast and told me some cells were "slightly" abnormal. Ten days later, he took a tumor the size of a robin's egg out of my breast. But the nurse had been insistent: "Barely noticeable." "Probably an infection." "We'll give you a prescription for sulfa cream and redo the Pap in six weeks."

But overall, I'm feeling good.

I have just had my six-month checkup with Norton, and he's said what all my doctors say: "You're healthy." I've just finished some work in a new line—television—a script about a teenage-girl detective, which everybody loves, which means they will change every word in it. In newspaper work, this used to make me crazy. In this case, I don't mind. I like the people I am working with, and, even more, I like a story where I can ensure happy endings.

Reality, lately, has been bringing me down. Donal has been HIV-positive now for two years. I try not to think about this, that Donal, who is almost like an ex-husband, has something inside him that will kill him. And though I am not generally good at repression, sometimes it works: Donal is a big, strong man; he carries 40 pounds of photo equipment; he is not sick. Often, I forget.

"You know," I tell him one day in August, when we're eating ice cream and strolling around the neighborhood, "it's sometimes hard for me to remember I had cancer."

"That's the difference between us," he says. "Every day that passes, you're further away from the thing and I'm closer."

Make-believe is easier, and I'm about to head up to Nickelodeon and meet the teenage actress who will be the star of the new show when the phone rings.

It's Rory, Larry Norton's nurse.

I am so smug, I don't even get nervous.

"Your blood tests—one was a little high, so we'd like you to come back and redo it," she says, a little too casual.

I'm so smug, I've never paid any attention to those tests.

"What blood test?" I ask.

"Your CA 15-3." she says. "Just slightly. The other one, your CEA, is normal."

I'm starting to get a bad feeling here—that word *slightly* again. I am also confused. I grab the nearest piece of paper I can find to write it down and get it straight: CEA is a screen for certain types of cancer like breast and colon; CA 15-3 is the breast-cancer marker. Normal CA 15-3, says Rory, in answer to my question, is anything between 0 and 36.

And mine is?

"Seventy," she says. "That might sound high, but we have people whose markers are in the thousands. A lot of things can make it high. Pregnancy, fibroids . . . things we don't know."

I am definitely not pregnant. I have never had fibroids.

"What was my last marker?" I ask.

"Seventeen, on April 4, 1995," she says, and I can hear the reluctance in her voice.

"Before that?"

"Ten," she says.

Four hours later, having interviewed the actress on automatic pilot, I'm outside Nickelodeon, at Broadway and 44th, frantically trying to get a taxi. It's been four and a half years since I found a lump in my breast and went tearing off to a specialist, and I am struck by the similarity of the reaction. Just like before, I have turned into Zorba the Greek: *I want to live!* The sky is beautiful, the bicycle messengers are beautiful, the garbage in the street is beautiful. Just like before, though I am predominantly atheist, I start negotiating with God. Just let me be okay, I think, and I'll never whine about the little things again. Just let me be okay, and I'll appreciate everything I've got.

The enemy within: A pelvic sonogram reveals the tumors.

"How did cancer change your life?" reporters used to ask me, after breast cancer.

"I buy things faster," I'd say.

But not always.

I have always loved sports cars; there was a notice of a silver Miata for sale at my gym just last week. I looked at the photo a long time, but I would never own a car in New York. It's the Wadler in me. I see my father in Jewish Heaven, hollering. *"Piss* your money away!!!" he yells. A car in New York is an impractical luxury. Now I make Vow One: Get me out of this mess, Great Jewish Deity, and I'll get a Miata. I'll *buy,* not lease.

By the time I get to the Breast Cancer Center, three blocks south of the main hospital on 64th, I'm manic with fear. I have some blood drawn, then go to find Norton.

He's in what looks to be a borrowed office, studying papers, and though we are the same age, he looks gray, like he has been beating down cancer all day and it has exhausted him. I hate bothering him when we don't really know that I have a problem, but at the same time, I'm petrified. I've always thought it would be nice to be Grace Kelly when stressed: cool, possibly even amused. If I had been one of those remote blonde babes, I am convinced, the Italian Stallion would have been nuts for me. But it never works. The more frightened I am, the faster I talk, and now it all comes pouring out.

"I gotta tell you, right up front, I'm not ready to die," I tell Norton.

Like he can make a call. Like he can change it.

"I mean, I'm sure you get this all the time," I say. "I know nobody comes in here saying they want to die; maybe seriously religious people don't mind it so much. To them it's probably like changing apartments. But I'm not one of those. I don't believe there's a second act. I think, when it's over, it's over."

Norton just sits there waiting, like he knows I'm not finished, which I'm not.

"I haven't had a boyfriend for *four years,*" I say.

"I knew you'd have this reaction," he says. "I told Rory it would be great if we could just sneak into your bedroom when you were sleeping and take some blood. I even thought I'd lie and tell you a vial broke. But, y'know, I never lie."

He takes a shot at a possible.

"Frequently, that assay is not accurate," he says.

"How frequently?" I ask.

"Maybe 10 percent," he says.

I do not associate these test results with my irregular bleeding or my slightly irregular Pap smear five weeks before. I don't even remember the Pap smear. I just want to know, if the numbers stay high, what we do next.

"We'd have to look carefully for the possibility of metastases," Norton says, and I decide, as he says it, that *metastases* is a lethal word, like *bullet*—that it has just become the most frightening word I know.

"I'd do a workup: CAT scan, chest, abdomen, pelvis," Norton is saying. "Likely, I wouldn't find anything. Then, in six months, something would show up. Conventionally, if you find nothing, you do nothing. But my feeling is, breast cancer is very aggressive. You treat it aggressively. We've got a very good trial here with vaccines."

Trials, to me, are what you offer people when you run out of options. I am also remembering what Dr. Susan Love said in *The Breast Book,* which is what I live by.

"Susan Love says if it's a recurrence, they can't save you," I say. "They can extend your life, but they can't save you."

I watch him mentally editing, which I can tell he's doing, because I know him as well as he knows me.

"I love Susan Love. She's a good friend, I think she's terrific," he says. "But she's a surgeon. She couldn't save your life. I could."

I go home, terrified. It's after six. Herb is off at some unknown spot, working on the "Dubious Achievements" issue with the gang from *Esquire.* Donal, for once, is not in the darkroom. I've always known that if I ever get scared about cancer, I can call Larry Norton. But I've just talked to Larry Norton. Then I remember: The Breast Cancer Center has a psychiatric service. I get the psychologist on call. His voice is professionally soothing: crisis-control voice, I think. I see him talking down writers on the window ledge, telling them everything is all right, when he knows nothing about their lives. But crisis control works. "Do you *know* the results of the new tests?" asks the shrink. "Do you *know* the cancer has come back?" "No," I say. "Okay," he says. "Stay with that. Don't make up frightening things."

Two days later, on November 2, the results are in. In three weeks, the cancer screen has jumped from 70 to 140.

MUTANT MIDDLE-AGED JEWISH WRITER has had loads of therapy and is responsible for housing renovations in the psychiatric community from Manhattan to Fire Island. It is, in fact, how she judges her progress: When the changes on the brownstone become more apparent than the changes in her psyche, the Mutant knows it is time to move along. In the argument of nature-vs.-nurture, she comes down firmly on the side of nurture. The family legacy she believes in, therefore, is the behavioral one.

The Mutant's mother, Milly, married into the Wadler boarding-house dynasty and drives her mother-in-law crazy by writing poems on the undersides of toilet seats: AIM STRAIGHT / WHEN YOU URINATE. Widowed for six years, 40 pounds overweight, she has three suitors following her around Daytona Beach. Her idea of a good time is riding on the back of motorcycle. She also enjoyed her time as a volunteer in the Israeli Army and would like very much for the Mutant to enlist.

The Mutant's late father, Bernie, is descended from what the Mutant's mother calls "The Worriers." When they go to the city, he worries that they've left the oven on and the house will burn down; when he goes on a trip, he gets to the airport three hours before the flight—what the Mutant has come to think of as Jewish Time.

I know just two things about ovarian cancer: It's vicious, and it killed Gilda Radner. Surprise! I can't handle it.

The Mutant is an uneasy mix of the two: Her sex dreams include men in groups, but if they do not have condoms, she wakes up. And, like her father, the Mutant is a worrier. She worries when she interviews a hit man for the mob whether she is dressed properly; she worries when she sees a shrink that he will think she's a flake. Also, like her father, the Mutant has a terror of death. She does not picture it, like her mother, as an opportunity to meet God and finally have a chat with an equal. She pictures it as the end.

So when the results of the new blood test come in, I'm scared.

Norton seems worried, too. He orders tests for the next day: a CAT scan in the morning, a bone scan in the afternoon. I don't ask Herb to come with me because he's up against two deadlines. But the tests frighten me. I know recurrent breast cancer can show up in any number of places—the liver, the brain. The bone scan in particular worries me: When my father had prostate cancer, it went to his bones. My mother, seeing the X-rays, called me at work. She sounded sick.

Two months later, my father was dead. Now, having the bone scan, I see the same scenario for myself: walking with a cane, maybe, or my bones splintering, too weak to hold me. The technicians aren't supposed to give you information and I am afraid to get it, but at the same time I want to know. Wanting to know wins out. *I can handle this,* I think. I play calm, so they won't think I'll flip out on them. Writer as actor. What's my motivation in this scene? Not to be dead.

"So tell me," I say, "are my bones at least attractive?" "Perfect," the tech says, and I feel my whole body relax. Whatever it is, my bones are safe.

By the time I get home, there's a message from Larry Norton. I can hear the relief in his voice. He has the results of the tests; they're "exceedingly promising."

"The bones are clean," he says when we talk later, which, thanks to being such an ace reporter, I already know. "We've got the results from the CAT scans, and they show three things: One, there's a little scar tissue on the lungs; two, there's a little nubbin on the liver, which is probably a hemangioma—"

"What's a hemangioma?" I interrupt.

"A blood vessel, nothing, we'll check it out with an MRI. Third thing—this is important—the ovaries are enlarged. *Slightly* enlarged."

He still cannot say what we are looking at, but, he says, this is good news: Whatever is wrong, we're catching it early. The ovaries, of course, will have to come out.

I am not upset about losing my ovaries. I am in menopause anyway.

The pelvic sonogram is scheduled for the next morning, a Friday. I am aware that a sonogram is routinely used with pregnant women to check the development of the fetus. But using it to find cancer is news to me.

The tech is a woman, in her early thirties, very gentle. "If you have any questions, just ask," she says. There is a computer screen beside her, to my right. The test is two-part, external and internal. The tech puts some gel on my stomach, then a card-shaped piece of equipment called a transducer near the left ovary. There are clumps of red dots on the screen that look like weather-radar pictures and seem to be moving.

I ask the tech what she's looking for. She explains: In order to grow, tumors often develop their own blood supply; she's checking for that now. She moves the transducer a few inches.

"Uh-huh, there it is," she says. "You can hear it."

She turns up the sound on the console. It's like hearing the ocean when you put your ear to a shell, but stronger: *Whoosh! Whoosh!* I know from women's movies on television that this is normally a big moment in sonography, the moment a woman hears her child's heartbeat for the first time, the heralding of a new life. It occurs to me now I may be hearing the opposite. What I am nurturing and carrying inside me may be my own death, or the beginnings of a death: a little death fetus.

The tech moves the transducer to the other side.

"Ahhh," she says, "There's one there, too."

By the time I've got my clothes on, I've diagnosed it: ovarian cancer. I know just two things about ovarian cancer. It's vicious, and it killed Gilda Radner.

Surprise! I can't handle it. I go to my next appointment, my first in-person meeting with the shrink, as wired as if I've had ten cups of coffee. The doctor's name is David Payne, a bearded guy in his forties, with a nice roundness to him and an air of exceptional calm. The calm is probably a prerequisite for the job, I decide. They must test cancer shrinks for nerves, like police horses.

I'm afraid I have ovarian cancer, I tell Dr. Payne. That's what killed Gilda Radner. And she was more successful than me and she was funnier than me and she was married. If it's not ovarian cancer, it could be recurrent breast. Either way, I'm finished. And I'm afraid I'm gonna be finished fast. Like Debra Winger in *Terms of Endearment,* where she's lying exhausted in the hospital bed next to her tough little Shirley MacLaine mother, who's hollering at the nurses.

Payne doesn't bat an eye.

"That wasn't ovarian," Payne says. "It was another cancer."

"Oh, yeah?" I say.

"Yeah," says Payne. "One of the doctors here was an adviser."

I'm impressed—this confirms the specialist mentality to which I am a slave. I settle in, and Dr. Payne tells me what I'm beginning to see is The Strategy: Do not make up frightening stories about the future. Stay with what you know. Gilda Radner is not you, everybody is different, and, also, Gilda Radner was sick years ago. There have been a lot of developments since then. If you find yourself morbidly obsessing about the future, distract yourself.

Six weeks ago, the gynecologist said I was in great shape. Now, examining me, he tells me that the left ovary is slightly enlarged.

He also suggests drugs. I opt for a sedative called Klonopin, which he says is like Valium. I've put in a lot of air miles with Valium. I accept.

I am still scheduled to see my gynecologist, to redo the Pap smear. I also need to have my episode of irregular bleeding checked out with an endometrial biopsy. When Herb and I arrive at the office and tell the doctor what is happening, it seems to me I can actually see the color drain from the doctor's face.

Six weeks ago, the gynecologist said I was in great shape.

Now, examining me, he tells me that the left ovary is slightly enlarged.

I have my first doubts about this man: Could the ovary have grown so quickly? Or did he miss something at the last visit? Still, I respect this doctor, and Norton likes him. If he has privileges at Memorial, I'll be happy to have him do the surgery. The doctor does not operate at Memorial. Not to worry, he says; he'll come visit me. But he never does. When the results of the Pap smear and the endometrial biopsy come in, they show everything to be normal.

WITH MY FIRST CANCER, which I used to refer to as my big career break, when cancer was amusing, I had tried to protect my mother by stressing the good news: "It was malignant, but it's the best kind you can have, and they got it all out, so you don't have to come running up from Florida."

This time, though I still want to protect her, I am mature enough to accept that at 47 I still want my mother. It will also be a kindness to the people of Daytona Beach. My mother is wired. I picture her caroming through her morning walk around the mall, haranguing strangers with the details of medical reports.

"Money, thank God, is not an issue," she's probably saying right now to the checkout girl at the Winn Dixie.

She flies north, ready to pay whatever it takes to buy back my health.

"I got five big ones strapped to my you-know-what," she tells me from the airport.

"Drug dealers carry less cash than the people in your family," Herb says.

Then she and Herb and I go to Memorial to see the surgeon Norton has picked out for me.

His name is Richard Barakat, a good-looking, easygoing guy with a sweet, boyish style and a bit of a baby face. I make him to be maybe 38. Another middle-age milestone: My surgeon is younger than me. Women, I am sure, have always found him adorable. I see a line of aunts pinching his cheeks and hollering "Could you just eat him up?" for decades, maybe well into his thirties.

I like to tape important conversations with doctors, so I can listen to them as many times as I need and make sure I've got everything straight, but this seems to be against this department's policy. I figure it has to do with some recent bad press: A famous Indian actress brought her mother over for brain surgery, and they confused her with another Indian patient and operated on the wrong side of her head. Apparently, they're nervous.

Still, Barakat, after examining me, gives us the feeling that we can ask as many questions as we like. Herb and I take out our notebooks.

The ultrasound shows enlargement of both ovaries, with predominantly solid masses and neoplasms (new growths), Barakat says. After a woman's period stops, it is uncommon to get neoplastic cysts. The next issue is whether these new growths are malignant or benign. There are four things that can suggest malignancy: if the growths are bilateral; if the masses are solid; if there's increased blood flow; if there's fluid in the base of the pelvis. My ultrasound shows them all.

I am not panicked. From my conversations with the tech, this is what I expect. I can handle this.

"Four for four," I say.

Ma says nothing, which for her is unusual. She's just sitting there, rigid.

Herb tries to find us an out.

"Is there any chance this could still be benign?" he asks.

There is a possibility, says Barakat. It happened recently with an elderly woman who had similar test results.

I'm thinking it is best to be realistic. "Did she have elevated blood markers?" I ask.

"No," Barakat says.

If, however, these masses are malignant and it's ovarian cancer, we're still catching the disease early, he says. Examining me, he felt no nodules at the base of the pelvis. The CAT scan shows no disease in the upper abdomen and no disease in the omentum. If it's malignant, the chances are three to one it will be ovarian cancer rather than metastatic breast cancer. The fact that the breast-cancer markers are up is not definitive—ovarian can also read on those blood tests. Bottom line: We'll know what I have only when the ovaries are removed.

The best way to remove the ovaries, Barakat says, is laparoscopy; it's "minimally invasive" surgery, in which four small incisions are made on the abdomen and they operate with the assistance of a tiny camera and a television monitor. The ovaries will be sent to the lab for a frozen-section diagnosis while I'm still on the table.

If the malignancy is metastatic breast cancer, there will be no further surgery. I'll be treated with chemotherapy, because the cancer is systemic—throughout my body.

If I have ovarian cancer, they'll do the larger surgery, removing the uterus, ovaries, and Fallopian tubes. They will also do a "staging" operation: take several biopsies from the abdomen to see whether the cancer has spread. Cancer is classified in stages from zero to four, determined by the size of the tumor or tumors and their distance from the origin. The earlier the stage, the better the prognosis. In the best scenario, all visible cancer can be removed at surgery.

I ask whether laparoscopy can be done with a local. Impossible, Barakat says.

He also confirms what I've suspected: A new primary cancer would be better than metastatic breast cancer.

"We've got very good treatment for ovarian," Barakat says. "The cure rate for first-stage ovarian cancer is 90 percent. Second-stage, it's 70 percent; third-stage—"

"Stop!!" I yell. We set surgery for eight days later, the Tuesday before Thanksgiving.

The shrink, Dr. Payne, has counseled distraction, so I try. I tell only a few close friends what's happening, because when I have to repeat the story, I get scared. I go to my friend Ben's 60th-birthday party, and when a Lifetime TV exec tells me they've bought my breast-cancer movie and that he hopes I'll be able to promote it, I lie.

"Absolutely!" I say.

I get the preop prep routine from Dr. Barakat's nurse, a motherly older lady with an Irish brogue who reminds me of the waitresses at Schrafft's who knew when to steer you away from the chicken salad. The one thing that bothers me is her habit of saying "God forbid" whenever she says the word *cancer.*

The drugs are pushing me down, like a hand on my face. The cancer is worse than the sonogram indicated, and it has spread.

"The doctor will do a frozen section during the surgery, but we never go by that entirely; we go by the final pathology," she says when I ask her how soon I'll know what I've got. "If it is, *God forbid,* malignant, from what Dr. Barakat felt it looks fairly early. Nothing shows gross tumor, if, *God forbid,* it's ovarian cancer. Your abdomen is not all distended to your neck. I'll tell you one thing: Ovarian is very chemo-sensitive. Most patients respond very well. Unfortunately, they don't always stay in remission."

I have two sessions with Dr. Payne, who tells me he'll be in the recovery room when I wake up. Pretty neat, I think. An outside therapist could not do that.

Payne also encourages me to try to stop worrying about what will happen to me: When we have a diagnosis, I can think about it, he says, because then I'll be able to think constructively, to decide what I'm going to do.

He also asks me which cancer I am most afraid of.

I cannot say. I know a new primary is supposed to be better than recurrent cancer. But if it's ovarian, Larry Norton will not be my doctor: The breast-cancer department at Memorial has grown so large that he no longer heads both breast and ovarian medicine at Memorial, only breast. I've known Norton and my breast surgeon, Jeanne Petrek, for five years; they're my lifelines. I can't imagine fighting for my life with strangers.

My mother is staying with the family in the Catskills. Just like before, I ask her to wait and come in the day after surgery, so that, going in, I will not have to worry about her. I ask Don and my friend Heidi to join Herb at the hospital while I'm in surgery, so Herb will not be alone. Heidi has done this before for me, with the breast cancer. Don put in a month at St. Vincents when Rick was dying. It makes me sad. We are getting to be pros.

Surgery is scheduled for 7:30 in the morning. I'm told to get there an hour and a half early, like it's an international flight. Herb stays at my house the night before. He also honors Jewish time: We set two alarms. Neither goes off. At six, I wake up with a nightmare. I'm going somewhere important, and I'm missing the flight. I leap up, hollering to Herb.

"Think of it this way: They can't start without you," says Herb, throwing on his clothes.

"But they'll think I don't care," I say. "I don't care, they won't care. They'll do a quickie and go out for a nice breakfast. Or turn me over to the India brain man."

I had wanted a sedative, but there is no time. I'm with Herb only five minutes before they wheel me to preop, with its creepy dark lighting and the patients, on their gurneys, in a row, lying flat and quiet as cadavers. Nurses are there, but they murmur, like they're getting you ready for the twilight zone of anesthetized sleep. The loneliest place in the world, I think.

Then there's Barakat, under the surgical lighting, looking fresh-faced and gung ho and then—it seems no time at all has passed—there are faces and I'm awake. The faces appear at intervals: Herb's first, scared and worried; then, maybe, Dr. Payne, telling me I'm out of surgery and doing fine. There is a sharp line of pain running down my stomach: I feel as if I have been stabbed. I am happy to see Dr. Payne, I would like to talk to him, but it takes too much effort to get out the words. "Pain," I struggle to say and they give me more drugs.

Or maybe Dr. Barakat comes in before that.

"We tried to do the laparoscopy, but the disease had twisted around the bowel, so we had to do the bigger procedure," he is saying. "We got most of it out."

I am trying, through this haze of dope and pain, to form questions.

Most of it?

"It was more advanced than we thought," Barakat says. "It had broken through the ovaries. There were spots on the omentum . . ." It seems to me he lists other places, that he speaks for some time. For me, it comes down to one thing: I have cancer all through me. I'm dead.

WHEN I WAS DIAGNOSED WITH BREAST CANCER, THE BAD NEWS was immediately coupled with the good: The lump in my breast was malignant, the surgeon told me twenty minutes after he'd removed it, but it looked like he'd gotten it all, and if that was true, the cure rate was very good—90 percent.

There were some moments of terror, some fear that cancer would show up in other parts of the body, but somehow, within minutes of getting the news, I had made an adjustment: "The position I'm taking is not that I have cancer, but that I had a cancer and they took it out," I told Herb. "Until it's proven otherwise, as far as I'm concerned that cancer is gone."

I was right—the cancer turned out to be a highly curable Stage Two.

With breast cancer, I felt more in control. The lump in my breast had been removed with a local, so I was clearheaded. When it was out, I told the surgeon I wanted to see it. It was the size of a robin's egg and had been sliced down the middle. When the surgeon said the tumor seemed to be encapsulated, I could see that it was so.

And there was something else: The tumor—to me, the deceased tumor—was lying in a metal tray while I was up on my elbows sizing it up, so it seemed pretty clear who was in charge.

But this is different. I am not clearheaded when the surgeon talks to me; the drugs are pushing me down like a hand on my face. The cancer has not all been removed—it is worse than the sonogram indicated, and it has spread. I have had major surgery; the first few days, I am groggy with painkillers.

Memories are incomplete: My stomach, cut from my belly button to the top of my pubic hair and distended like one of the strange, football-shaped fruits at Balducci's. The wound closed with staples, like I am a Jiffy pack. Vaginal bleeding, frightening me, until somebody explains I've had a D&C and the bleeding is normal. A nurse replacing a sanitary napkin in front of Herb. Blood on the napkin. Looking at Herb and feeling terrible I am putting him through this. He isn't my husband; he didn't sign up for this.

I am quite astonishingly bald. On the Starship *Enterprise*, they would probably go for me in a big way: SpaceTomato, I call me.

We're the feature people. We do the jokes.

Learning from Herb that my mother, too anxious to stay away, had come to the hospital during surgery. But Herb thought that if I saw her unexpectedly, in the recovery room, I would be frightened, so Donal took her home. My beautiful, red-headed breast surgeon, Dr. Petrek, coming to visit.

"I talked to Larry Norton, and he says it's not as dire as it looks," she says.

"Dire?" He used the word *dire*? So why isn't it dire? But I don't remember the answer.

My mother, sitting in my room with the same expression she had when things had gotten bad with my father. An unending series of nurses and surgical residents and doctors, who put their stethoscopes to my stomach to listen for bowel sounds and try to determine whether my intestines have recovered from the trauma of surgery.

"Pass any gas?" they all ask.

The doctors still do not know if I have metastatic breast cancer or ovarian cancer. I also find, after our recovery-room chat, that I am afraid of Dr. Barakat. He stops outside my room, to brief the residents and fellows who follow him around the hospital and are even younger than he is, and when he does, I will myself not to hear. If he's telling them how much time I have left, I don't want to know.

When he comes in alone one day, Thanksgiving or the day before, I start to cry. I feel bad doing it, like I am letting down my side, though whether my side is writers or Wadlers I cannot say. "I just want to know if I have a shot," I say.

This is what I find interesting about surgeons: They can stand three hours with your intestines in their hands, but if you start to cry, they're lost.

"Don't cry," Barakat says—I think he says. "I've got my wife and kids waiting. How can I go home if you're crying?"

He says something reassuring about chemotherapy, what good medicine they have, but I do not recall being reassured. Then it's maybe six or seven in the evening, the senior staff seems to have gone home, and Norton walks into the room and sits down.

"Pass any gas?" he asks cheerfully. I have never been so happy to see him.

"It's Thanksgiving," I say. "Don't you have a home?"

And, after a bit, "Can you save me?"

He's in a philosophical mode, which happens with him sometimes.

"Can I save your life?" he says. "Well, you gotta be careful with hubris; finally, it's only God that can save lives, but yeah, yeah . . . I can save you."

Five days after surgery, they take the staples out of my belly and let me go home. The house is empty: Herb, who has been with me every day, is at his place. Mom is back in Florida; we both feel there is nothing much she can do. The wound at the base of my belly pulls when I walk as if it's going to rip. My intestines have gone on permanent strike.

I had not wanted people to know what was happening just yet, but I had not factored in Ma.

"She's in the hospital—oops, I wasn't supposed to tell you," she tells my friend Roberta when she calls, and that is that. The phone rings, the fax in my bedroom-office spits messages onto the floor that are supposed to be cheering: "A tragic illness is one in which someone does not lose any weight." What I feel, mostly, is a growing sense of distance. The world is divided into me and them, doomed and healthy, and only a few people, like Herb and Heidi and Ma, who were in the hospital with me, and Donal, who is under the shadow himself, can understand.

I pull out my medical-reference books and look up ovarian cancer, avoiding statistics on survival. They say the same thing: Ovarian cancer is asymptomatic in the early stages—One and Two. Because of this, it is usually not caught until it is advanced—Stages Three and Four. The prognosis then is "poor." I look at the publication dates to see whether the books are outdated. They are not so old as I would like.

A week after surgery, Norton phones.

"We got the reports," he says. "We're calling it ovarian."

Calling it? It makes it sound like a disputed play in baseball.

No, says Norton, it's definitely ovarian, a Stage Three: Disease had spread out of the ovary, into the pelvis and abdomen, but it had not spread beyond the abdomen. He's seen the surgical report. The ovaries, Fallopian tubes, and omentum were removed. The DNC showed the uterus was clean; they left it in. Good news that it's a new primary and not a recurrence of breast cancer? He considers it great news. He outlines the battle plan: I'll have chemo; when it's over, they'll see if any cancer's left. God willing, there won't be.

"Y'know the reason we found this early has to do with my superb follow-up," he says, feeling relieved enough to joke. "I'm under a lot of pressure from people in my own community not to do those blood tests; it's considered excessive by modern standards."

"I don't know," I say. "Stage Three doesn't strike me as all that early."

"It's not extensive Stage Three," Norton says. "There wasn't a lot of disease in the abdomen. You didn't have bulky disease. What there was, was easily resected."

That is doctor talk, *resected;* it means "removed." Meanwhile, if things are so good, what about that conversation with Petrek, in which he allegedly used the word *dire*?

"Anytime a cancer is out of its place of origin, it's serious," he says. "Look, I'm not gonna bullshit you. We can't guarantee you a cure. But this is good."

What about Gilda Radner?

"I can never talk about another case," says Norton. "But her husband has written about it, and that cancer wasn't caught until very late. And they didn't have Taxol then. That's the big advance with the chemotherapy, Taxol.

"I'm glad it's settled," he says.

IN FACT, THERE HAPPEN TO BE A LOT OF THINGS THAT still are not settled for me. How long had the ovarian cancer been in me? Would sonograms have caught it earlier? If the uterus is routinely taken out for ovarian cancer and what they saw in surgery might have been ovarian cancer, how come my uterus wasn't removed? Checking my medical records, I find a fourteen-month gap between visits to the gynecologist. Am I going to die because I was careless?

And then there is the big one: I am certain Larry Norton has saved my life, or at least extended it. But why, followed in the best cancer hospital in the country, did I have a cancer that wasn't spotted until it was a Stage Three?

Barakat, talking to me after the diagnosis, says with ovarian cancer they recommend a "second-look surgery" when you've finished chemotherapy—and *then* they will take my uterus out.

This still doesn't make much sense to me: If you're in there—and it's not like going to the Korean market; one isn't in there that often—why not just remove the uterus? Nobody ever told me there could be a second surgery.

But I don't press. I have had a realization about cancer: You should not ask the question if you cannot handle the answer, and at the moment I can't. The treatment plan these guys are slowly unveiling to me is rough enough: "Second-look surgery." I'm going to have an operation like the one I just had *again*? I also don't think hearing negative survival odds are going to help. The numbers Barakat told me before surgery keep going through my head as it is: *First-stage ovarian cancer: 90 percent survival; second-stage, 70 percent.* Whatever the survival rate for Stage Three is, it can't be good. I throw out my medical books and ask two friends who do medical reporting to look into ovarian-cancer treatment for me and make sure Memorial is up to speed.

Then I call Ma.

Wig-shopping: Herb asks Joyce to try on a *Baywatch* number.

"I'm thinking I'll get a little Miata, secondhand, and maybe you could help," I tell her.

"Secondhand?" she says. "Your father never bought a car secondhand. You know what your father said?" A pause, because my father is deceased, which in Judaism is all that is required to become a saint. "Your father said: 'Secondhand is trouble.' "

"Well, that will be a big change in my life," I say. "Secondhand. I'm not working. A convertible, red—"

"—Well, of course, red. What kind of a person would get a convertible that wasn't red?" Ma interrupts.

"—Decent sound system," I interrupt back. "Keep it to $10,000. Take one of your 5 million boyfriends to kick the tires or whatever guys do."

Ten days after surgery, when it still hurts if I climb stairs, Herb and I and our friend Max, who is one of my medical experts, go to meet my gynecological oncologist. His name is David Fennelly; he's Irish and slim, in his early thirties, and the minute I see him I know he is a good, ethical person. It's his eyes, I decide, trying to figure it out; he has extraordinarily kind eyes. He listens patiently while I talk about my history. When he speaks, it's with a brogue.

"Ovary cancer," he calls what I have. No, he says, he does not believe my doctors and I missed anything. The spotting I had is not something normally associated with ovary cancer. The usual presentation with ovary cancer is abdominal distension and a change in bowel habits, either constipation or diarrhea. That makes diagnosis tricky; people often have trouble with their bowels.

"That really gets to one of the problems we have with ovary cancer," he says. "It doesn't give us any clues at an early stage . . . but what you should know is we do have very effective treatment for you. In terms of prognosis for this type of disease, you're in a situation that is optimum."

Herb and Max and I are stunned.

"Optimum?" I say.

"Optimum in terms of your likely results and successes with chemotherapy," he says.

I can't believe it.

"Even with Stage Three?" I ask.

"What I say to patients who present with ovary cancer . . . the factors I'm concerned about are obviously the extent of the disease, but more importantly the amount of disease that's left after surgery," Fennelly says. "That's the most predictive factor. You really didn't have any disease left at the end of surgery. You've been what we call *optimally debulked.*"

This is a new and fabulous phrase. There are three writers in the room; we sit there enthralled and delighted with it, as if we've been shown a new toy. Max and Herb want to start playing with it right away.

"We considered Joycie optimally debulked all along," says Max.

I'm still having trouble absorbing the information.

"I was told, after surgery, that cancer had been left," I say.

"Optimally debulked means the vast majority of the disease is gone," says Fennelly. "We don't assume that we got everything out, or you wouldn't need chemotherapy. But the best group to be in is that group of patients that have had the majority of their disease resected. That gives chemotherapy the maximum chance to be effective. It's your type of patients who are cured."

We talk a good hour after that: My chemotherapy, Fennelly says, will be Cisplatin, a drug that's been used for a long time with ovarian cancer, and Taxol, the drug Norton had mentioned, and which I now think of as Taxol the Wonder Drug. Taxol the Wonder Drug is given in a 24-hour infusion and requires an overnight stay in the hospital; Cisplatin, also given intravenously, takes an hour. For my first chemo, they will keep me in the hospital two days. They'll monitor my response to the drugs by giving me a special blood test for ovarian cancer, CA-125. CA-125 has not proved very effective in catching early disease, Fennelly says. It's neither sensitive enough nor specific enough, but it works very well for this. The major side effects of Cisplatin are nausea and vomiting, but we have medications that can control that pretty well these days. Cisplatin may also affect my sense of taste and cause neuropathy—numbness—in my fingers and toes. Taxol the Wonder Drug, in ten days to a week, will make me lose my hair. It has also been known to trigger allergic reactions, including a drop in blood pressure, facial flushing, and rapid heartbeat. To counteract that, I'll be given steroids. Steroids also help combat nausea.

Maybe it's because of the steroids, but I'm really scared. I look at my roommate, who is dying, and I'm afraid I'm looking at my future.

I took a small amount of steroids with the chemotherapy I had for breast cancer. They left me wired and tearful and combative and ravenous. Now I don't care. I don't care that the neuropathy could make it difficult to write; I don't care that I'm going to lose my hair.

Herb and Max and I are so happy; we leave the office floating.

"For the first time, I think I could beat this," I say. "I feel like this is the first good news we've got."

"Me too," says Herb.

ONE TIME, AT A PARTY, A WOMAN WHO IS the daughter of concentration-camp survivors tells the Middle-aged Mutant Jewish Writer a story: Her mother, who was Polish, had been stunningly beautiful, the woman says. She was also well educated. She had been taken to a concentration camp; her head had been shaved. Toward the end of the war, realizing that they were losing, the Germans took a group of Jewish prisoners, including the woman, out on a ship and pushed them overboard. The woman had seen her parents murdered; her sister's newborn child had been thrown by the Nazis from a hospital balcony. She did not resist when the officer came toward her. "Do what you will, I no longer care," she said, in German. Her German was perfect; her hair had grown back. The officer suddenly saw the woman not as a subhuman prisoner but as a fellow human being. He threw a canvas sheet over her, and the woman lived.

I once spent six months in a country where I could not speak the language; hearing this story, I focused on the part about being able to speak. It is true, I think, that if someone is unable to speak your language, you dismiss her. But now, knowing that I will be bald in two weeks, I focus on the part of the story about hair. I will never let a doctor or nurse see me bald, I decide. I will never make it easy to separate me from them. Herb and I go to a wig store. Herb, who hates to shop, is suddenly very interested: He wants me to try on a long blonde *Baywatch* number.

"Oh, Herb, not you, too?" I say.

He grins, the way he did when we were in Paris and he saw his first topless television commercial.

"Just once," he says. "For me."

I do it, but I realize, somewhat to my surprise, that what I want now is to look like myself: I choose a reddish brown, my own unnatural color.

Then I get ready for the hospital. A year earlier, at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston, a Boston *Globe* medical writer with breast cancer died from an overdose of chemotherapy. If a medical writer isn't safe in a hospital, I think, what could they do to a feature person like me? I make a deal with Herb: We'll carry notebooks, we'll learn what my dosage should be, we'll check it. I pack tights and Hawaiian shirts, so I won't look like a sick person, and old rock-and-roll and show tunes.

Chemotherapy begins in early December, two weeks after surgery. The drugs start before I even get to the hospital: Twenty milligrams of Decadron, a steroid, the night before to prevent that allergic reaction to Taxol the Wonder Drug; another twenty milligrams in the morning. At the hospital, the chemo is delayed four hours. I get an extra twenty milligrams of steroids and meet the parade of caretakers.

When the chemo nurse finally arrives, Herb and I check out the plastic bag with my name on it. My dose is supposed to be 175 milligrams per meter squared; it's given according to body weight, which comes to 297.5 milligrams. I ask the nurse to hoist it, to make sure it feels right, which was how El Al security once found a bomb in a piece of luggage in a story I covered. Then the nurse finds a vein in my arm for the IV drip.

I'm tense—Fennelly has said if there is an allergic reaction it happens right away. But I'm not tense long: the nurse starts the drip with cimetidine and Benadryl, to counteract the symptoms. The Benadryl makes me sleepy. In about fifteen minutes, the nurse starts the Taxol. No problem. Herb hangs around for a half-hour to make sure things are all right.

"Say good night, Gracie," he says, which is what he says when I've had a glass of wine and get sleepy. Then he goes home.

I wake up at seven that evening, famished and raring to go. The IV is hooked up to a hospital pole, so I can travel. I go down to the cafeteria, then decide to cruise the dayroom. I could get lucky, find a guy with something minor, a skin cancer, maybe.

I haul the pole, which has become my new best friend, to the dayroom. No one is there but a white-haired woman in a bathrobe who wants to know if I'm here for bingo and a group of Junior League types, stuffing Christmas baskets. They're all in bright Ladies Who Lunch suits and they're all blonde, except for one plump brunette, who I assume is their token. I look at them, and I am enraged. Is this conspicuous charity supposed to make anybody feel better but themselves? And the question that really bothers me: Why are they healthy when I'm not? A year from now, I will look at this and know it is steroids working, or at least partly steroids; now all I feel is rage. I step into the library to see if they have any of my stuff. They don't. Now I'm really peeved.

The next morning, I become aware of a roommate on the other side of the curtains. She's perhaps 70, with patchy short gray hair and a heavy Spanish accent. She is very sick. She throws up every twenty minutes, and usually, instead of ringing for a nurse, she gets up and carries her pail of vomit to the bathroom. Dr. Fennelly is also her doctor. I overhear parts of their conversation. My roommate is vomiting because she has tumors in her stomach. I am getting frightened: The woman in the bed across from me has ovarian cancer, and she is dying. Not today, not this week. But she is terminally sick with my cancer.

I wait for the woman to go to the bathroom, then I call Fennelly's office for reassurance.

The nurse is kind.

"That's the problem with being in the hospital—you see some of the sickest people," she says. "If you were to come to the clinic and see some of the outpatients, you'd see people who are doing very well . . . most everyone responds to these drugs." If my roommate is really disturbing me, the nurse adds, I can ask whether another room is available.

I decide against changing rooms. Any harm to me has already been done. And if I leave, my roommate might realize it's because I think she's dying and don't want to be around her. I might make her feel worse.

I get my Walkman, put on *Guys and Dolls,* and try to separate and remember the good things about my case, the way Dr. Payne has taught me: "My doctor has told me I am in a good prognostic group. I have a good chance of a cure. Every body is different."

It doesn't work. On the tape, a make-believe gambler is singing that when you see a guy reach for stars in the sky, you can bet that he's doing it for some doll. Beyond that, the woman in the next bed is throwing up. I get up and go to my bag and find some almond skin cream that I've swiped from a hotel and a pair of pink socks and go visit. I find when I'm tired, a foot massage helps, I tell my roommate. I rub her feet, and she tells me her story:

Renewing my driver's license for another five years, I have a disturbing thought: Who is going to expire first, me or my license?

She had had breast cancer, and then, years later, she got ovarian cancer and she went to a hospital on Long Island where they told her she had six months to live. She had never been followed with blood tests. A doctor she used to baby-sit for got her to Memorial. That was two years ago. She has three tumors in her stomach, and they're discussing surgery to put in a shunt so she can get rid of the fluids. She is tired of chemo and surgery, but she has grandchildren. She does not want her grandchildren to think she did not do everything she could to stay with them. Also, it turns out, she is not 70—she is 50. She was diagnosed with ovarian cancer at my age.

I go back to my side of the room. At midnight, I wake up, sweating. An unwelcome thought has muscled its way to the surface. The nurse has said most everyone responds to this chemotherapy, but if that is true, why is ovarian cancer such a deadly disease? It must be recurrence—the drugs work for a short time, then the cancer comes back. And what if I don't even reach that point? What if these drugs never work for me? I want to call Herb, but that's out. I can't say, "I'm scared, they gave me a roommate who's dying"; my neighbor might hear me.

I get up and take a walk around the floor. The corridors are empty. Why aren't the goddamn chaplains and shrinks and volunteers here at midnight, I think, when it's loneliest and most frightening? Whose bright idea was it to put somebody who's having her first chemo in with somebody who's dying? Why can't it be like college—freshmen room with freshmen?

I find a young nurse at the nursing station. The steroids are probably contributing to this, I say, embarrassed at being such a baby, but I'm really scared. I look at my roommate, who is dying, and I'm afraid I'm looking at my future.

The nurse is not sympathetic.

"How do you know she's dying?" she says accusingly.

"We're in the same room," I say. "There's a curtain between us. You hear everything. She may not be dying now, but she is dying. You can't help but know it."

The nurse's tone is recriminating.

"That's not true," the nurse says. "I saw you earlier: You were in there talking to her."

Herb and Donal take me home the next morning. I have no nausea. The pills I go home with, Kytril and Decadron—still more steroids—take care of that. I take them for five days. They are so strong that most of the time, I sleep. But it is not a good sleep. It's laced with nightmares, and even when I'm up, things feel unreal. I am jumpy and anxious.

The physical side effects of the Taxol and Cisplatin kick in: My appetite disappears. My mouth and tongue are coated. Coffee and orange juice have a strange metallic taste. The weekend after chemo, in an attempt at normalcy, I tell Herb I'd like to go to a movie. I choose a Western, because there is no cancer in Westerns. The movie opens with the hero's coffin being lowered into the ground. I start crying. *That's going to be me,* I think. The next day, there is a feature in the Sunday *Times* about a woman dying of ovarian cancer. Just like my roommate, she was diagnosed two years ago.

I put it a call to Payne. He thinks I'm having a reaction to the steroids. He suggests an increase in sedatives as well as a mental counterattack. "Tell yourself, when you get scared, 'This will pass. This is drugs.' "

Eight days after chemo, I can taste again—the orange juice I have in the morning is the best juice I've ever had. I'm done with the anti-nausea drugs; I'm no longer wired.

I find the card of a patient representative I met in the hospital and call her up and talk to her about the nurse.

A person without compassion has no place in a cancer hospital, I say. I am weak when I am in the hospital and I cannot protect myself, but I am not weak now. I have five more chemotherapy sessions. I never want to see that nurse in my room again.

MY HAIR STARTS FALLING OUT TEN DAYS AFTER CHEMOTHERAPY: a few strands on a white tablecloth at the Knickerbocker restaurant. I am having lunch with a guy I met at a party two months ago. The guy is sniffly. "I'm fighting something off," he says. "Me too," I say.

I wait a few days, till my hair comes out in clumps in the shower, then, as directed, I go back to Bitz 'N Pieces, a wig store on the West Side, where they shave the rest of my hair and do the final fit for the wig. They don't like to buzz you until the hair is really coming out. They say it's too traumatic.

"Why didn't you tell me? I would have gone with you," Heidi says afterward. And, "Did you cry?"

I didn't cry because I was steeled for it. Also because when I spoke to women about breast cancer, a lot of them told me they'd lost their hair and it was no big deal. It grew back; they had gotten a chance to play around with all these nifty wigs.

I can handle this, I think when they take me into a private little room.

One wall is mirrored. As the hair comes off, I decide I look like a recruit going into basic training. When I get home, I take off my wig and all my clothes, and stand in front of a full-length mirror and check me out naked. I am quite astonishingly bald, but I am still dramatically girly: My waist goes in, almost everything else goes out. I look sort of sci-fi. On the Starship *Enterprise,* they would probably go for me in a big way. Space Tomato, I call me. Maybe I should take out a personals ad: Mature Woman seeks Trekkie.

The bald aspect can be dealt with. It's the dead aspect that's giving me trouble. Going to renew my driver's license, I see that my new one will expire in five years and I have a disturbing thought: Who is going to expire first, me or my license?

FENNELLY HAS AN EXTRAORDINARILY SOOTHING style. If the theater were on fire—which, it occurs to me, my theater *is*—this is the guy you'd want to make the announcement. But the more we talk, the more of a wild ride I see this cancer is going to be. In a meeting with Fennelly, to adjust my anti-nausea drugs, he has given me the results of my first ovarian blood screen: 860. Normal is between 1 and 35. If the number isn't significantly down after the third treatment, Fennelly says, he'd be "concerned." I mentally translate from the Fennelly to the Wadler: *Concerned*—what you'll be doing New Year's Eve in the year 2000 is no longer a problem.

The CA-125 blood test, Fennelly continues, is done every third week when I come to the hospital for chemo. I can call for the results five days later. A nurse clarifies the drill: I'll get my test results from a nurse. Unless the numbers are up. Then I'll have to wait and speak to the doctor. I get tense just thinking about it: You make a call and find out if you're going to live or die. If your doctor phones just to see how you're doing, and leaves his name on your machine, you'd probably die of stroke.

I call up Donal, who has been living with the knowledge that he is HIV-positive for three years, and ask him how he manages to deal with this level of life-and-death uncertainty.

"Well, think about it," he says. "I've always been good at repression."

"I'm supposed to be learning that, sort of," I say. "Distraction."

"You're not so good," Donal says.

This is true. What I need now, I decide, is a success story. I call Share, a support-and-information group for women with breast and ovarian cancer, and tell them I'd like to talk to a woman who had Stage Three ovarian cancer and is at least five years out. Two days later, a woman calls. She had a tumor the size of a grapefruit pressed up against her liver. She had been treated, pre–Taxol the Wonder Drug, with Cytoxan and Cisplatin. This was six years ago. She's fine. In fact, though she knew she had a cancer that could kill her, she had known from the beginning she would be fine.

"That's what I'm having trouble with, getting my confidence back," I tell her. "With the first cancer, I did really well. Really." Like maybe she won't believe me. "And now I just can't seem to get back on the horse, or whatever the expression is."

"That's like comparing the book and the movie," she says. "They're two different things. What's to be gained by comparing?"

I cobble together a chemotherapy plan with Payne: He suggests a private room. It will cost $165 more. For protecting myself, it's worth it.

Herb and I have not been romantic since I was 29. We are best friends, but in certain areas, Herb likes to maintain a distance. I have never met his mother, for example, because Herb believes that if we met, one or both of us would complain about the other until one or both of us were dead, and he could not take it. When we were dating, if I left a pair of socks at his place, he got tense.

Now this changes.

For chemo two, in mid-December, I check into my private room, and I do not leave it. For the next week, until the drugs are out of my system, Herb lives with me in my apartment. He sleeps on the living-room couch, and in the morning we switch rooms and Herb moves into my bedroom-office and writes. Sometimes, when we wake up, I get into the big queen-size sofa bed with Herb and we have coffee and read the papers together. If I am too tired to read, Herb reads the funniest stuff out loud. It's a terrible winter, a winter of record-breaking storms, but inside, making fun of the news together, we are snug.

"Is it the drugs, or have we mellowed?" I ask him.

"Drugs," Herb says. "Tomorrow you won't remember any of this."

In the evenings, however, the terrors still get me. Around 6:30, for the first five nights after chemo, when the steroids are in me, I cry. Sometimes I cry on the phone to my mother in Florida; sometimes I cry to Herb: I'm dying, I say. I've had two cancers; who ever beats two cancers? Why me? I didn't hurt anybody. Okay, maybe I wrote some snotty stories about movie stars, but I can't see this pissing off God, unless it's actors who are the chosen people. Which is really depressing.

Herb doesn't know what to do. He calls me Joycel, a variation on Joycela, my Yiddish name, which only people who know me very well and like me call me.

"You're not gonna die, Joycel," he says. "I'm not gonna let you die." For years, whenever we meet each other and leave each other, we quack; I am not certain why. When we are very relieved to see one another, we quack a lot. Herb takes a shot.

"C'mon, Joycel, give me a quack," he says.

"Aaaaaghh," I say, crying.

"That's not such a great quack," he says.

"Aaaagggg?" I say. "Ack?"

Then something hits me.

"You remember that part in *Garp,"* I say, "where the gunner who got shot can only say his name—Garp—and then he gets worse and he can't remember the *G* and he can only say "Arp," and then he loses the *p*? That's what's happening to me."

And we're laughing and I feel better. ▬

(This is the first of two installments.)

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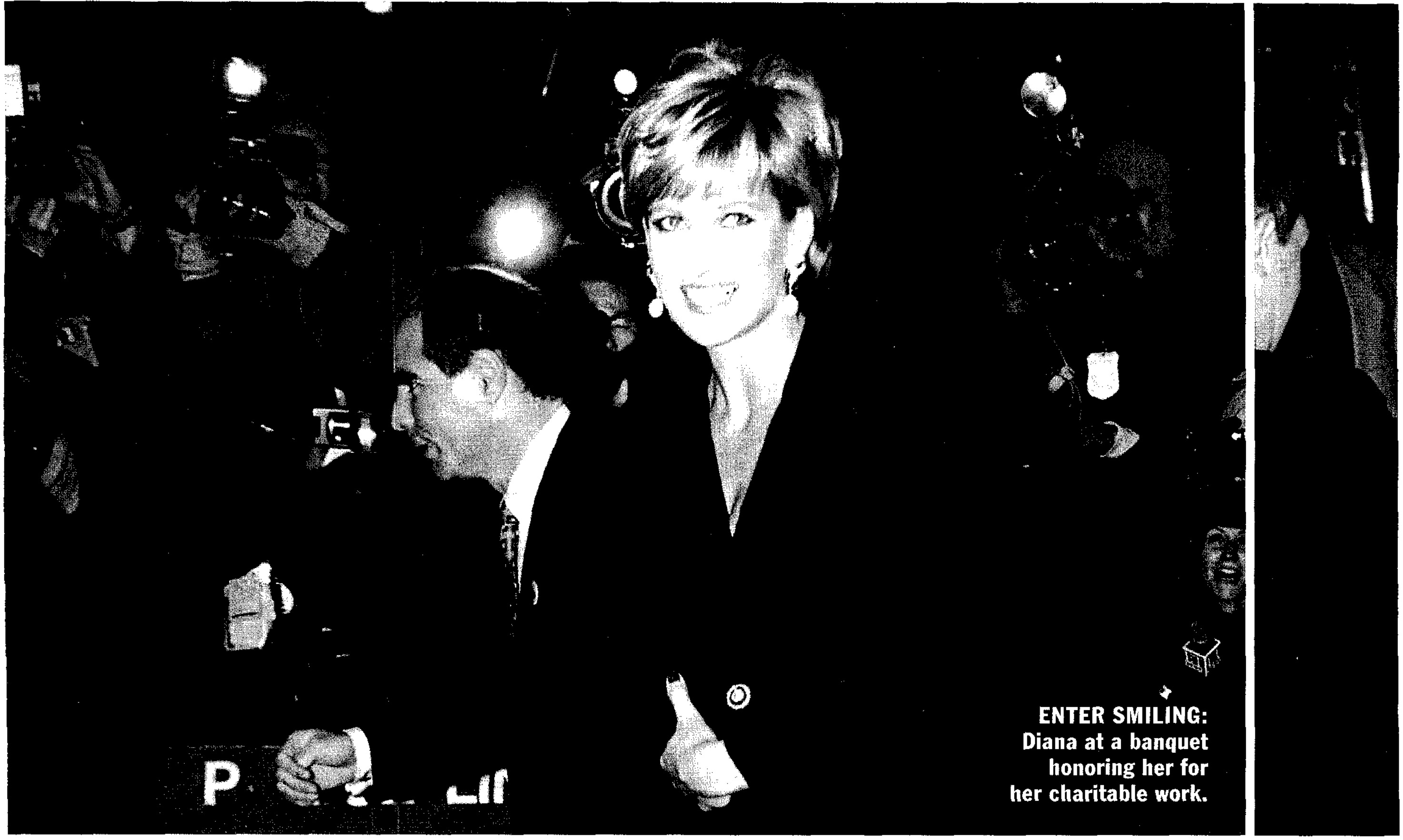


ENTER SMILING: Diana at a banquet honoring her for her charitable work.

Those in the press and the public who blame the paparazzi for Diana's dea

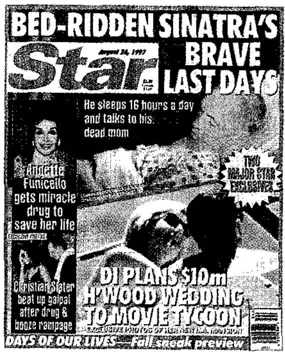
DAVID AND JULIA KOCH'S ANNUAL LABOR DAY PARTY ON Meadow Lane in Southampton was in full swing at 9 P.M. on Saturday night when the first news filtered through the crowd. As a Grucci fireworks display lit up the night sky, 700 of New York's swellest listened to threads of gossip on the ground as they watched the brilliant tendrils of light above them. Princess Diana and Dodi al-Fayed, her presumed lover of five weeks, were involved in a car crash in Paris. Diana had been injured; Al-Fayed and the car's driver had been killed. The crash was said to have been caused by paparazzi on motorbikes who were pursuing the couple. For many journalists, a public tragedy means it's time to go to work. Barbara Walters called her office upon hearing the news, then settled down to watch TV in a bedroom off a crowded balcony upstairs with the Kochs, Hugh Carey, Linda Wachner, and John Warner; she left after the show to work the phones.

Later, under a huge white tent in the dunes, writer Anthony Haden-Guest's eyes were glittering. "Good for my book, don't you think?" he said, explaining that he'd just signed a contract to write a book about the cult of celebrity.

Just before midnight, the first guests began to leave. Julia Koch stopped me to say that a paparazzo had just tried to crash the party—using my name—and had been tackled and physically removed. A bad night for paparazzi, I thought.

We picked up our car from the valet. Inside, the radio was on. A news announcer was talking about paparazzi, too. Only now it was being confirmed that Diana had died in the high-speed chase.

Back where we were staying, we switched on the TV and



BED-RIDDEN SINATRA'S BRAVE LAST DAYS

Star

August 26, 1997

He sleeps 16 hours a day and talks to his dead mom

Annette Funicello gets miracle drug to save her life

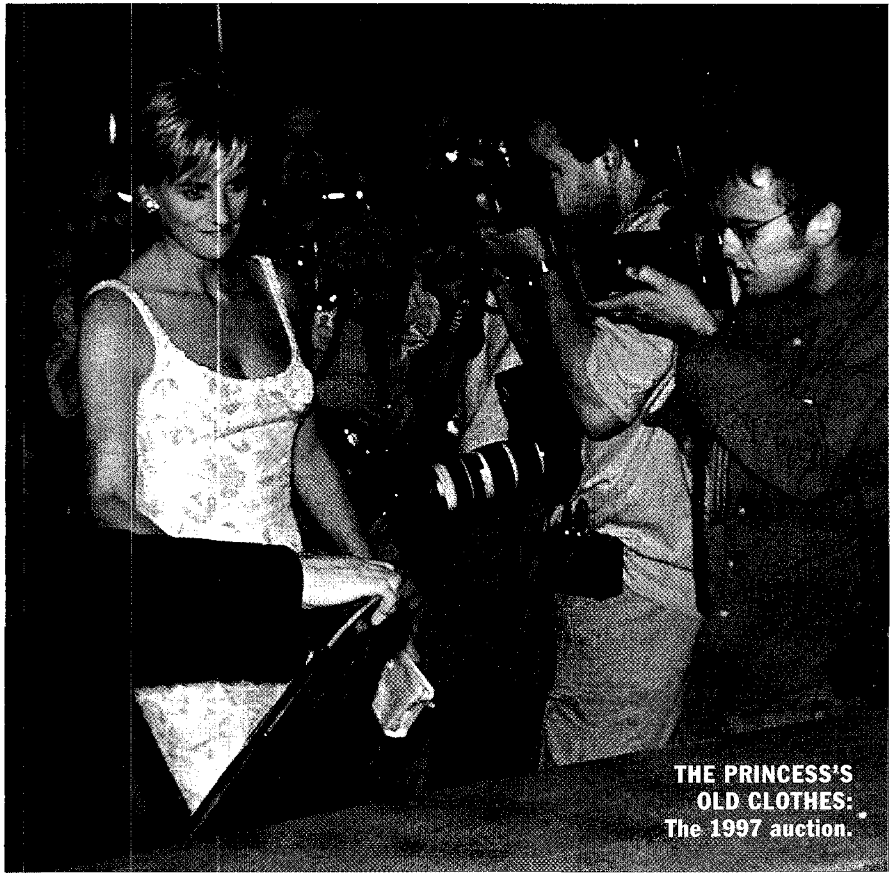
Christian Slater beat up galpal after drug & booze rampage

TWO MAJOR STAR EXCLUSIVES

DI PLANS $10m H'WOOD WEDDING TO MOVIE TYCOON

DAYS OF OUR LIVES—Fall sneak preview

THE PRINCESS A



THE PRINCESS'S OLD CLOTHES: The 1997 auction.

TOUGH CROWD: Diana accosted on Fifth Avenue.

ed to come to terms with their own predatory instincts. By Michael Gross

watched for a few hours. Already, the early verdict was in: The paparazzi were renegades, uncivilized predators, indecent if not criminal. As a graffitist soon wrote on a wall near the crash site: PAPARAZZI, ASSASSIN. The next day, I'd planned to go to the Hampton Classic horse show with *New York* Magazine photographer Patrick McMullan. But Patrick begged off.

"I don't want to go anywhere with a camera today," he said.

THUS BEGAN A WEEK IN WHICH JOURNALISTS OF ALL STRIPES WERE forced into a nerve-racking balancing act, attempting to cover a story in which their—and my—profession was deeply implicated. This is not, however, what many of them told the public. No matter what channel I turned to, the spin and the pronouns were the same: The paparazzi were the ones that hounded Diana, the newsmen said. They, not us. Not we, the decent, the civilized.

Steve Coz, of the *National Enquirer,* was quick to announce that the tabloid had been offered pictures of the crash and turned them down, and called on other tabloids to do the same. On Bernard Kalb's CNN show, *Reliable Sources,* Coz and *People* magazine writer Janice Min bickered over whether their publications were comparable. "We are not in the same league as the *National Enquirer,*" Min sniffed. Kalb and another guest, Howard Kurtz of the Washington *Post,* distanced themselves from both, calling the differences between *People* and the *National Enquirer* insignificant. On his Sunday-night broadcast, Dan Rather's lip seemed to curl as he discussed the paparazzi. "Photographic entrepreneurs," Rather called them, a phrase chosen to make clear he didn't consider *them* journalists. And he wasn't alone. MSNBC anchor Brian Williams told me he considers them

ROYALTY VS. THE PRESS
CONCERN FOR DI'S HEALTH
THE QU
BANS KOO
DIANA: 'LEAVE HER ALONE'

ND THE JACKALS

Photographs: from left, Kurt Viavant/Sipa; Ron Gallela, Ltd; Steve Allen/Gamma Liaison.

"fact and image gatherers; these guys aren't you and me." Another newscaster kept calling them "members of the paparazzi," as if they were Bloods or Crips. In a column titled "Blood on Their Hands," Abe Rosenthal of the New York *Times* called the paparazzi "jackals" and "dirt-diggers" doing "filthy work."

OF COURSE, NO SOONER HAD THE GUILT OF THE PAPARAZZI BEcome a matter of consensus than the news emerged that the driver, an employee of Al-Fayed's father, was drunk. But by then, the notion that the media had somehow been responsible for Diana's death had permeated the culture, and many journalists spent the week thinking hard about how much of this collective guilt they were willing to assume. "It's healthy to have a public dialogue about this," NBC anchor Tom Brokaw told me, fresh off a plane from London. "Some distancing is fair, but it's dangerous to make sweeping collective judgments. Every day I see examples of behavior in our profession that you don't want to be associated with. But you want to separate yourself without separating yourself from the larger culture of journalism. We should judge individually, not collectively."

"It's easy to lump us all together," said Andrew Lack, the president of NBC News. "It's harder to delineate. It's less convenient to say where the standards and practices of NBC, ABC, and the New York *Times* are different from those of the *National Enquirer* and *Hard Copy.* There are big, clear, definable differences. We don't pursue certain kinds of material."

"One has to draw one's own line as to taste and respect," Barbara Walters told me. "*Media* is a big word. I'm not being holier-than-thou, but there's a very big difference between people on motorcycles looking in bedroom windows and real journalists doing their jobs in a responsible way."

"The public is insatiable for more graphic, private, intimate, invasive photos

Walters is aware, of course, that real journalists doing their jobs quickly lose them if they don't pursue their subjects with predatory zeal. Haden-Guest and I spoke again after Diana's death was revealed, and he was taken aback but unapologetic when reminded of his comment at the Koch party. "Simone de Beauvoir wrote notes on her own mother's deathbed," Haden-Guest said. "Every writer is capable of both feeling the reality of something terrible and simultaneously being aware of its weight as subject matter. Any journalist who doesn't admit that is a hypocrite."

TV-newsmagazine producers, including Walters's own, are famously aggressive, if somewhat craftier and more evolved than their motorcycle-riding colleagues. One Big Three–network newsmagazine producer told me a story about what happened when she scored a first, exclusive interview with a juror in the O. J. Simpson trial. Competitors from network and tabloid shows swarmed outside the house where the producer and the juror were holed up, relentlessly knocking on windows, calling on the telephone, and slipping notes under the door. Finally, in frustration, a competitor from another network put its lawyers up to claiming that the juror was being held against her will. "They try to weasel past you and take your interviews away," the producer said. "There's no gentlemen's code, I can tell you that."

Even the *Times,* which tends to portray itself as the holiest of journalistic holies, has "done things we don't do," a reporter there says. Editors took reporters to task in 1991 for peeking through the window of the victim in the William Smith rape case in order to describe her house. The *Times* later published an editor's note explaining that they'd named the victim, too, but only after other news outlets had done so first.

CNN's Bernard Kalb speaks of "the laundering technique of established media," condescending to the tabloids even as they steal their scoops. The *Times* famously ignored Paula Jones until it could report on tabloid accounts of her accusations against President Clinton.

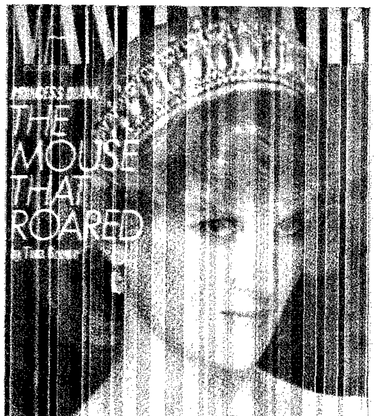
Sometimes, innocents find themselves caught in the press crossfire. CNN's Bruce Morton points out that "Richard Jewell may have something to say" about the mainstream press and privacy. Thirteen years ago, news crews chasing auto executive John DeLorean, after his acquittal on drug charges, caused a car crash on a California freeway. "Nobody got hurt," says a producer involved, "and that picture was the lead of the [night's] news."

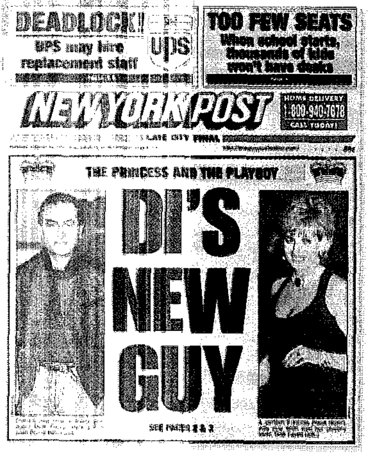
Simply put, paparazzi photographs and aggressive tactics are indispensable for any publication that aspires to cover celebrities. And photographs by some of the very same "jackals" who were arrested at the scene of the car crash have been published by *Time, Newsweek, Forbes, BusinessWeek, USA Today,* and even the New York *Times.* They "*are* part of what we do," admits a former network-news-show executive producer. They impart an important lesson. "Value *is* greater if what you get is more provocative. There *is* money at the end of the rainbow." Another network producer admits that even in organizations with high standards, people do invasive things for the money. "I feel disgusted," she says of chasing families of disaster victims for interviews moments after they've learned their relatives are dead. "It's a mad dash. It's competitive. They're grieving, but you have a job to do. Capitalizing on death." Which is sometimes our job, too.

"I'm not surprised some would see it that way," says Jon Klein, the executive vice-president of CBS News. "But I don't think Connie, Barbara, or Diane see themselves of like mold. Network-news methods are more aboveboard, less invasive. We won't climb a ladder and stick a lens in a window. We won't knock on a door, snap a picture, and run." Klein pauses. "Objective observers might say we're splitting hairs, but I wouldn't compare hidden cameras in a supermarket that's putting public health at risk to chasing a celebrity for the millionth photo of her latest boyfriend. The journalistic imperative is clear on the one hand, the lack of it clear on the other."

ANYONE WHO'S WATCHED ANY TELEVISION LATELY, OR BEEN TO the local magazine store, is aware that the journalistic imperative is not what's driving huge segments of the journalism business. The tabloids aren't the only ones benefiting from celebrities and their tribulations. Princess Diana was a guaranteed circulation booster for all sorts of shows and publications, including this magazine. "I think some of what we're seeing is the media grieving not so much for Diana as for the loss of a major profit center," one glossy-magazine editor told me. "The Diana industry was huge. Her image was worth millions." *People* put Diana on the cover 44 times, *Time* and *Newsweek* 7 each.

The majority of celebrity coverage, of course, is brokered and carefully sanitized by publicists who offer up their clients for the purpose of touting films or other commercial ventures. It observes some of the conventions of journalism, but it's essentially part of the marketing arm of the entertainment industry. So when some celebrities have spoken out in recent days, demanding laws to curb paparazzi, they get less sympathy from us than they might because the press knows—even if the public doesn't—that these same famous folk, who use the press but bitch and moan when it uses them back, have long displayed a less than generous attitude toward the First Amendment. "They


THE MOUSE THAT ROARED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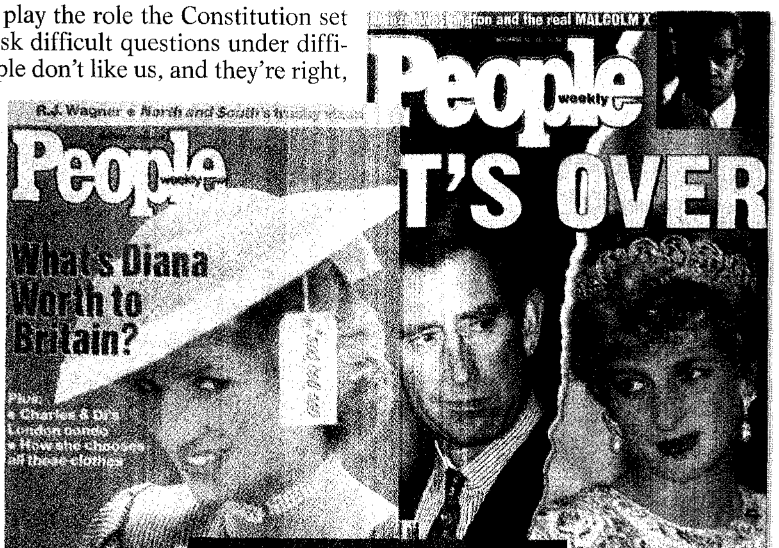
THE PRINCESS AND THE PLAYBOY
DI'S NEW GUY

think we're on their team," says Bruce Morton, "and they get cranky when they discover we're not."

When Tom Cruise called CNN to complain about photographers, no one pointed out that Cruise, his pit-bull publicists, and other celebrities like him have, for years, sought to control and censor the press, even to the extent of making journalists sign contracts as a prerequisite for access, limiting the questions they can ask and where their stories can appear. The artificial scarcity that results from such maneuvers only feeds the frenzy of those who are locked out, creating the very situations Cruise and his ilk would prefer to avoid. The press may not be right in such instances, but neither are those who seek to subdue and sometimes silence it. "There are paparazzi excesses and we shouldn't emulate them, but clearly there are occasions when unwanted pictures are of enormous value," says Richard Wald, senior vice-president of ABC News. "It's hard to make a law that will cover everything, with due respect for what the public wants to know, in a responsible way."

At the end of our conversation, Andrew Lack admits, "The press is not popular. We never have been and we never will be if we play the role the Constitution set out for us. Our role is to ask difficult questions under difficult circumstances. So people don't like us, and they're right, but we're right, too, for doing it anyway."

ys Klein of CBS. "They wouldn't be published if the public didn't want them."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T'S OVER

CELEBRITY SLEUTH
RAUNCHY ROYALS IN THE RAW
NOBLE NUDES
PRINCESS GRACE
PRINCESS CAROLINE
PRINCESS STEPHANIE
PRINCESS MARGARET
PRINCESS ANNE
DUCHESS "FERGIE"
THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
LADY HELEN WINDSOR
KOO STARK
AND DOZENS MORE!
A BOD to DI For

SAVING FACE: Princess Diana was an enormous profit center for magazines and television—she appeared on the cover of *People* 44 times, and those issues regularly sold out on the newsstand.

The problem is that the same public that eagerly devours the product affects to abhor the tactics. "You're always weighing the right to privacy and what's intrusive," says Carol Wallace, the editor of *People*, which, because of its Time Inc. pedigree and its relentless coverage of Diana, became a nexus of the debate about celebrity journalism. "The news isn't always pretty. We know this is a tricky job."

Wallace compares Diana's death chase with the helicopters' covering O. J. Simpson's Bronco dash. "It was riveting," she says. "Was it intrusive? You can't have rules that apply to all situations. Are we intrusive or invasive? I think, sure, sometimes. If you're a magazine covering celebrity news and you write about people getting arrested or passing out on heroin, that's intrusive, but it's also news. Sometimes the news isn't good."

"Ultimately, you have to finger the society that wants it," says Bernard Kalb, who predicts that the current spasm of disgust will soon pass. "Shock has very brief longevity."

Tom Brokaw agrees. "I don't see how you can legislate individual conduct," he says. "The market will govern."

Then he adds, hopefully, "It gets fed up with gratuitous reporting with no purpose other than voyeurism."

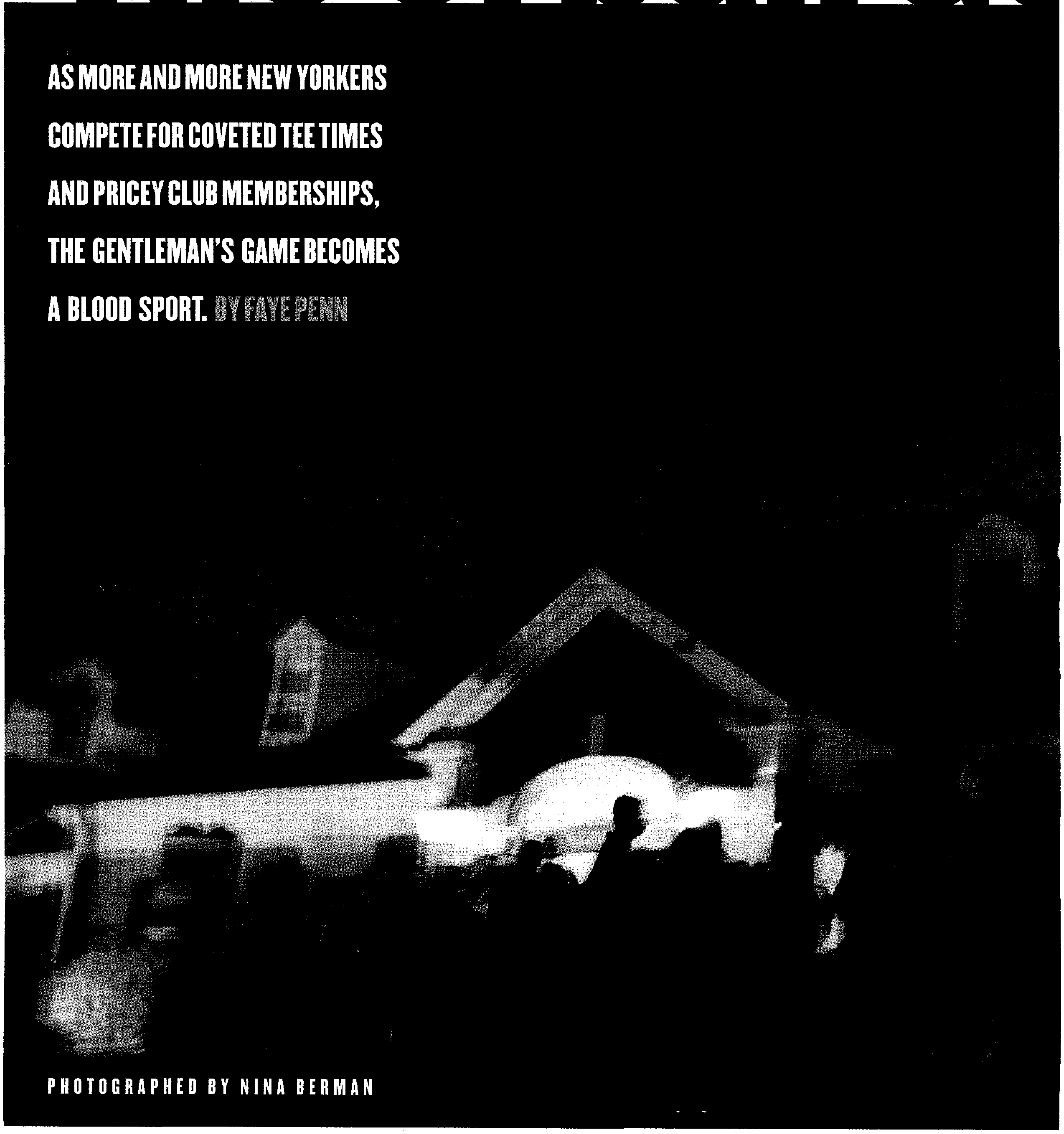
THE FACT IS, WE'RE IN A BUSINESS, AND unless you're with the New York *Times* and news-makers come to you, if you're polite, if you respect privacy, if you stand on ceremony, you may very well lose the story to someone who is not, does not, and will not. Losing the story means losing viewers or losing readers. And most news organizations know this full well. That's why they swarm on grief and tragedies like airplane crashes and the murders of children, why they compete viciously for what TV Newsmagazines call "gets"—the exclusive interview with the survivor, the grieving friend, the mother whose baby has fallen down the mine shaft. The only rule that matters in these pursuits is success. "If there were a market for *MacNeil-Lehrer,* there would be twelve *MacNeil-Lehrers,*" says Brian Williams, who blames the dumbing-down of America for the sad state of news today. "The public is insatiable for more graphic, private, intimate, invasive photos," says CBS's Jon Klein. "They wouldn't be published if the public didn't want them. We wouldn't do newsmagazine shows on similar subjects if the public didn't want them. We've been very sophisticated in gleaning what the public wants and perfecting how we deliver it."

Klein thinks for a moment. He's a passionate newsman at Walter Cronkite's network, an institution where news was almost a religion. "We at the networks pause before we simply satisfy the public's urges," he tells me. "But we make shows for a mass audience. Right there, you begin to make a bargain with the devil." ■

The Urban Go

AS MORE AND MORE NEW YORKERS COMPETE FOR COVETED TEE TIMES AND PRICEY CLUB MEMBERSHIPS, THE GENTLEMAN'S GAME BECOMES A BLOOD SPORT.

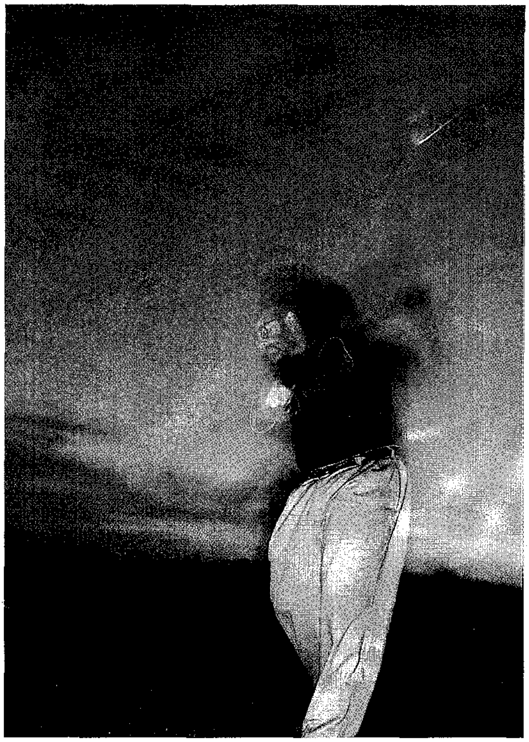
BY FAYE PENN



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NINA BERMAN

Sipa

If Crisis



IT'S A DARK AND EERILY DESOLATE SATURDAY morning in Bethpage State Park on Long Island, and 29-year-old James Park has only one thing on his mind. Park, who works in his family's Wall Street tobacco shop, has been camped out in his Dodge Intrepid for nearly four hours. ▪ When Park motored up with his twin brother around 11 P.M. on Friday, the lot was empty. They slid into a spot and drifted off. ▪ But at 3 A.M., the brothers are jolted awake by the roar of an engine. Moments later, a pair of headlights races past them. Then another. In a panic, the Parks peel out of their spot and speed up to the clubhouse, only to find a dozen golfers already lined up in front of them. ▪ Park eyes the queue dejectedly. He'll get on the course, but he won't be the first man out. "Everyone wants to play here," he sighs. He's not kidding. At the height of the summer season, the faithful begin showing up late Friday afternoon. Crowds of 250 wait to squeeze onto the course before 7 A.M., when the reservations kick in. "A few weeks ago, I came here at 5 A.M. thinking we'd do all right," says John D'Angelo, an operating-room salesman from East Williston, Long

EARLY-BIRD SPECIAL LEFT, 4:30 A.M. AT BETHPAGE PARK; ABOVE, JEFF CARROLL SLEPT IN HIS CAR SO HE COULD TEE OFF AT DAWN.

MEMBERS ONLY A CADDY AT HUDSON NATIONAL, THE PRICIEST CLUB IN THE REGION, WHERE MEMBERSHIPS START AT $162,500 AND DUES RUN UP TO $8,800 A YEAR.

Island. "Then we found out we wouldn't get on the course until eleven. We didn't even play. We went home disappointed."

Nearly every Friday night from April through October, Jeff Carroll, 41, director of an office-products company, leaves his Merrick, Long Island, home around 6:30 P.M., only to return sometime before noon the next day.

In the parking lot, he meets up with his pals, a half-dozen congenial, wisecracking *guys* who could just as well be bowling, playing poker, or fishing. Sometimes they order pizza or linguine with clam sauce, or watch a television plugged into a cigarette lighter. Tonight they just wait.

"You're sitting in your office on Tuesday morning and everything is hitting the fan, and all you do is think it's four more days until it's time to golf," says Carroll. "It gets you through the week."

By all accounts, Bethpage—about an hour's drive from Manhattan—attracts a larger mob than any other links in the country. Its famed black course—now closed for renovations—is the crown jewel of the public system and will become the first public property ever to host the U.S. Open in 2002. Since there are no hefty initiation fees, exclusive membership rules, or residency requirements, the only thing you need to play here is immunity to sleep deprivation.

NO LONGER THE DOMAIN OF Westchester dentists and Wall Street bankers, golf may well be the city's fastest-growing sport, an unlikely urban phenomenon eagerly adopted by everyone from kids in the Bronx to models in the Flatiron. But as this vast number of newcomers tries to shoehorn its way onto courses already jammed to capacity, the gentleman's game is showing signs of strain: scuffles over tee times, foul language, grungy attire, temper-raising bottlenecks on fairways that sometimes double as cemeteries. It's golf, New York–style.

Nearly every public course within an hour's drive of the city is reporting record crowds. Car camping is becoming as familiar a part of golf as garish madras prints. At Oyster Bay Golf Course in Woodbury, Long Island, "waiting overnight used to be the exception," says pro Bob Posillico. "Now it's become mandatory if you want to get an early tee time."

Five years ago, Bergen Point Golf Course in West Babylon could barely fill its tee times. "Now they arrive at midnight or 2 A.M. the night before," says staff member Kim Leo. "They park out front in line, and when we come in in the morning, we go from car to car. Each car is allowed to sign up for a foursome. It's insane. I can't picture wanting to play golf that badly."

But New Yorkers are lucky if they can play at all. According to the National Golf Foundation, the metropolitan area ranks last among 309 U.S. cities in golf-course availability. In contrast to other U.S. cities, which average one hole per 1,333 residents, New York offers one measly hole for about every 6,000 residents.

And sometimes it seems all of them are waiting to tee off at the same time. In Westchester County, which has five public courses, the number of players has shot up by 60 percent in four years. "It's unbelievable," says Robert Young, deputy commissioner of parks, recreation, and conservation for Westchester. "The popularity of the sport with the addition of women and juniors is crazy. I need more golf courses."

In recent years, public courses around the city have tried to cope with the deluge by installing automated reservation systems that require golfers to dial at a precise hour for appointments the following week. (Many also allocate early times for walk-ons—hence the Bethpage car-camping ritual.) So every Friday night at 7:30, thousands of golfers around the area sit at home pounding the redial button like pre-teens trying to win prizes from a radio station. One disgruntled duffer, a 32-year-old head of sales for an equity-research boutique, maintains that under the new system, he has a harder time obtaining a tee time in New Jersey than he did getting tickets to last year's Kiss concerts at Madison Square Garden, which sold out in less than an hour. "It's even worse with golf—you don't have scalpers to help you out," he says.

The solution, obviously, is more courses. But that's like saying the answer to the Manhattan real-estate crisis is more apartments. With its astronomical real-estate costs, highly politicized land-review processes, and expensive union labor, New York isn't an easy place to build anything.

It takes millions of dollars to construct a new course—by some estimates, a million per hole. So on the rare occasion when a new fairway does open, it's usually not of the Everyman's pay-and-play variety. In June 1996, the super-elite Hudson National Golf Club opened in Croton-on-Hudson. Prospective members are required to shell out $162,500 just to get in as well as $8,800 a year in dues. Club chairman Marc Bergschneider says he already has 246 takers. "Many work on Wall Street," he says. "It's a who's who of New York."

In Briarcliff Manor, Donald Trump is in public hearings over his latest project, a glitzy golf–real-estate extravaganza with 87 townhouses that start at $600,000 encircling a golf club that will cost more than $100,000 to join. Trump is also planning a second course, in tony Bedford, New York, on the site of the former Graham-family estate, but he needs to muster approval from local environmentalists. In typical Trump style, the developer intends to charge a $250,000 initiation fee—the highest in the metropolitan area.

Clubs like Trump's may offer high-end golfers a new place to light their Cohibas, but they do little to relieve the enthusiasts consigned to public courses by a private-club structure that rivals the co-op system in exclusivity.

A 1994 survey by Golf Management Systems, Inc., a consulting group, found that only 5.5 percent of New York–area golfers belong to private clubs. Costs vary drastically, but Golf Management Systems' Andy Rich says that members should expect to plunk down an average of $25,000 to start and some $6,000 in annual dues.

Poland Spring
NEVERADE

And in a status-obsessed city, cold cash may not be enough. "There are *plenty* of multimillionaires who can't get into clubs," sniffs Rich. He and others point out that golf clubs tend to be strictly divided along religious, racial, and occupational lines. Though clubs do not advertise them, their exclusionary practices are upheld by grueling screening processes that require prospective members to obtain six letters of sponsorship from other club members and to sit through harrowing in-home interviews. Some clubs require that members maintain a high level of philanthropy. The most coveted establishments—and even some fairly run-of-the-mill ones—have waiting lists that can function like the lines outside nightclubs such as Life and Wax: "Undesirables" will wait only so long before eventually going somewhere else.

While private golf clubs throughout the country remain strongholds of unabashed elitism, those surrounding New York City are considered to be among the worst offenders. "There are Jewish clubs and non-Jewish clubs," admits a member of a Jewish club in Long Island where the cost is $60,000 to become a member and $15,000 to $20,000 annually to stay one. "That's just how it is."

That's how it's likely to stay, too, given that private clubs are generally outside the reach of state and federal anti-discrimination laws governing public accommodations. A bill that would have extended anti-discrimination laws to private country clubs passed the State Assembly in 1981, 1982, and 1988 but wasn't able to find a sponsor in the Senate. "We don't get a lot of calls about discrimination by private clubs," explains Arthur Eisenberg, legal director of the New York Civil Liberties Union.

In New Jersey, Governor Christine Todd Whitman signed a law on August 1 barring gender discrimination in private country clubs, a move inspired by Sally Goodson, a golfer with a 15 handicap who was prevented from playing during busy weekend mornings at the Forest Hill Field Club in Bloomfield. Other clubs offered male members first choice of tee times or hosted "men only" Saturday mornings.

"It's not the most flexible area in the country," says Marian Hausman, president of the New York chapter of the Executive Women's Golf Association. "There are a lot of old-name clubs and people who have belonged to them for 40 or 50 years who don't want to change. It's not like Florida, where you have a course on every block and you pay $2,000 a year to play. We have here a very old-fashioned, male-dominated system."

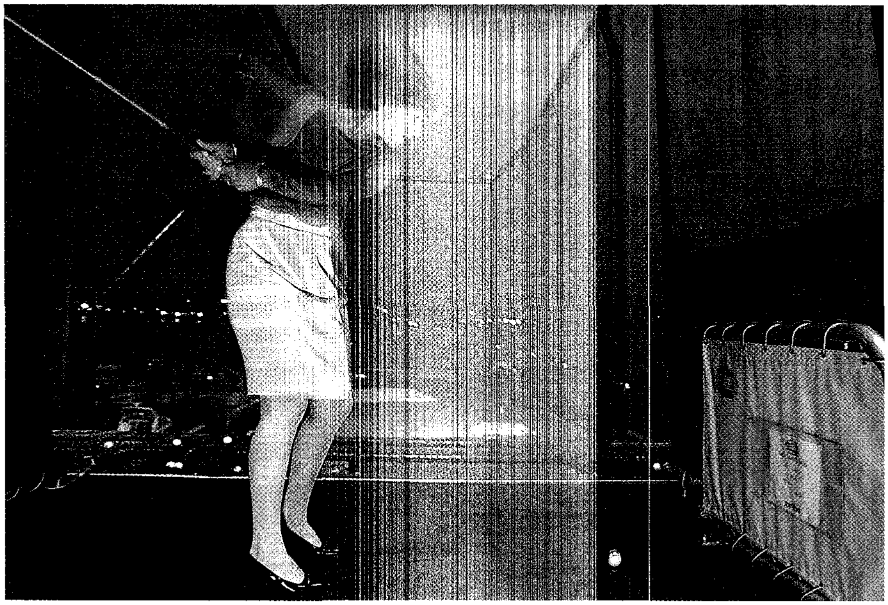
It's also a place where you you have to stand in line just to hit a bucket of balls at a driving range. On weekend days, the Golf Club at Chelsea Piers—the only place to swing a 5-iron in Manhattan—has up to a two-hour wait, which may ease when MetroGolf Incorporated, a Denver-based public company, builds its

DANGEROUS CURVES THE PELHAM/SPLIT ROCK GOLF COURSE IN THE BRONX, TOP AND RIGHT. SOME SAY THE COURSE IS AMONG THE MOST PERILOUS IN THE WORLD.

much ballyhooed $6 million, three-story driving range atop the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The complex is slated to open in the fall of 1998. "There'll be six inches of snow out, and people will be hitting balls," says Marla Chafetz, general manager of the Chelsea Piers golf club. You can't see the ball land, but you can see it in flight. Golfers are fanatical. It's like meditation for them."

On a recent Friday night, the Piers were abuzz. Michael Santiago, the 31-year-old owner of a dog-walking business from TriBeCa, was celebrating his best friend's birthday by driving balls toward the Jersey skyline. Also sucking in the view were a Brooklyn pharmacist and his family, a cantankerous head-shaver who claimed to be the owner of a topless bar, and a knock-kneed teenage girl taking feeble swipes at the dimpled orb.

After cocktails at the Princeton Club and dinner at Divine Bar, cosmetics executives Shelley Saville, 33, and Bob Brenner, 30, decided to stop by and practice their form. "I find it *very* comfortable to golf in these shoes," quipped Saville, a vice-president of marketing for Redken, pointing to her Cole Haan tassel loafers with four-inch stacked heels.



HAVING A BALL NANCY MELOTH TAKES A SWING AT CHELSEA PIERS; OPPOSITE, THE AFTER-WORK CROWD AT CHELSEA.

A DRIVING RANGE MAY NOT BE A common after-dark destination for chic young Manhattanites, but the sport has never been more fashionable. While Tiger Woods has lent youthful sex appeal to a pastime generally associated with middle-agers in lime trousers, he isn't the only celebrity to take a swing in recent years. Michael Jordan, Kevin Costner, and Charles Barkley (not to mention O. J. Simpson) are all familiar faces on the green. Bill Clinton's game has been analyzed by legions of political correspondents, and even the First Lady wielded a club on holiday at the Vineyard last month. Alice Cooper, who plays about five times a week, has an endorsement deal with Callaway, a company that makes titanium clubs. "I'm the most notorious rock-and-roll golfer there is," boasts Cooper, who has a 4 handicap to prove it. Meanwhile, VH1's four-year-old "Fairway to Heaven" tournaments have showcased celebrities like Hootie and the Blowfish, Stone Temple Pilots, R.E.M., and Toad the Wet Sprocket, among other musicians popular with the skate-and-surf set.

"Every time we hire a model for a photo shoot, they all tell us they've taken up golf," says Ken Seiff, the CEO of Pivot Rules, one of several Tommy Hilfiger–esque golf-sportswear lines that are targeting the emerging youth market.

But for the 332,000 people in the New York Metropolitan area who play more than 25 rounds a year, golf isn't a trend—it's an obsession. Many veterans, in fact, are irked by their sport's newfound stylishness, and not simply because there just aren't enough holes to go around. Beginners tend to create bottlenecks by playing slowly, causing rounds that should take four hours to drag on for six or more.

Some traditionalists bitterly maintain that boisterous and unruly neophytes, unschooled in country-club etiquette, are threatening the game's civility. "They curse, they throw their clubs, they pick up balls that aren't theirs," complains Michael Levine, 33, a Manhattan insurance agent. "They drive their cart through the greens. They don't replace divots or fix their ball marks on the green."

Others gripe that newcomers tend to show up at the courses wearing tank tops and cutoffs, a fashion fiasco akin to wearing a nylon jogging suit to the opera. Last year, New York State threatened to start enforcing its long-ignored dress code after players began appearing on the courses in bathing suits and work boots. Though 89 percent of golfers favored enforcement, the state eventually abandoned the hard-line approach in favor of a remedial tack: It erected clubhouse displays to educate *déclassé* duffers about proper golf attire. "There will always be people who are nonconformists and we're not going to chase them off the courses," says Ed Wankel, deputy commissioner of state parks, recreation, and historic preservation for Long Island and New York City, adding hopefully: "We feel that through peer education, most people will comply."

In any case, there have been far more frightening apparitions on New York City's twelve municipal courses than chubby men in Speedos. Before the American Golf Corporation won the concession for eight city-owned golf courses in 1983, players would brandish mace, knives, and even handguns to guard against routine muggings and assaults on the fairways. Those daring enough to park their cars in the lot at Pelham/Split Rock courses in the northeast Bronx stood a reasonable chance of having to walk home. What's more, automobiles frequently appeared in unwanted places—on the middle of the fairway, for instance. One of the first things the American Golf Corporation did after taking over city courses was to haul 100 burned-out, stolen autos from the Dyker Beach Golf Course in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. The company quickly transformed the overgrown dirt patches into user-friendly, neatly manicured moneymakers with foot patrols and chain-link fences, and it helps operate a program that brings inner-city schoolchildren to local golf courses free. But one problem has lingered: discarded corpses.

Reported dumpings of human corpses on New York City public courses has been such a continuing problem that in April, *Men's Health* magazine named Pelham/Split Rock one of the world's ten most dangerous golf courses. Others on the roster included crocodile-infested links in South Africa, a country club in Singapore where a pro had to kill a ten-foot cobra to finish that country's 1982 open, and California's Compton Par-3 Golf Course, in the heart of gang territory. Dozens of corpses have reportedly turned up in and around Pelham/Split Rock in the past few years. (*Men's Health* counted thirteen in the past decade.)

Though none of the deceased has been a golfer, a corpse's appearance can nonetheless be alarming. Two years ago, an assistant at Pelham/Split Rock came to work and discovered a man in a car with his hands cuffed behind his back and a bullet hole between his eyes. Then, in March 1996, employees discovered a man who committed suicide on Dyker Beach in Bay Ridge. "He was hanging from a tree." remembers a high-ranking employee. "We had such a snowy winter, nobody went out there and nobody saw him. In March, a customer came to play a round and he finished the round and said, 'By the way, you do know you have a guy hanging from a tree over by the sixth hole?' He figured there was nothing he could do for the guy."

A police spokesman says the city has no body count for Pelham/Split Rock or Dyker Beach. Parks Commissioner Henry Stern does not deny that unfortunate souls have turned up on the links, but he points out that "many of these people are dead *before* they are brought there. Besides, they're not on the course but in the brush. Let's just say nobody has ever putted into an open mouth."

That said, city courses now host 42 percent more players since American Golf took over. Bruce Corwin is one avowed subway golfer. "The prices are a third of what you'd pay at resorts," says Corwin, 32, a public-relations specialist for a securities firm. "And the contrast between the beauty you see in front of you and the squalor that surrounds it is mind-boggling."

Weekday treks to the urban oasis that is Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx—the oldest public golf course in the country—require Corwin to haul his clubs onto the IRT at 4:30 A.M., then make a treacherous quarter-mile sprint from the station through a spooky field full of ten-foot reeds that he calls "the jungle" and under an ominously dark footbridge that leads to the parking lot. He copes by thinking of his golf bag as a sack full of ammunition. "I am a heavily armed man," he says. "If they had a gun, they'd win. But if somebody had a knife and I have my sand wedge—the most lethal club there is and an ideal instrument for bludgeoning—*forget them.*"

For the golf-obsessed who aren't quite so sanguine about having to defend themselves, moving to the suburbs may look like a more attractive option. Easy access to golf was the "No. 1 reason" that Scott Fishbein, a 35-year-old commercial banker, moved from Forest Hills, Queens, to Lake Success, Long Island, where residents get a $1,500 annual membership to a golf course that out-of-towners must wait ten to twelve years and pay $5,000 a year to join. "God, my house is exactly 60 seconds from the course," Fishbein boasts. "Knowing that I have a place to play anytime I want—if you're not a golfer, you can't understand it—is such a reassuring feeling. I could never have afforded to join a private country club for $20,000 a year."

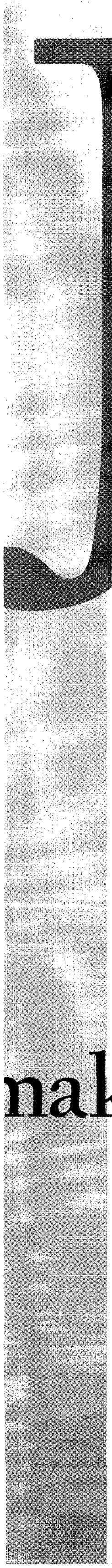
Then there is the uniquely New York phenomenon of the Elmsford-based Metropolitan Golfers Club, which is not a golf club in the traditional sense but a reservation service for which members pay $100 annually to let someone else find them tee times at 90 area courses. "I got tired of sleeping in parking lots and pressing redial on my phone," says founder Andy Rich, who determined in surveys that an inability to land a tee time—not exorbitant costs—was the biggest barrier to playing in the New York region.

Some New Yorkers devise strategies to endear themselves to friends fortunate enough to belong to private clubs. Others take frequent vacations in places like Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, which has a whopping 44 times as many courses per capita as New York. Banker Michael Levine vents his frustration with visits to a certain local establishment. "Every once in a while at lunchtime, I walk over to a golf store on 35th Street and swing a club," he says. "They let you try the clubs if you say you're buying them."

And at Bethpage, golfers will continue losing sleep for the foreseeable future. At 3 A.M. on a recent morning, Ski Walewski, 48, of Huntington, Long Island, stood outside the clubhouse, waiting. "People just don't believe it," says Walewski, vice-president of a bakery-equipment company. "A lot of people think we're crazy. But if you live in this area and want to golf, you have no other choice." Carroll, waiting his turn, nods. "It's such a complete passion that you don't even feel tired," he says. "You get to see the sun come up." ■

JANE UNDER COVER:
***Sassy's* creator strikes again.**

Jane Pratt, eternal teenager, tries once again t



has jane gotten sassier?

Like a teenager embarrassed by her looks or her words or both, Jane Pratt just can't keep her hands from fussing at her face. One Tuesday morning in July, Pratt sat at the head of a table in a small, windowless conference room, surrounded by the editorial staff of her new magazine, *Jane,* which is to debut this month and is aimed at women in their twenties. "Today I want to devote the meeting to new ideas," Pratt said, more or less mumbling through her fingers. "So forget your deadlines. This is a safe space." Her staff, consisting of two men and fifteen or so young women with varying but significant degrees of cool glamour (flip-flops and stilettos present in even numbers), looked relatively unharried: One of the men lolled on the floor as if he were the house dog rather than an assistant editor, and everyone else munched

nake herself a brand name.

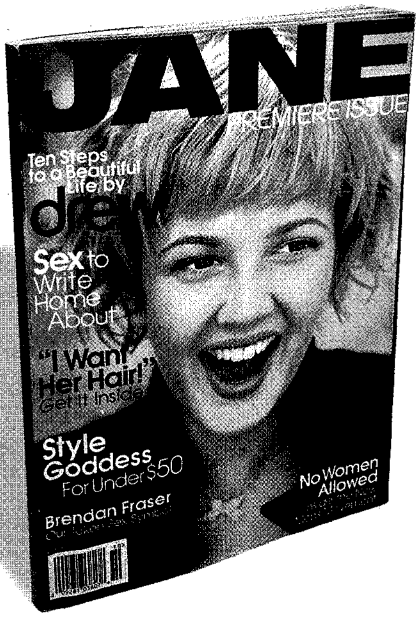
By Rebecca Mead ■ Photographed by Nick Cardillicchio

casually on Krispy Kreme doughnuts, as if a safe space would be *fine* but was not strictly necessary.

Actually, Pratt was the one who looked as though she needed reassuring. In her all-brown ensemble—monochrome pants, sweater, cardigan—and her Brad Johns–blonded hair, she was chic but a little washed-out; she seemed tired around the unmade-up eyes and looked not a year younger than her age, 34. She was enthusiastic and friendly, and she seemed to be among supporters. But there were the nervy mannerisms: Her fingers fluttered to her mouth at every other moment, and long after she'd finished her Krispy Kreme, she kept on licking their tips. You wanted to force a cigarette on her, just to give those hands something to do.

The story ideas all seemed, unsurprisingly, to bear marked similarities to what might be called the life issues of Pratt and her staff. There was discussion of a first-person piece about being an "arm ornament"—a celebrity's date for a night. "You know, when you go out and the paparazzi want to take pictures of the guy alone, or you are in the paper the next day and it says 'and friend,' " said an editor. Pratt interjected, "Or you are cropped out—that's me, usually."

Then someone raised the idea of doing a story about cliques in unusual places: A friend of hers had heard from another inmate at Amy Fisher's prison that Amy is part of the cool crowd in jail, "like the Pink Ladies or something." This idea got everyone going. One staff member said there was an in-crowd on her commuter train in the morning; another told of the in-crowd in her grandmother's retirement home. "I wonder if they have in-crowds in convents?" Pratt said. Then she added, "This is the only place I feel like *I'm* in the in-crowd."


JANE
PREMIERE ISSUE
Ten Steps to a Beautiful Life by drew
Sex to Write Home About
"I Want Her Hair!" Get It Inside
Style Goddess For Under $50
Brendan Fraser
No Women Allowed

Pratt says her interest in teens and young adults is evidence of an inability to live up to her own age.

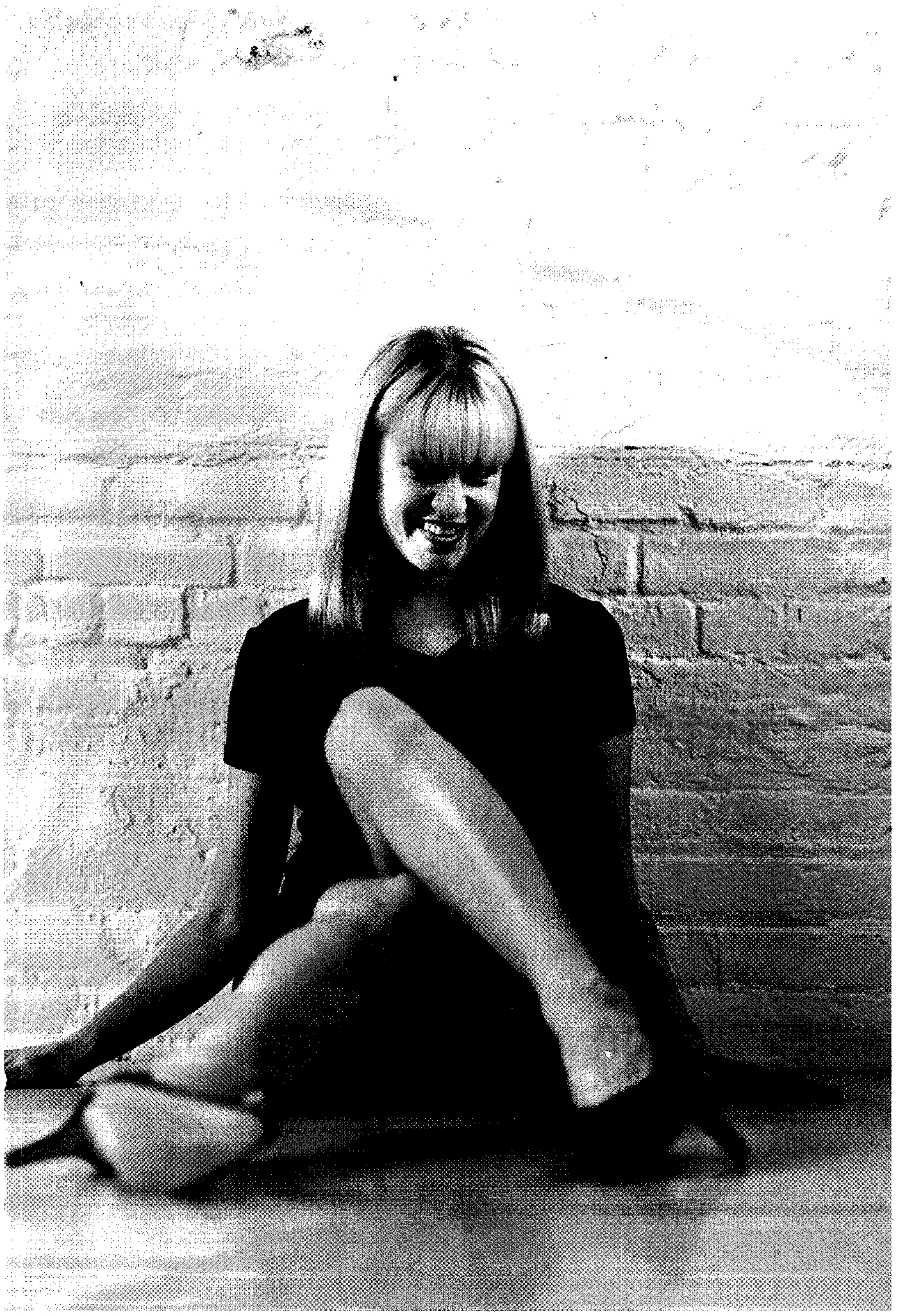
IT MAY BE SUBJECTIVELY TRUE that Pratt feels like an outsider; objectively, however, there is an entirely other story to be told. Pratt has been part of the East Coast–West Coast media-celebrity in-crowd for a decade, since she became, at 24, the editor of *Sassy. Sassy* was the precocious teen magazine that gave the girls of America first-person accounts of incest, anorexia, and embarrassing menstrual moments; encouraged a fondness for alternative music; swooned over Keanu; and did it all in a teen slang previously uncommitted to print ("How to make your daggiest clothes cool again"). The magazine appealed to the kid who wasn't quite conventional and told its readers that it was okay to be a little weird. "The staff hadn't exactly been misfits in high school, but I don't get the feeling that anybody had been homecoming queen," says former *Sassy* writer Kim France. "It was a bunch of people who didn't feel like they had had their life's most defining moments in high school; they were people who looked back on adolescence with a cold eye. *Sassy* gave them the opportunity to go back and enjoy youth culture without the ugly trappings of youth." It did brilliantly for a while, with a cult status in media circles, and the then-brown-haired Pratt shone as its perky, ankle-socked embodiment. But appealing to the disaffected girls in the class put limits on potential circulation; the magazine never reached critical mass.

Then *Sassy* became the object of an advertiser boycott organized by a family-values group, Focus on the Family, and Pratt, who surrendered the editorship, went on to a brief, unsuccessful career as a TV talk-show presenter, addressing, in her first couple of weeks on the job at Fox TV, such issues as "X-Rated Ways I Worked My Way Through College" and "Men Only Date Me for My Big Breasts." (The show wasn't picked up for a second season.) For the best part of the past couple of years, Pratt has been in journalistic limbo, and with *Jane,* she is about to re-emerge, ready to be judged by the fans and the critics who've watched her performance over the past decade. The magazine has already generated gossip on account of having its publication date pushed back at the last minute because it was decided that the original design team should be axed (the magazine's look is now being created by Eddie Leida, Fairchild's group design director). If Pratt is as nervous as those wandering hands suggest, it's not without reason.

Jane is being backed by Fairchild Publications, the group that owns *W* and *Women's Wear Daily,* and whose corporate parent, Capital Cities/ABC, was bought up in 1995 by Disney. It enters a relatively crowded field: Women 18 to 34 are hardly an overlooked demographic. *Marie Claire, Glamour, Cosmopolitan, Mademoiselle,* and any number of other magazines with no deficiency of frankness already cater to them and their would-be advertisers. Besides, it is a dwindling age group and won't start to swell again until the offspring of the baby boomers enter their twenties, in about 2001. *Sassy* entered a smaller market dominated by one player, *Seventeen,* with *YM* and *Teen* its competitors, and did so with a product that was radically different; *Jane*'s task is that much harder. Before coming to Fairchild, Pratt had been working on a similar project at Time Inc. Ventures, a start-up division of Time-Life magazines, but the division was closed down before a product could be completed. "I never became entirely convinced that we had come to the perfect editorial formula, which is essentially why we never went quite ahead and launched the project," says Robert Miller, formerly the head of Time Inc. Ventures and now the president of his own magazine company. "Advertisers who wish to use print advertising to reach 18-to-34-year-old women are not clamoring for a vehicle to do that; they believe they have got a lot of choices. Therefore, how you position a new magazine in the midst of that fairly crowded set is tricky. The tone of voice to its readership has to be so unique and so compelling, to overcome the difficulties of entering a very crowded field."

Jane's publisher, Lorin Litner, says the magazine will distinguish itself from the competition by appealing to the self-

Previous page, hair and makeup by Danny Velasco for R.J. Bennett. This page, photograph by Steven Freeman.



THE PAIN IN JANE: ***Sassy*** **was a critical success, but her two television talk shows never caught on.**

esteem of young women rather than preying on their insecurities. "What you see already are magazines that are very service-oriented: how to get a guy on a Friday night, how to lose twenty pounds," says Litner. "They already have this assumption that you want to lose twenty pounds. Instead of their building up your self-esteem, building up your confidence, or giving you great worldly information, it seems that when you have finished reading them, you are not feeling that great about yourself. So what we really want to do is empower women—not in a real feminist way, but in a way that makes them feel good."

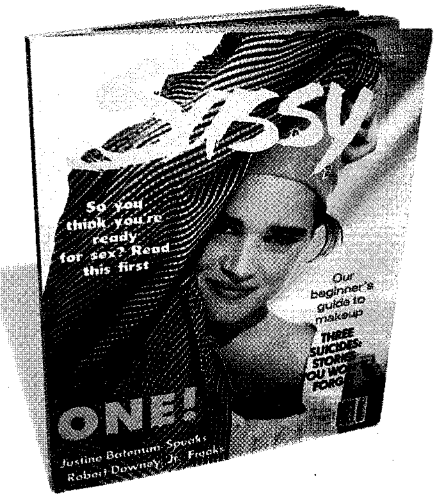
This they will be doing in part through the personality of Jane Pratt herself, which is as integral to the magazine as the persona of Grace Mirabella (stylish, dignified, older) was when her eponymous magazine was launched. Pratt says she had reservations about naming the magazine for herself; she had, she says, wanted to call it *Girlie* magazine, "but the irony was lost on the focus groups." The idea of establishing Jane Pratt as a name brand—one that might then be leveraged into other media—has been around for a long time, even if it hasn't ever quite worked: Her two failed talk shows were called *Jane* (at Fox) and *Jane Pratt* (at Lifetime); and at Time Inc. Ventures, there had been the intention of developing TV vehicles for her along with the magazine—perhaps creating a Martha Stewart for the youth market. Fairchild will be using its ABC connections for tie-in advertising and promotional appearances (Pratt will have a cameo in *All My Children* in September), and though there are no immediate plans for a *Jane* show, synergy is always a possibility.

At any rate, as with *Sassy,* the personality, lifestyle, and interests of the *Jane* editor loom large in *Jane,* and in the company's attempts to sell it. Whether Jane Pratt's persona has the appeal to sell *Jane* as it sold *Sassy* is an open question, particularly given the misfirings of her career over the past few years. When asked what the most common misperception of her is, Pratt says she doesn't know if there is one now, but that there used to be. "My old one would have been that things came easily to me, that I was happy-go-lucky and things fell in my lap, when, actually, I worked really hard and worried a lot and all of that stuff," she says. "I remember feeling that all through college and through *Sassy* and talk shows and stuff. I don't think that is really true so much now." It's not; her difficulties have been all too public. With *Jane,* she's getting another, high-stakes chance to prove that she continues to have something original to offer, that there's more than *Sassy* in her. Whether or not that's the case, she certainly still has a lot of *Sassy* in her. Ten years after promoting that magazine as the read for the misfit of the class, Jane Pratt remains a pretty weird kid herself.

JANE PRATT'S FAR-WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT IS simply lovely, light and spacious with river views and an interior-décor job by Sills and Huniford (as featured in *W* in March 1996, before Pratt joined the Fairchild company). She has a loftlike living and dining room sufficiently sophisticated to entertain entertainment-industry high-ups when necessary; she has a bedroom like a hip hotel room, with pastel-painted floorboards, a couch, and a canopy bed. She has a walk-in closet as big as one of the rooms in the walk-up share in which she lived as *Sassy's* editor. The clothes filling the closet, however, don't seem to have evolved quite at the pace of their setting; piles and piles of faded T-shirts with band logos on them sit folded on the shelves, and hanging from the skirt racks are thrift-store kilts. It's a fair bet that there are still ankle socks in Pratt's underwear drawer.

Pratt often says that she considers herself emotionally stunted, that her interest in teens and people in their twenties is evidence of an inability to live up to her own age, and her apartment, and the life she leads in it, do seem to point to what psychoanalysts call a compromise formation, between the allures of youth and the trappings of adult success. At 34, even she is beginning to feel an internal pressure to grow up, though it doesn't seem to come easy. Pratt still talks in the tones of a teen magazine, even if the issues she raises are those of an older woman. “I made a policy a few years ago that I wouldn’t go out with anyone under—I forget where exactly—I think I made the cutoff at 26,” she says. “There was one that came along right as I made the policy, and I didn’t know what to do about it because I decided he was a lot more mature than your average 25-year-old. But then it didn’t work out anyway, so I didn’t have to really address it for very long.”

Sassy was targeted by the Moral Majority because of the magazine’s frank sexual content, which, it was contended, set a very poor example for American girlhood to follow and educated them about all kinds of things of which they would be better off ignorant (because of this pressure, an issue that had gone to press in which a reader’s letter appeared asking about the HIV risk involved in performing fellatio—in more demotic terms—was shredded at the last minute before it hit the newsstands). There is less risk that *Jane* will be thought of as presenting a threat to the morality of young American women, not least because it is hard to think of how *Jane* could be racier than *Cosmo,* even if it wanted to be. (Though whether *Jane’s* audience will be made up of women in their early twenties is something magazine-industry people are questioning: Advance mailings for *Jane* seemed to be pitched very young, as if Pratt were really after teens but sidestepping parent and advertiser problems by addressing them as 23-year-olds.) The magazine will be presenting a worldview in which there are more important things than getting a man and settling down, or even getting a job *and* getting a man and settling down. And Pratt herself certainly possesses unconventional aspirations.


Sassy
So you think you're ready for sex? Read this first
Our beginner's guide to makeup
THREE SUICIDES: STORIES
ONE!
Justine Bateman Speaks
Robert Downey Jr. Freaks

“Jane isn’t bisexual or gay,” a friend jokes. “Her sexuality is celebrity.”

“I am not sure that I want a ‘one for me’ anyway,” she says, talking about her own view of romantic relations. “Maybe it is because my mom has been married three times, and that is the role model that I had. I feel that what I would love right now is someone to be with, someone that I knew I could be with really happily for four or five years, and maybe it would go on from there, but maybe it wouldn’t. And have kids. That I definitely want eventually. I think I change a lot, and I like to believe I will have completely changed in five years anyway. That is part of what I don’t like about the idea of growing old with somebody: It sounds like it is already over when you say, ‘Okay, this is it.’ I like the feeling that I could get on a motorcycle tomorrow, drive to California, have a whole different lifestyle, move to Europe, whatever.” She has, she says, discussed the idea of having children with several of her gay male friends. When asked whether she’s ever been in a long-term relationship, she answers, laughing, “It depends on what you define as long-term. Six months? Nine months?”

Pratt’s romantic history has been fodder for gossip columnists for years—with the fodder sometimes coming from a source extremely close to Pratt. She seems to enjoy the attention. She was linked to Ethan Hawke—erroneously, she says—and to Drew Barrymore, another affair she says never took place. A longtime friend and, reportedly, sometime lover is Michael Stipe, the singer of R.E.M., whom she first met when she was a college student at Oberlin. She tells the following story on herself: A college D.J. who had a crush on her invited her to go with him to the R.E.M. concert; she went and ended up going off with the band. The next day, the D.J. played an R.E.M. tune and followed it with the Rolling Stones’ “Starfucker.” “That was *lovely,*” says Pratt.

“All the people around Jane, we talk about her all the time; there is sort of a cult of Jane,” says one of her circle. “We have this joke: Jane is always wondering if she is bisexual, because she dated Drew Barrymore for a few minutes. We say she is not bisexual or gay; her sexuality is celebrity.”

Pratt’s ability to accrue celebrity friends, and promote them in her magazines, is notable (she jokes that the key difference between *Jane* and *Sassy* is that there isn’t going to be any R.E.M. coverage in the first issue, though she hopes to get Stipe to take some photos for issue No. 2). Her editorial standards for *Jane* require that interview subjects, be they celebrities or CEOs, be referred to, after the first reference to them, by their first names, because, she says, it keeps everyone on the same level. So it is Drew, rather than Drew Barrymore, who appears on the magazine’s cover.

The same leveling theory would seem to be behind Pratt’s willingness to allow an interviewer into her closet and her editorial meetings: Her public persona is one of great accessibility, enthusiasm, and openness. Pratt is instantly intimate (on our first meeting, she went to kiss my cheek, which I resisted; I went to shake her hand, which she resisted; we ended up, absurdly, patting each other’s arms in greeting) and professes to be touched that I’m interested enough to ask her the kind of questions—What’s she looking for in a man?—that many interviewees would find impertinent. When I ask, in the light of the Drew rumors, whether she has ever had an affair with a woman, she doesn’t, as she well might, dismiss the question as nobody’s business but hers. Instead, she attempts a tortuous answer.

“I should have known you would ask this, and I should have thought about what I would say,” she begins, then pauses for a long time. “It is funny,” she goes on, “because I think that women are naturally so much more physical with each other and so much more comfortable with being physical with each other, and I have had so many things that have been, like, kind of borderline, where we would be, like, people would think we were lovers. Even going back to high school, my friend and I would go to dances and bars and stuff like that, and we would make out with each other and pretend to be bi, because that would attract the guys, or whatever. To give you the real answer, I would have to, like, chronicle my whole life, because there have been so many things where it is sort of like, I don’t *know,* I don’t have one clear-cut answer.”

Pratt has about her a kind of guilelessness that surely cannot, after so many years of her being in the public eye, be guilelessness at all. Rather, she chooses to appear guileless, trusting that she can be sufficiently winning to get away with a degree of calculation. Gil Rogin, Time Inc.’s 67-year-old doyen of youth start-ups, tells a story of Pratt and the Grammy Awards. “Jane called up and said Michael [Stipe] was up for six awards and his allotment of tickets couldn’t accommodate his family, and could I ask Quincy [Jones, with whom Rogin founded *Vibe* magazine] for a couple of tickets? I said, ‘I have a policy not to ask Quin-

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

JANE AND FAME: From left to right, Pratt on the set of her talk show *Jane;* with "just a friend" Drew Barrymore; with MTV's Tabitha Soren and longtime friend Michael Stipe.

cy anything.' She said, 'If you get the tickets, you can sit with the band.' I thought it would be a kick." In the lobby before the awards show, "there was some sort of three-card monte, a ticket came back to me, and I found myself sitting in the eighth row to one side next to a large, youngish woman, and I look over and see Jane and the band trooping out to fourth-row center. They don't ever see me, I am so distant from them. And when R.E.M. won, this woman half rose and put her fingers in her mouth and whistled; turned out she was some half-sister. I was with the overflow. So I am sitting there for four hours, and I kept thinking, *After the show, I will see the band,* in my astonishing naïveté. I get to the back of the hall, and they are not there at all. It is like they never existed. And I got in my cab a wiser person.

"I was the perfect foil for Jane, being so gullible and naïve, and in a sense I was a co-conspirator, and it only happened because I adore her," adds Rogin. "She is so ambitious, but it is not a bad thing. You really can't be mad at her. If you called her on it, she wouldn't be Jane. That's Jane. It's like, 'That's Chinatown.' "

IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF *JANE,* DREW BARRYMORE INTERviews herself, with what is surely unintentional humor ("I know somebody who reads three newspapers a day, and I think that is one of the most beautiful things I could ever imagine"). There are 50 pages of fashion, executed with a certain amount of irony: Linda Evangelista is posed in Stetson and chaps; a brain surgeon accompanies Pratt to the fashion shows and explains why fashion isn't brain surgery. Elsewhere, a *Jane* writer tells of having her bikini top removed by a gang of men at Hedonism, the 18–30ish holiday resort; a male writer tries to join the Promise Keepers; and an article explains how a woman can persuade a reluctant man to do the five sexual things he doesn't want to do (oral sex comes up) and avoid doing the five that she'd rather pass on (oral sex comes up). "I think it is great when you do this really familiar, conversational language right there in the deck, or even in the headline, where it is the least expected," says Pratt. "Places where you would think of it being very standard explanatory copy. In the sex story, it says, *Enough about pleasing him,* then it goes on, *Let's face it, the wind blows and a guy has an orgasm. For us, it's a little more complex.* I just thought that was so perfect. I was like, *Yes.* 'For us': Here we are, all of us in this together."

Pratt seems always to have been one of those people who have the confidence to take themselves as a prism through which to view the culture they inhabit. In that, she's rather like Naomi Wolf without the intellectual patina (Wolf's recent memoir, *Promiscuities,* a chronicle of the sexual coming-of-age of the author and her classmates, is pure *Sassy* or *Jane* in all but argot). In a sense, Pratt has never grown out of the acute solipsism of teenagerdom, a time of life when it's normal to think that one is the first person to do everything, especially have sex. What is extraordinary about Pratt's history is that with *Sassy,* she was able to live out that dominant teenage fantasy: She *was* the first person to do what she was doing. But by the time one gets into one's twenties, it's that much harder to believe in the uniqueness of one's experience; it's unlikely that *Jane* will amount to a women's-magazine paradigm shift.

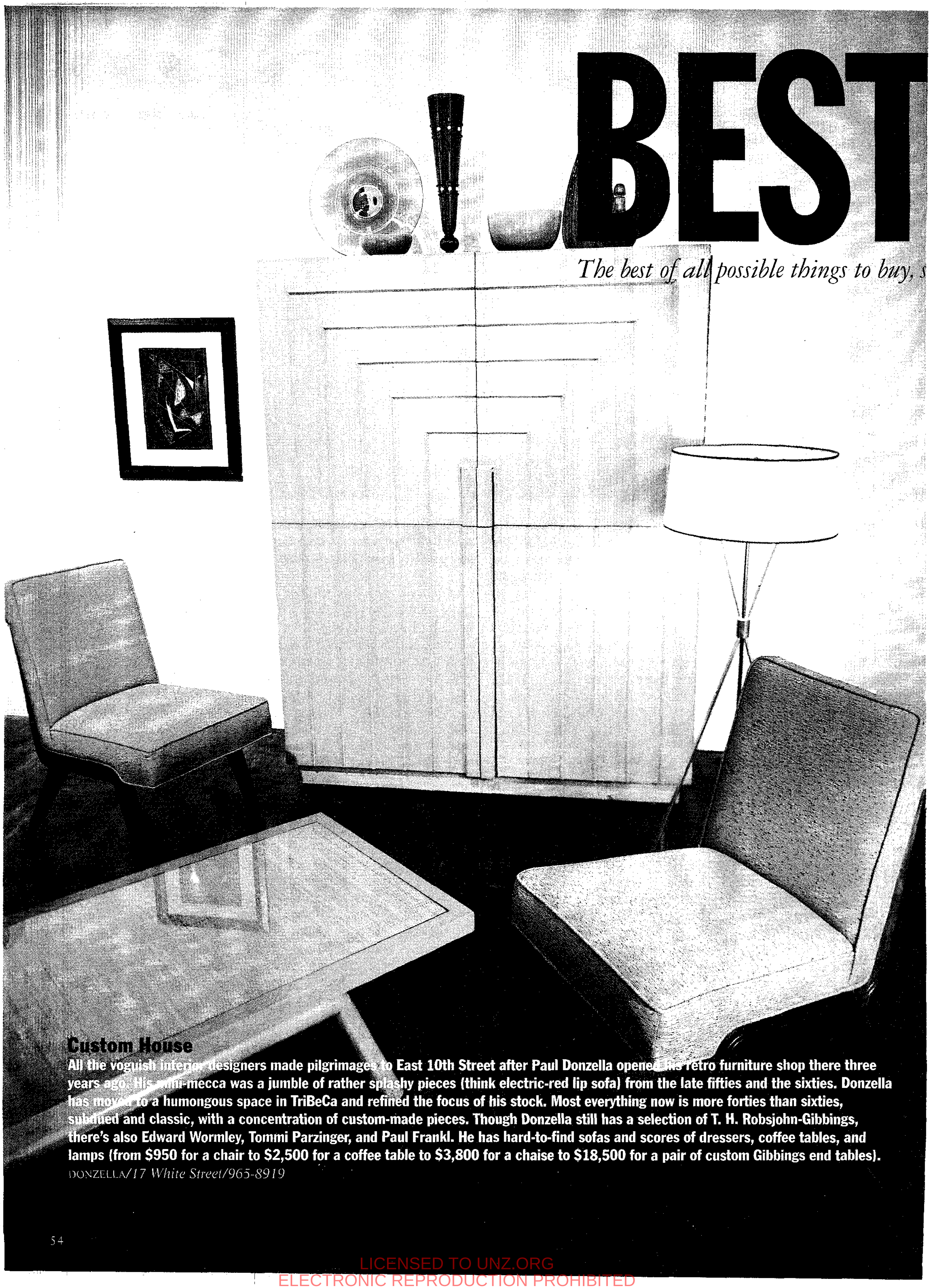
Recognizing that, Pratt has more modest ambitions. "There is no way in hell that people are going to say *Jane* is shaking up the face of young women's magazines," she agrees, "and that is not what's important. What's important to me is to do a magazine that really speaks to young women today and really deals with all the things I think they are interested in. I don't need to say that this created a whole cultural shift and all that. I want it to really appeal to and speak to young women in a certain way that I think is a more respectful way. Yeah. It is almost like it is easy for young-women's magazines to get stuck in an old idea of what women wanted, and to keep doing that. And although some of the concerns are the same, there are a lot of new concerns. There are new ways of talking about things that I don't see anywhere else, and it is important to me to do those, but not so much for the reasons of shaking up the publishing world, or whatever.

"In fact," she says, "I would be perfectly happy to not do that again, in a lot of ways." She's smiling, sounding as wise and as worldly as the veteran of girlishness she is. ▬

Photographs: from left to right, John Roca/Corbis; Barry Talesnick/Retna; Walter Weissman/Globe Photos.

BEST

The best of all possible things to buy, s



Custom House

All the voguish interior designers made pilgrimages to East 10th Street after Paul Donzella opened his retro furniture shop there three years ago. His mini-mecca was a jumble of rather splashy pieces (think electric-red lip sofa) from the late fifties and the sixties. Donzella has moved to a humongous space in TriBeCa and refined the focus of his stock. Most everything now is more forties than sixties, subdued and classic, with a concentration of custom-made pieces. Though Donzella still has a selection of T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, there's also Edward Wormley, Tommi Parzinger, and Paul Frankl. He has hard-to-find sofas and scores of dressers, coffee tables, and lamps (from $950 for a chair to $2,500 for a coffee table to $3,800 for a chaise to $18,500 for a pair of custom Gibbings end tables).

DONZELLA/*17 White Street/965-8919*

BETS

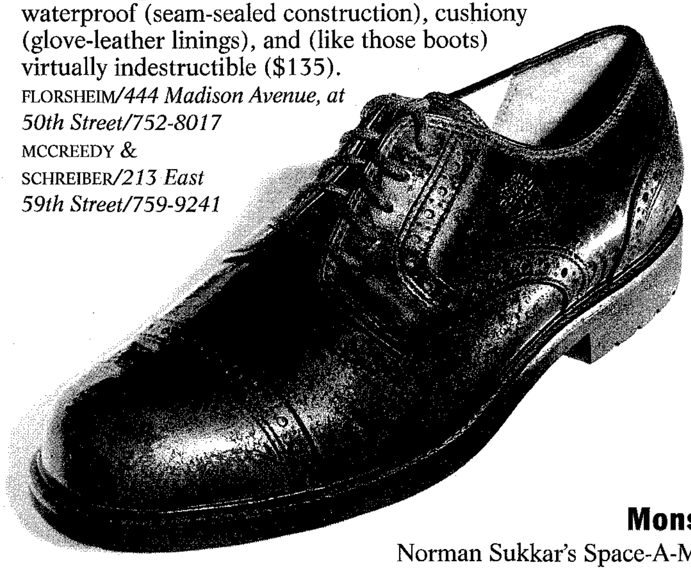
nd do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Firm Footing

Good news for those Gen-X Wall Street suits who only yesterday trudged college campuses in Timberland yellow workmen's boots. The company has put everything it has learned from manufacturing its legendary footwear into refined and sophisticated business cap-toe oxfords. Their dress shoes are waterproof (seam-sealed construction), cushiony (glove-leather linings), and (like those boots) virtually indestructible ($135).

FLORSHEIM/*444 Madison Avenue, at 50th Street/752-8017*
MCCREEDY & SCHREIBER/*213 East 59th Street/759-9241*



Micro(wave) Management

Sharp has turned that pricey popcorn popper into an oven that even the most takeout-dependent New Yorker might actually use to cook a meal. The new Multiple Choice Microwave has a large LCD screen that walks you through 100 recipes for such substantial, seemingly labor-intensive concoctions as corn chowder, basil-scented pork roast, shrimp scampi, and apple crisp. And the Multiple Choice automatically determines cooking times and power levels ($219.99).

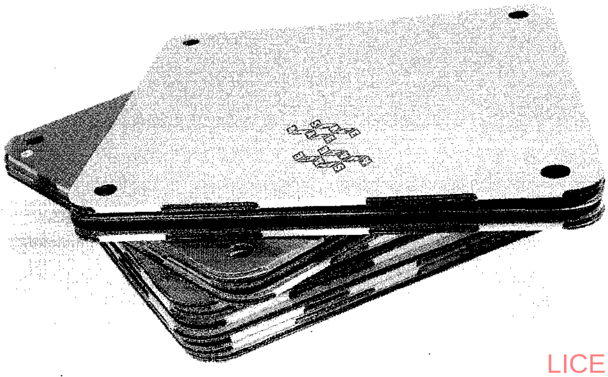
MACY'S/THE CELLAR

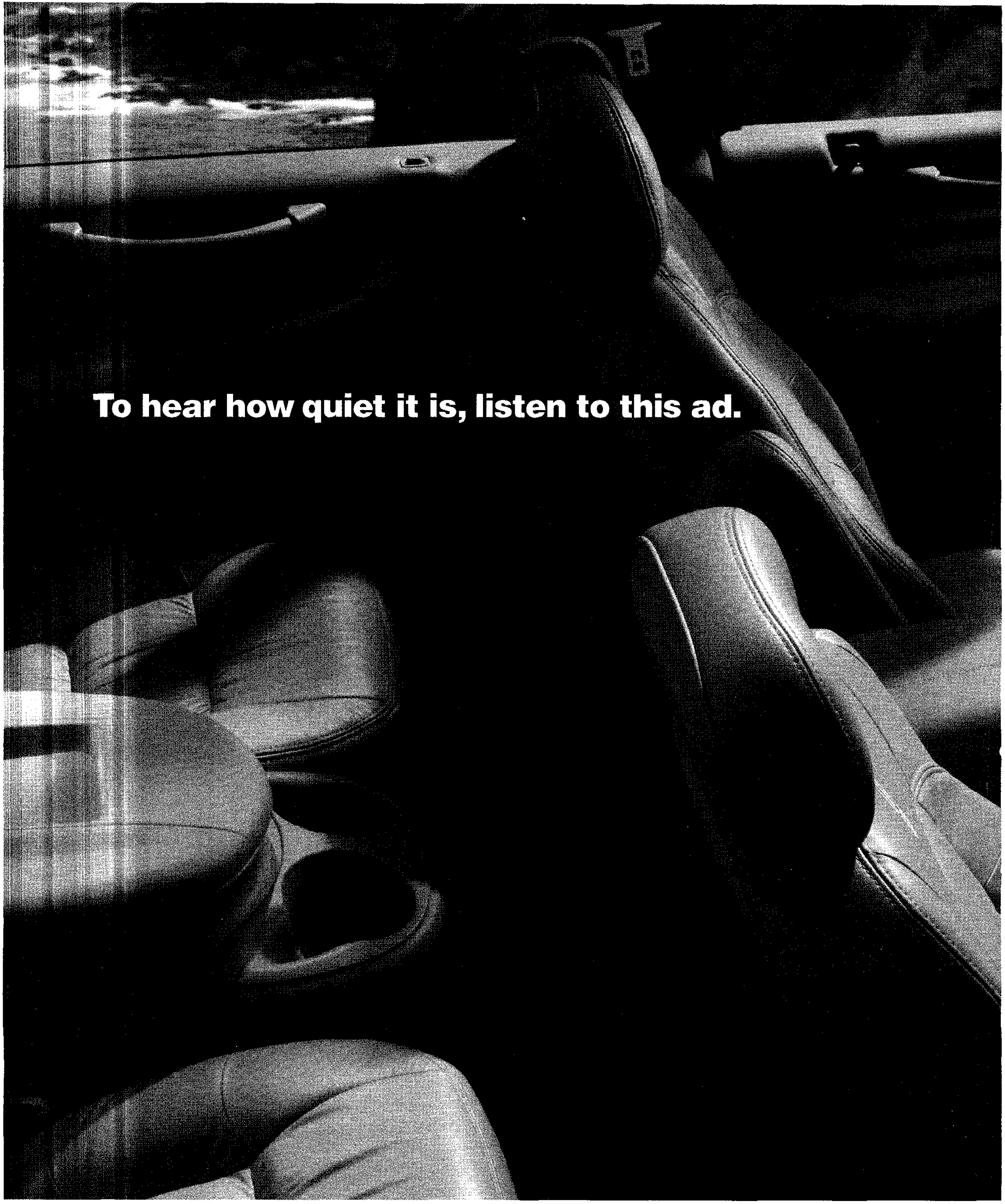
SHARP Carousel
BOOKMARK
INDEX
POPCORN
STOP CLEAR
START MINUTE PLUS
Multiple Choice

Monsters in a Box

Norman Sukkar's Space-A-Maze is for all those kids who wind up playing with the boxes their toys come in rather than the toys. With an assist from parents, youngsters can construct crawl-through mazes and secret hideaways, child-size playhouses and puppet theaters, boats and rocket ships. And best of all, the four four-sided corrugated-board panel clusters and 35 plastic connectors can be assembled into all sorts of configurations, then folded away into their own suit-box-size container for storage ($49.95, plus $14.95 shipping and handling; allow four to six weeks for delivery).

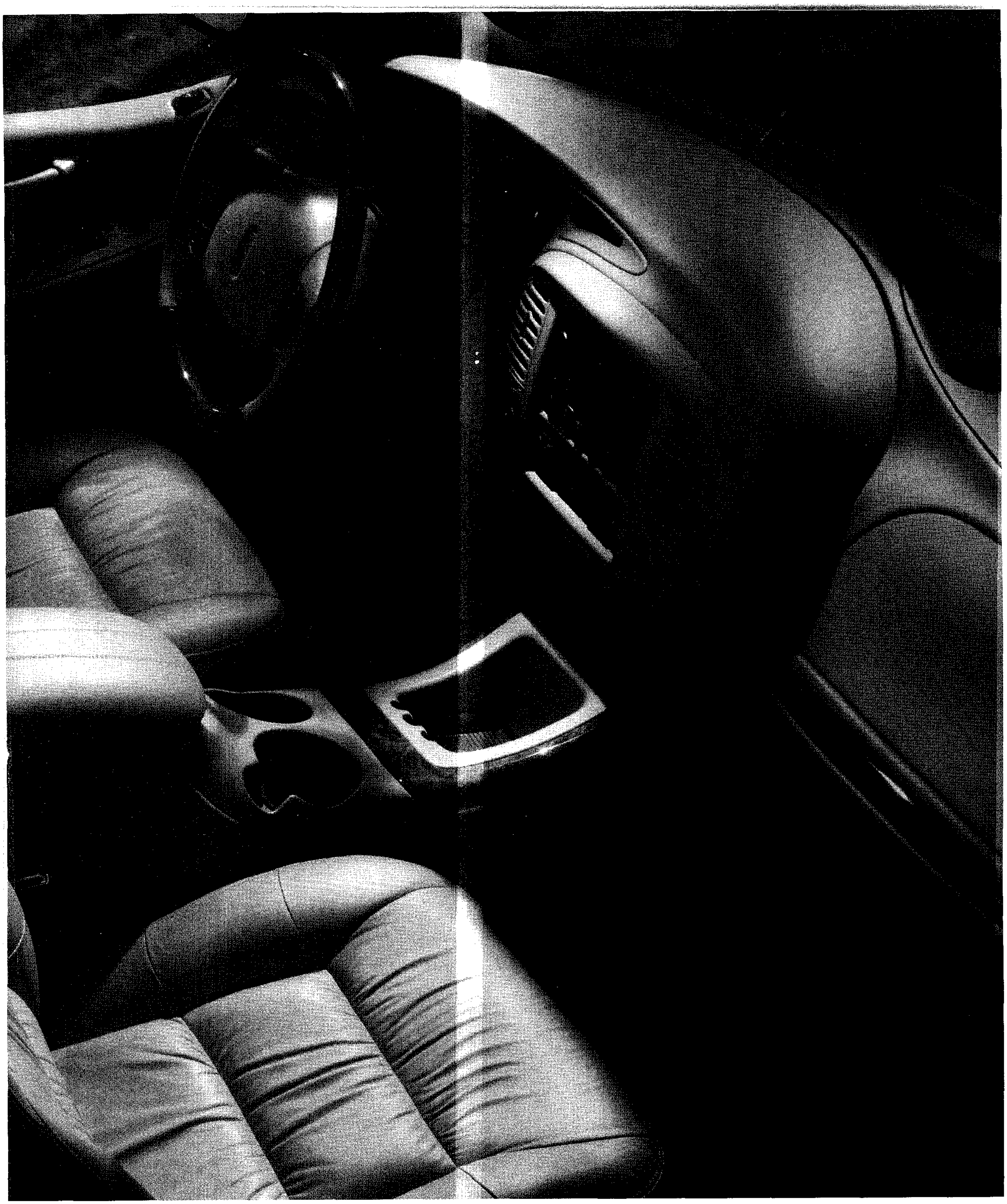
LITTLE GENIUS CORPORATION/*13 Avenue A/477-0023*



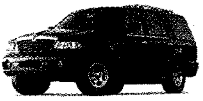

To hear how quiet it is, listen to this ad.

Once inside the all-new Navigator, you're likely to hear little more than your thoughts. Because for all its ruggedness, it's still a Lincoln. We kept it quiet with sound-absorbtion materials throughout the interior, coupled with an available air-suspension system and specially tuned shock absorbers

LINCOLN



for a smooth ride. So you aren't likely to hear a thing, except maybe the call of the wild. For information about this full-size luxury SUV, call toll-free 1 888 2ANYWHERE (1 888 226-9943), visit our web site at www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Navigator from Lincoln. What a luxury [ **] should be.**

SALES & BARGAINS

DANY LEVY

In the Red

The green light *to spend on anything red (when it isn't already free, that is)—crimson roses, Cabernets, painted toenails, and of course* **the little red dress.**

PUTTING A SYBARITIC SPIN ON THE charity concept is this week's Cancer Care benefit, the Celebrity Skin Care Secrets day spa. The event offers $25 spa visits with swank aestheticians (like the manicurists from Warren Tricomi), and treatments include everything from Stephanie Seymour's manicure to Eartha Kitt's steam facial. It's also offering the Celebrity Skin Care Secrets handbook, a compendium of different notables and where they get their spa fixes—and, naturally, goody bags are for the taking. *Call 407-0714 to schedule an appointment; Wed. 2–6:30; 9/10.*

Who New?

BECAUSE IT'S JUST ABOUT THREE STEPS FARther down Mercer Street than the SoHo throng usually ventures, New and Almost New houses a refreshingly unpicked-over crop of resale clothing. Now on sale are: Chanel suit, was $600, now $400; Yohji Yamamoto suit, was $380, now $280; Giorgio Armani suit, was $500, now $380; new Azzedine Alaïa knit dress, was $300, now $200; new Gucci leather bag, was $400, now $290; new Richard Tyler dress, was $120, now $80. *New and Almost New, 65 Mercer St. (226-6677); A.E., M.C., V; Wed.–Fri. noon–6:30, Sat.–Sun. 1–6; 9/10–9/21.*

Pourings Reign

WHAT'S RED AND WHITE AND POURED ALL over? Wine—and what's more, it's flowing freely next week at lunch at Smith & Wollensky, Maloney & Porcelli, Cité, Manhattan Ocean Club, the Post House, and Park Avenue Cafe. Ten to fourteen wines will be poured each day—from myriad producers such as Château Montelena, Opus, Veuve Cliquot, Taittinger, Ravenswood, and Louis Jadot. Lunch hours are between 11:30 and 2:30. *9/15–9/19.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Absolute Value

TO TOUT THE PUBLICATION OF her new book, *Absolute Beauty,* Pratima Raichur, a doctor of naturopathy, chemist, and botanist, is inviting all into her Ayurvedic skincare clinic for the following discounts: aromatherapy facial, was $62, now $55; shirodhara (scalp treatment), was $57, now $50. *Tej Ayurvedic Skin Care Clinic, by appointment, 162 W. 56th St., suite 204 (581-8136); 9/8–9/30.*

The Finnish Line

ARKITEKTURA, A SHOWROOM SPECIALIZING in reissues of thirties furniture, is offering discounts on post-Deco pieces by Finnish designer Pauli Blomsted: post-Deco credenzas, were $2,750, now $1,925; consoles, were $1,150, now $920; end tables, were $1,750, now $1,400. *Arkitektura, 96 Greene St. (334-5570); A.E., M.C., V., checks, Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. noon–5; 9/8–9/30.*

An Ear for It

STARDUST ANTIQUES, A GRAMERCY PARK shop, is discounting its earrings: gold and gold-filled Victorian earrings, were $85–$200, now $65–$150; earrings with diamonds and precious stones, circa 1920, were $250–$600, now $200–$500; costume jewelry, circa 1920–1940, was $45–$85, now $25–$60. *Stardust Antiques, 38 Gramercy Park, at 21st St. (677-2590); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. noon–5; 9/8–9/30.*

Rosy Tint

SEASONING THE GOTHAM SENSIBILITY WITH a bit of fairy-tale charm is this week's Good Neighbor Day—an idea dreamed up by a florist in Mississippi during which participating florists hand out a dozen free roses to anyone who will promise to share them among friends, neighbors, or whomever. One might suspect that the idea wouldn't fly in these parts, but it's five years strong now, and this time around two florists in town—Robin Hill Florist and Irene Hayes Wadley & Smythe LeMoult—have agreed to participate. The day is September 10, and our three words of advice: Get there early. Supplies are limited. *Irene Hayes Wadley & Smythe LeMoult, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (247-0051), from 8 a.m.; and Robin Hill Florist, 751 Ninth Ave., near 51st St. (245-6530), from 8:30 a.m.; until supplies run out; 9/10.*

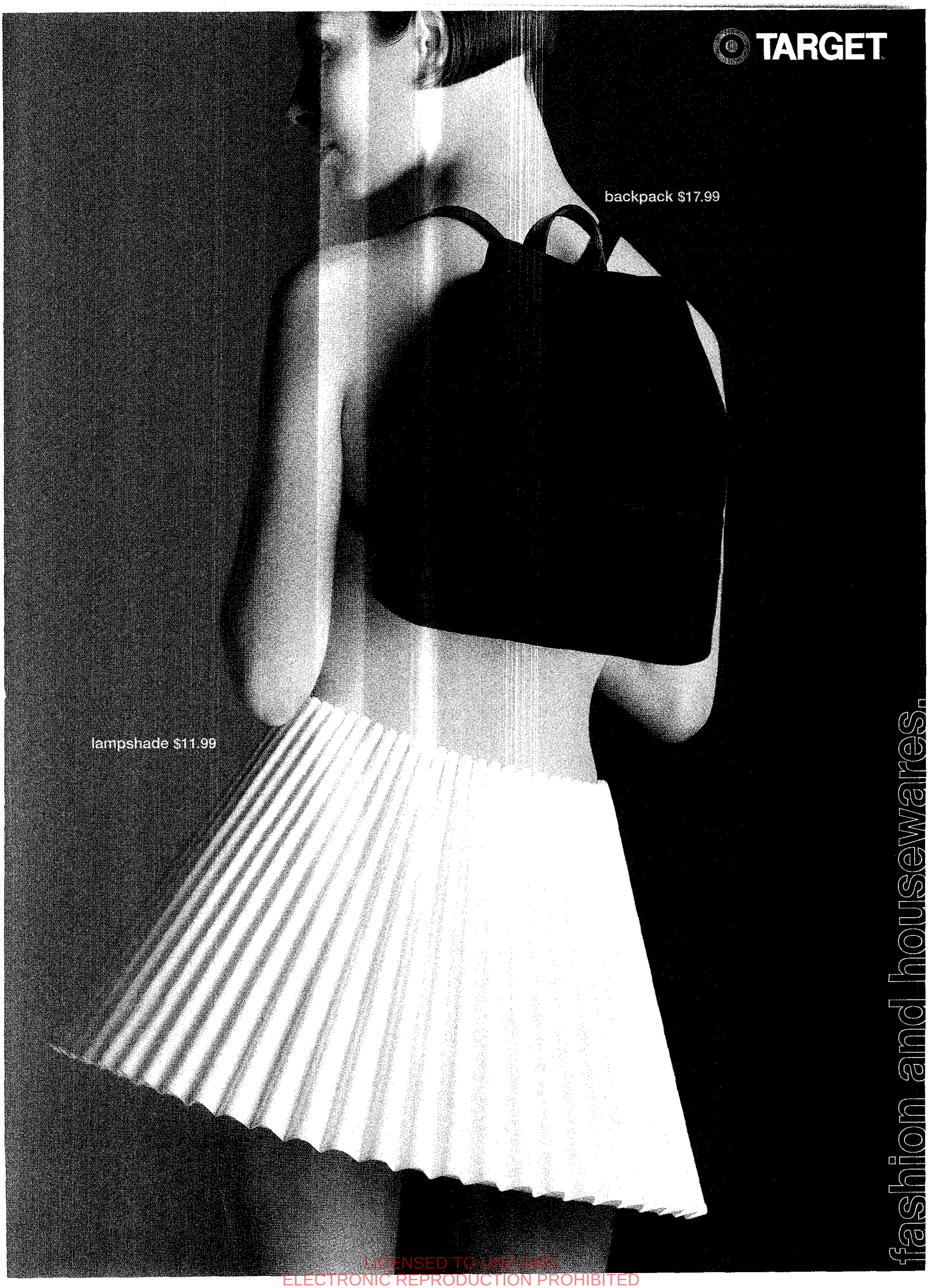
Must-have

Joe Munna—a resource for fabrics from Calvin, Donna, Liz, and others—opens this week, with prices two thirds off wholesale. *263 West 38th Street (354-4111); 9/8–9/12.*

Flexible Deal

PROMPTING ALL OF US WHO SAY WE REALLY should do yoga but never quite get around to it, Yoga Zone is offering first-timers a series of three classes (usually $15 apiece) for $20. *Yoga Zone, 160 E. 56th St. (935-YOGA) and 138 Fifth Ave., near 19th St., fourth floor (647-YOGA); call for schedule.* ▬

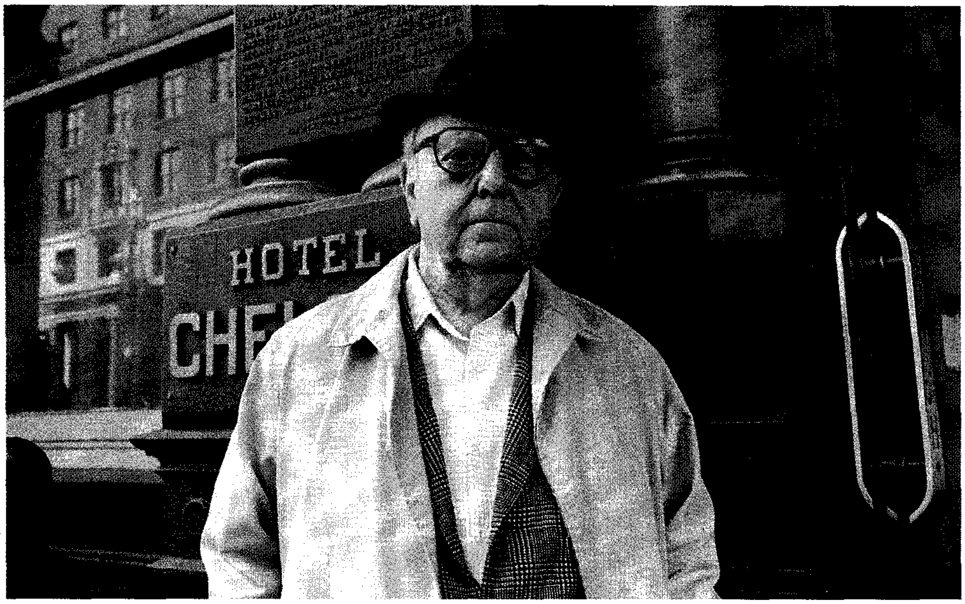
Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.


TARGET
backpack $17.99
lampshade $11.99
fashion and housewares.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Virgil Reality

A new biography recounts Virgil Thomson's well-orchestrated (if closeted) life as a Kansas boy turned composer turned influential critic.



SHORTLY AFTER HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY IN 1986, VIRgil Thomson hired a new male secretary and began issuing instructions. "This is what you do if you show up and I'm dead," he concluded. "Don't call the doctor; it will be too late. Call the lawyer. He knows what to do. Then call the locksmith to come change the locks. Then call AP, UPI, and the New York *Times*—the culture desk, not the obit boys." Sharp as a tack and in charge to the end, Thomson died three years later, and exactly as he had hoped: at home, in his sleep, and in time to make all the editions of the Sunday *Times.*

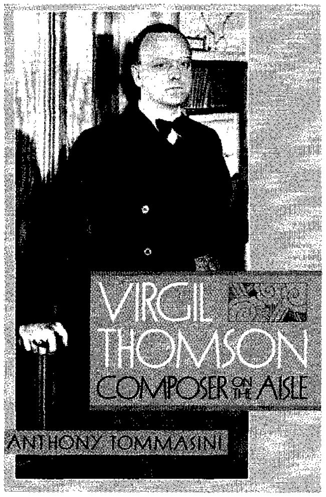
But then, Thomson orchestrated his entire life with precision and flair. If not the greatest American composer who ever lived, he did make many important contributions—with words as well as music, and he knew how to use both to shake up the Establishment. He was also fortunate to have the details of an eventful life vividly recounted in two very different but compulsively readable books: his own brilliantly written if maddeningly selective self-portrait and Anthony Tommasini's splendid new biographical study, *Virgil Thomson: Composer on the Aisle* (W.W. Norton & Company).

A *Times* music critic who was close to Thomson from 1979 to his death, Tommasini notes that the composer very much wanted this biography to be written, but not, perhaps, in the way it turned out. I wonder. Thomson obviously trusted Tommasini, and he surely knew what sort of a book would be written about him. After all, Thomson made available many self-incriminating letters and documents that he had suppressed during his lifetime, with the tacit understanding that everything should come out after his death, when the truth could no longer hurt. He also must have realized that he had won the confidence and respect of an affectionate but scrupulous biographer, one who would honor the literary principle that this awesomely articulate critic-composer himself once proclaimed but too often betrayed when his own interests were at stake: Language is for telling the truth about things.

Anyone even vaguely acquainted with this century's music will know the basic facts of Thomson's life: his homespun childhood in Kansas City and how that experience bred a singular compositional style rooted in English speech rhythms and American hymnody; his colorful early years from 1925 to 1940 in Paris with other expatriate American artists; his two operatic collaborations with Gertrude Stein, *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All,* both now rightly considered American classics; his provocative fourteen-year reign as chief music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune,* where his deliciously opinionated and rapier-pointed reviews established him as one of the country's most influential and elegant writers on music; and his last years as elder statesman and arbiter of musical tastes, even as his own music, apart from the operas, was increasingly neglected.

Thomson covered all this in his autobiography, giving accounts of the major events of his life (the public ones, at any rate) as well as scintillating insights into the famous figures who crossed his path: Stein, Aaron Copland, Orson Welles, George Balanchine, Nadia Boulanger, Frederick Ashton, Pablo Picasso, Igor Stravinsky, Carl Van Vechten, Jean Cocteau, Paul Bowles, Lincoln Kirstein, John Houseman, James Joyce, and many more. Everything Thomson says about them and himself is fascinating, but he has left it to Tommasini to provide

(continued on page 70)



Above, Virgil Thomson in front of the Hotel Chelsea in 1976; right, the recently published bio.

Photograph: top, by Betty Freeman.

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at Lincoln Center
97–98 Season

Photo: Stephanie Berger

OCTOBER

Sunday, October 12 at 3:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
David Daniels, counter-tenor
Martin Katz, piano
Works by Beethoven, Caldara, Lotti, Cesti, Gluck, Handel, Messager, and Poulenc
Tickets: $35

Sunday, October 19 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Peter Serkin, piano
Beethoven: Sonata in C major, Op. 53 ("Waldstein")
Lieberson: The Ocean that is Neither East nor West
Reger: Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Bach
Knussen: Prayer Bell
Tickets: $35/25/15

Thursday, October 16 at 8:00 P.M.
Church of St. Ignatius Loyola
980 Park Avenue at 84th Street
Arvo Pärt's Litany
Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir
Tallinn Chamber Orchestra
Tonu Kaljuste, conductor
Nystedt: O Crux (a capella)
Tüür: Passion for string orchestra
Nystedt: Miserere (a cappella)
Tüür: Illusion for strings and
In Quietude du Fini for strings and choir
Pärt: Trisagion and Litany
Tickets: General Admission $35

Sunday, October 26 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Roberto Scandiuzzi, bass
(New York Recital Debut)
Warren Jones, piano
Tickets: $32

NOVEMBER

Saturday, November 8 at 3:30 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Haydn's Chamber Music
Colorado String Quartet
Anton Nel and Charles Rosen, piano
Robert Martin, cello
Others to be announced
Trio in G for flute, cello, piano, Hob. XIV:15
Piano Sonata in C Hob. XVI:50 and in D Hob. XVI:51
Trio in E for violin, cello, piano, Hob. XV:28
Trios for two flutes, cello in G Hob. IV:2 and in C Hob. IV:1
From Thirteen Partsongs, Hob. XXVb,c
String Quartet in E flat, Op. 76, No. 6
Pre-Concert Talk: Haydn's Late Chamber Music at 2:30 P.M.
Tickets: $15

Saturday, November 8 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
A Haydn Oratorio
American Symphony Orchestra
Leon Botstein, conductor
Soloists and chorus to be announced
Il Ritorno Di Tobia
Pre-Concert Talk: Haydn and the Italian Oratorio at 7:00 P.M.
Tickets: $25

Wednesday, November 12 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Tokyo String Quartet
Toby Hoffman, viola; Gary Hoffman, cello
Beethoven: Quartet in F minor, Op.95 ("Serioso")
Shostakovich: Quartet No.1, Op.49
Tchaikovsky: Souvenir de Florence for String Sextet
Tickets: $32

Sunday, November 16 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Catherine Malfitano, soprano
William Bolcom, piano
Rodrigo, Liszt, Barber, Berlioz, Bolcom, and Weill
Pre-concert interview at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $35

Sunday, November 23 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Emerson String Quartet
Beethoven and the Twentieth Century
Beethoven: Quartet in G major, Op.18 No.2
Berg: Quartet, Op.3
Beethoven: Quartet in E-flat major, Op.127
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $32

DECEMBER

Friday, December 5 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Sibelius: Northern Lights
London Symphony Orchestra
Sir Colin Davis, conductor
Katarina Dalayman, soprano (U.S. Debut)
All-Sibelius program
Symphony No.4, Songs, Symphony No.7
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, December 7 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Sibelius: Northern Lights
London Symphony Orchestra
Sir Colin Davis, conductor
All-Sibelius program
Lemminkäinen's Return, Symphony No.3, Symphony No.5
Pre-concert lecture by James Hepokoski at 2:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, December 7 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Angelika Kirchschlager, mezzo-soprano
Helmut Deutsch, piano
Tickets: $32

Monday, December 8 at 7:30 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Sibelius: Northern Lights
London Symphony Orchestra
Sir Colin Davis, conductor
Kyoko Takezawa, violin
All-Sibelius program
The Oceanides, Violin Concerto, Symphony No.2
Pre-concert lecture at 6:30 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, December 14 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Murray Perahia, piano
Handel: Suite No.3 in D minor
Schumann: Sonata No.1 in F-sharp minor, Op.11
Mendelssohn: Song Without Words
Mendelssohn: Fantasie in F-sharp minor, Op.28 (sonate ecossaise)
Chopin: Berceuse in D-flat major, Op.57
Tickets: $45/35/25

Cover photo: Sandor Acs

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Sunday, December 14 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Sibelius: Northern Lights
Jorma Hynninen, baritone
Ilkka Paananen, piano
All-Sibelius program
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $32

Monday, December 15 at 7:30 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Sibelius: Northern Lights
Avanti (New York Debut)
Finnish Contemporary Music Group
Hannu Lintu, conductor
All Finnish program with featured soloists
Merikanto: Concerto for violin, horn, and string sextet
Saariajo: Violin Concerto
Meriläinen: Letter to a cellist
Lindberg: Arena 2
Pre-concert lecture at 6:30 P.M.
Tickets: $25

JANUARY

Sunday, January 11 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Brian Asawa, counter-tenor
Malcolm Martineau, piano
Arie Antiche, Dowland, Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Heggie
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $32

Wednesday, January 21 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
50th Anniversary Celebration of the Founding of the State of Israel
Israel Philharmonic Orchestra
Kurt Masur, conductor
Sylvia McNair, soprano
Annette Markert, alto
John Aler, tenor
Samuel Ramey, bass
Beethoven: Symphony No.9
Tickets: $65/40/30

Sunday, January 25 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Hei-Kyung Hong, soprano
New York Recital Debut
Tickets: $32

Saturday, January 31 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Evelyn Glennie, solo percussionist
New York Recital Debut
Philip Smith, piano
Heath: New Work (U.S. Premiere)
Psathas: Matre's Dance
McLeod: The Song of Dionysius
Rzewski: To the Earth
Psathas: Happy Tachyons (U.S. Premiere)
Pre-concert lecture at 7:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $30

FEBRUARY

Sunday, February 1 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Emerson String Quartet
Beethoven and the Twentieth Century
Beethoven: Quartet in A major, Op.18 No.5
Ives: Quartet No.2 (1907–1913)
Beethoven: Quartet in A minor, Op.132
Tickets: $32

Sunday, February 8 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Sanford Sylvan, baritone
David Breitman, piano
Thomson: Mostly About Love
Kim: Letters Found Near a Suicide
Leisner: Four Bronte Songs from *Confiding*
Harbison: Flashes and Dedications
(Lincoln Center Commission/New York Premiere)
York: Three Dickinson Songs, *Solitary Songs*
Barber: Hermit Songs
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $32

Sunday, February 8 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Pinchas Zukerman, violin/viola
Marc Neikrug, piano
Mozart: Sonata in B-flat major, K. 378
Schumann: Märchenbilder for viola and piano, Op. 113
Mendelssohn: Sonata in F major, Op. 94
Tickets: $35/25/15

Sunday, February 15 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra
Riccardo Chailly, conductor
Arcadi Volodos, piano
Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No.3
Stravinsky: *Petrouchka*
Pre-concert lecture at 2:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $55/45/35

Monday, February 16 at 7:30 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra
Riccardo Chailly, conductor
Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin
Berg: Violin Concerto
Mahler: Symphony No.5
Tickets: $55/45/35

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marimbist 8 pm 92 St. Y
Takemitsu, Gershwin, more

TUESDAY FEB. 3
ANTON BARACHOVSKY
violinist 8 pm 92 St. Y
Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, more

TUESDAY FEB. 24
ALEXANDER CHAUSHIAN
cellist 8 pm 92 St. Y
Bach, Crumb, Fauré, more

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YAYOI TODA
violinist
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TUESDAY APR. 14
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Wednesday, February 18 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra
Riccardo Chailly, conductor
Barbara Frittoli, soprano
Sonia Ganassi, mezzo-soprano
Stuart Neill, tenor
Michele Pertusi, bass
Mahler: Symphonic Poem *Totenfeier*
Rossini: Stabat Mater
Pre-concert lecture at 7:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $55/45/35

Wednesday, February 25 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Tokyo String Quartet
Mozart: Quartet in D minor, K.421
Webern: Five Movements, Op.5
Tchaikovsky: Quartet No.3 in E-flat minor, Op.30
Tickets: $32

MARCH

Sunday, March 1 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Juliane Banse, soprano
(New York Debut)
Wolfram Rieger, piano
Program to include works by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms
Tickets: $30

Saturday, March 7 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Brian Eno: Music for Airports
Bang on a Can All-Stars
World Premiere
In the Bang on a Can All-Stars arrangement of legendary rock personality Brian Eno's Music for Airports, edgy electronics merge with live sounds to create a subtle and disturbing sonic landscape.
Tickets: $30

Sunday, March 8 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Michael Schade, tenor
Russell Braun, baritone
Carolyn Maule, piano
Works by Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Fauré, Saint-Saëns, and Greer
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $32

Wednesday, March 11 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Orchestra of St. Luke's
Tan Dun, conductor
Yo-Yo Ma, cello
John Tavener: The Protecting Veil
Tan Dun: Symphony 1997 (Heaven, Earth, Mankind) for Imperial Bells, Cello Solo, Children's Choir, and Orchestra
– *New York Premiere*
Pre-concert event at 7:00 P.M.
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, March 15 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Ben Heppner, tenor
Orchestra of St. Luke's
Julius Rudel, conductor
"Knights at the Opera"
Works by Wagner, Strauss, Weber, and others
Tickets: $45/35/25

Monday, March 16 at 7:30 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
BBC Symphony Orchestra
Andrew Davis, conductor
Felicity Lott, soprano
Ravel: Valses nobles et sentimentales
Strauss: Four Last Songs
Berlioz: Symphonie fantastique
Tickets: $45/35/25

Tuesday, March 17 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
The Chieftains
Special St. Patrick's Day Celebration
Tickets: $50/40/25

Friday, March 20 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Los Angeles Philharmonic
Esa-Pekka Salonen, conductor
Martin Chalifour, violin
Lindberg: New Work
Bernstein: Serenade
Schumann: Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish")
Pre-concert interview with Magnus Lindberg at 7:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, March 22 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Los Angeles Philharmonic
Esa-Pekka Salonen, conductor
Olga Borodina, mezzo-soprano
New York Choral Artists
Joseph Flummerfelt, director
Mahler: Symphony No.3
Pre-concert lecture at 2:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, March 22 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Matthias Goerne, baritone
Andreas Haefliger, piano
Schubert and Wolf
Tickets: $32

APRIL

Wednesday, April 1 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Tokyo String Quartet
Haydn: Quartet in D minor, Op.76 No.2 ("Quinten")
Schnittke: Quartet No.3
Smetana: Quartet in E minor, "From My Life"
Tickets: $32

Sunday, April 5 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Emerson String Quartet
Beethoven and the Twentieth Century
Beethoven: Quartet in B-flat major, Op.18 No.6
Shostakovich: Quartet No.8 (1960)
Beethoven: Quartet in C-sharp minor, Op.131
Tickets: $32

Sunday, April 19 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Felicity Lott, soprano
New York Solo Recital Debut
Graham Johnson, piano
Tickets: $35

Monday, April 27 at 7:30 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte-Carlo
James De Preist, conductor
Ignat Solzhenitsyn, piano
Berlioz: Roman Carnival Overture
Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini for Piano and Orchestra
Mendelssohn: Symphony No.4 ("Italian")
Tickets: $45/35/25

MAY

Sunday, May 3 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Emerson String Quartet
Beethoven and the Twentieth Century
Beethoven: Quartet in F major, Op.135
Wolfgang Rihm: Quartet No.4 (1981)
Beethoven: Quartet in B-flat major, Op.130 with Grosse Fugue, Op.133
Post-concert interview with the Emerson String Quartet in Alice Tully Hall
Tickets: $32

Wednesday, May 6 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Krystian Zimerman, piano
Tickets: $40/30/20

Friday, May 8 at 8:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Maxim Vengerov, violin
Igor Uryash, piano
Tickets: $45/35/25

Sunday, May 10 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Olli Mustonen, piano
Bach and Shostakovich
Preludes and Fugues by Bach and Shostakovich
Pre-concert lecture at 1:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $25

Sunday, May 10 at 5:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
Jessye Norman, soprano
Pianist to be announced
Tickets: $65/45/30

Wednesday, May 13 at 8:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Pekka Kuusisto, violin
(New York Debut)
Olli Mustonen, piano
Bach and Shostakovich
Bach: Sonata for Violin and Piano
Bach: Sonata for Solo Violin
Shostakovich: Violin Sonata
Pre-concert lecture at 7:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $30

Sunday, May 17 at 2:00 P.M.
Alice Tully Hall
Olli Mustonen, piano
Joshua Bell, violin
Steven Isserlis, cello
Bach and Shostakovich
Bach: Sonata for Viola da Gamba in D major
Bach: Solo Cello Suite No. 3
Bach: Violin Sonata in C minor
Shostakovich: Piano Trio No.2
Post-concert interview with the artists,
Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $30

Sunday, May 17 at 3:00 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra
Sir Simon Rattle, conductor
Rameau: Suite from *Les Boréades*
Haydn: Symphony No.86 in D major
Beethoven: Symphony No.3 in E-flat major ("Eroica")
Pre-concert lecture at 2:00 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
Tickets: $45/35/25

Monday, May 18 at 7:30 P.M.
Avery Fisher Hall
City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra
Sir Simon Rattle, conductor
Knussen: Symphony No.3
Mahler: Symphony No.7
Pre-concert lecture at 6:30 P.M., Kaplan Penthouse
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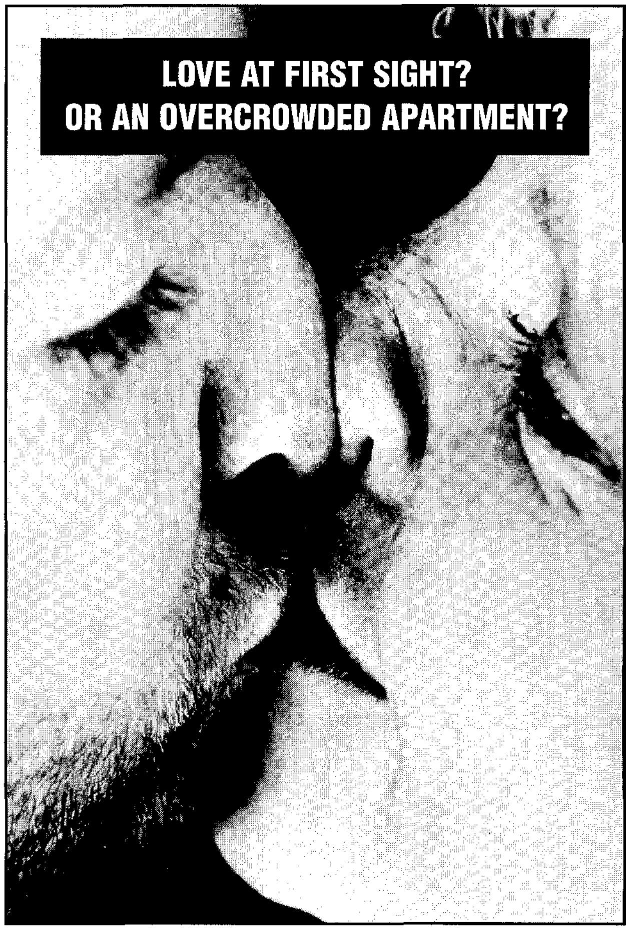
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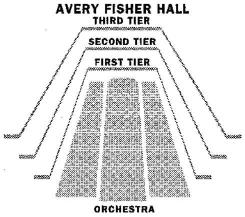

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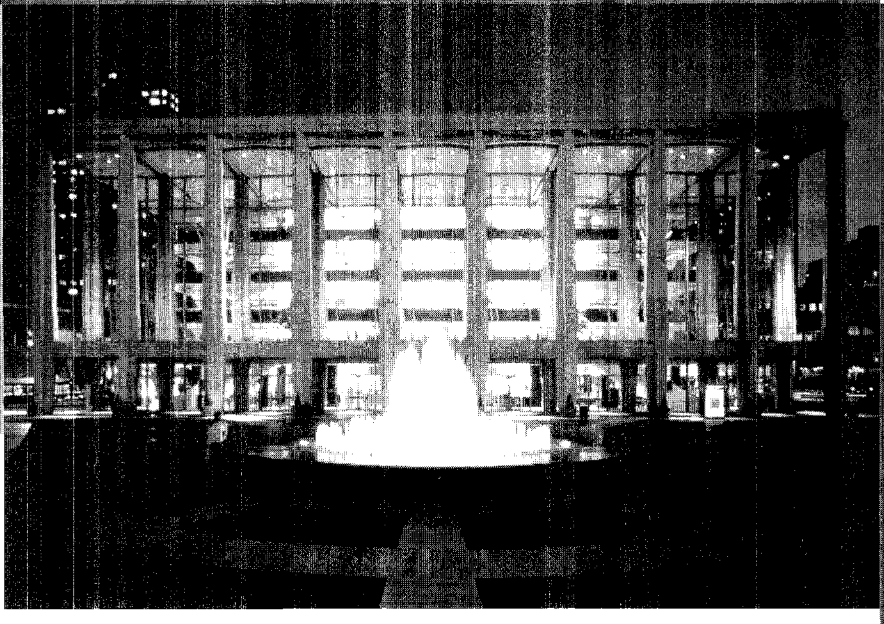

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RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Coup de Foie Gras

Named for the famous expat, Gertrude's injects tasteful originality into Upper East Side dining; why Sarabeth's isn't just for the stroller set.

ANYONE WHO HAS LIVED ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE anywhere near as long as I have (26 years) knows exactly what it's like to eat in the neighborhood: the blocks packed with vest-pocket trattorias and their eerily identical menus (years ago, when the city tore up Third Avenue in the Seventies and Eighties, it was rumored that one central Italian kitchen would be uncovered); the streets congested with rented-by-the-hour limos; inside, the six-packs of women in aging Adolfo suits touching their favorite waiters' shoulders as they ask if the chef wouldn't mind broiling the braised duck breast, well-done, without the skin, with the sauce on the side; the men in striped shirts with white collars never adjusting their posture during the entire meal; the fussily appointed rooms getting oppressively louder as wine glasses are depleted; cell phones replacing cigarettes; cigars replacing manners; almost no one expending much more than a passing glance toward what's in front of them, except to express the hope that "it's not too spicy"; and a mode of service best termed "Continental sloth" (one of Dante's circles of hell has to be waiting for more coffee at Le Bilboquet).

Any wonder the reluctance to venture down a precarious staircase to a genteel place called **Gertrude's**? Right off Madison, around the corner from Le Relais. Named after a woman who may have had an enviably celebrated salon but couldn't brew rose-hip tea. It was her girlfriend who cooked, and, frankly, her reputation was based on a brownie prized more for its side effects than for its flavor. First view—an incredibly claustrophobic front room, French doors thrown open to the noise and heat of the street, and sconces with those little hats. Yeesh.

But in a neighborhood where predictability is worshiped, how nice to be faked out: Gertrude's is a pleasure. In a short time, it has adopted a tone of structured informality that allows room for both the hyper-self-conscious locals and others who arrive more open-minded about their dining mission. Though the downstairs room affords nothing close to a private dining experience (if one proposed, the whole room would have to clap if she said yes), all three spaces, and especially the airy upstairs salon, are done with more poise than affectation. The staff know the menu and speak clearly. They think and even listen. Their wine recommendations reflect an understanding of bouquets and appropriateness. They help you and then get out of your face. And they will remember you and say hello when you come back. We like this a lot.

We like chef Laurent Manrique's attitude a lot, too. His menu is intricate but unforced, light though not weightless. And his dishes never leave you feeling as though you could get something just like them down the street. If they did, I'd probably stop every two blocks for a facsimile of Manrique's luscious ravioli of foie gras. True, there are more tired lobster salads between here and Bloomingdale's than there are people who read the John Weitz ads and go "Huh?," but that's because none are bathed in a juvenescent almond gazpacho. A dense bean, sausage, and duck-confit-packed terrine of cassoulet is such a clever idea, and it loses nothing in its execution. A deceptively simple corn soup seduces with a beautiful perfume of shellfish and a few winks of wild mushrooms. On two occasions, the seared tuna was either a little too rare or introduced too late to its paprika vinaigrette to cause fireworks, and the brochette of mussels is more precious than tasty, but a

(continued on page 100)

Uptown oasis: Gertrude's light touch loosens up the neighborhood.

Photographs by Robert Wright.

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Alexandria Parnass
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Davis *continued from page 60*

the context, fill in the blanks, and allow other voices to give the overall picture depth and perspective. Tommasini shows just how thoroughly he understands his man right at the beginning, when he describes the 6-year-old Virgil's brawl with a classmate and how it taught the boy the lesson that he would have to grow strong in other ways of defense and attack: "He was bookish, clever, short, homely, and preoccupied with secret longings that he felt acutely but couldn't identify. He would never be able to compete with the playground bullies. He would have to become, instead, an intellectual bully. . . . Whatever Virgil Thomson wanted—a romantic conquest, the friendship of a popular Harvard classmate, the praise of teachers, the support of patrons, the loyalty of performers, a powerful platform for his views—he would have to get through his stunning brilliance, his incontrovertible arguments, his beguiling charm, and his cutting wit. He learned this tactic early on."

Even a perfunctory retelling of how this extraordinary life developed after that incident would be absorbing, but Tommasini brings special qualities to the job: a firsthand knowledge of his subject, of course, but also the perceptions of a trained musician and the writing skills of a professional critic-reporter—two vir-tues seldom combined in the none-too-distinguished genre of composer biography. Not only are the discussions of Thomson's music lucid and devoid of jargon, but they also clearly place his work within the larger picture of the new-music scene in New York during the thirties and forties—a refreshing "white-note" tonic after all those grim scores by "the complexity boys." We are also shown how ruthlessly, even shamelessly, Thomas manipulated the machinery of the city's politicized musical arena to serve his own purposes.

The book is also a major contribution to American gay history, a compelling portrait of a closeted homosexual beset by shame and insecurities, part of a nervously repressed generation for whom even gay liberation loomed as a terrifying prospect. Unlike some censorious gayer-than-thou policemen, Tommasini never passes judgment on Thomson for his deplorable homophobic attitudes, secret romantic attachments, and lifelong "I didn't want to be queer" posture, let alone his humiliating, hushed-up 1942 arrest after a police raid on one of those "illicit places where one could find exciting men." All this is discussed thoroughly and compassionately, helping us better understand the source of Thomson's protective cutting wit as well as his often appalling behavior, "by turns generous, loyal, affectionate, inexplicably petty, and sometimes downright mean."

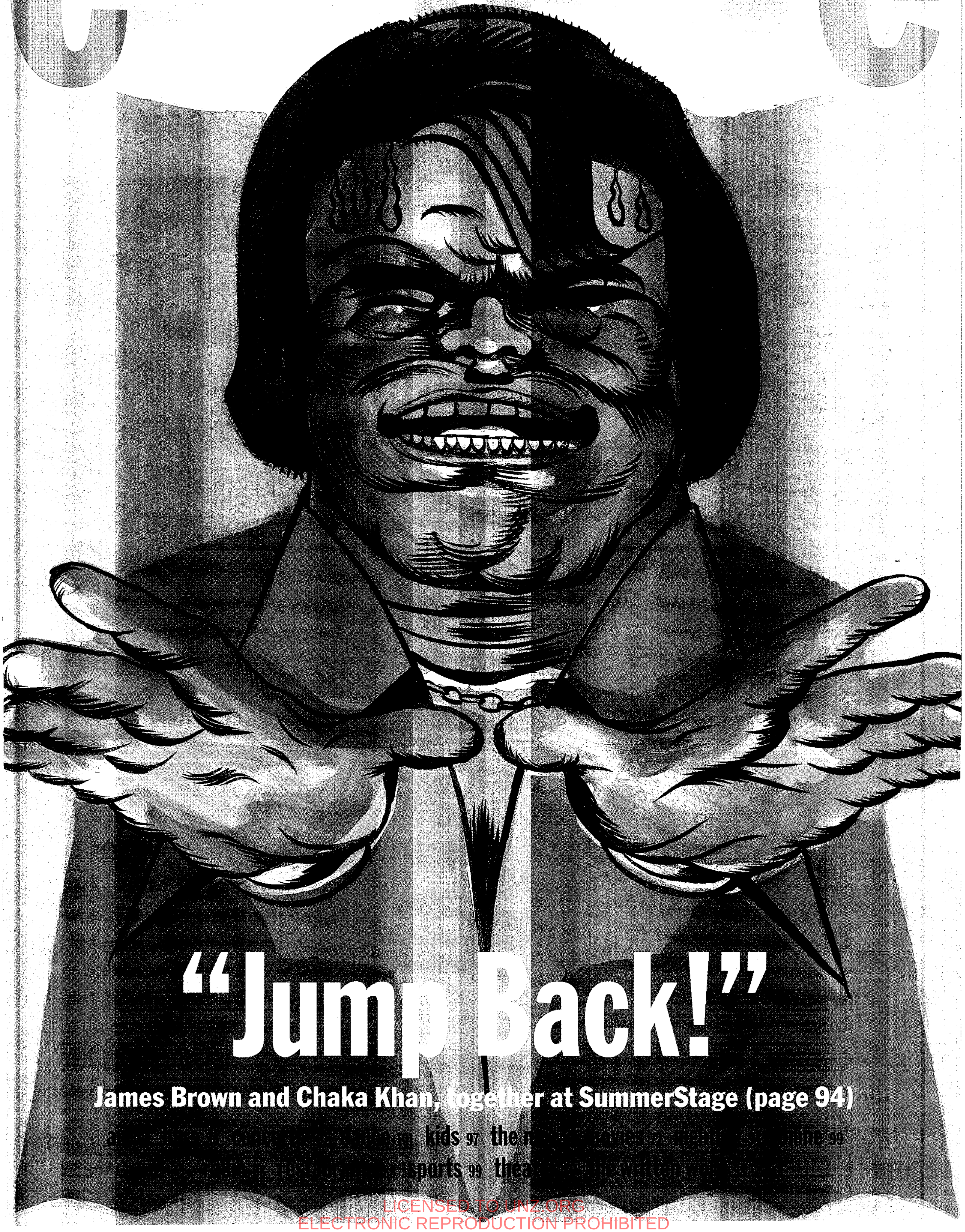
But then, Tommasini never loses sight of the total picture, even when he becomes an active part of it toward the end. The transition from objective reporter to concerned participant is handled with such grace and discretion that one scarcely even notices a corner being turned. The entire span of Thomson's life and work is covered here with scholarly diligence and a warm appreciation of a brilliant, perplexing, strangely vulnerable human being and original composer who, for most of the twentieth century, did much to enliven the American music scene.

GOOD BIOGRAPHIES OF COMPOSERS ARE scarce, but there are even fewer decent books about opera singers, who populate a world where rampant prima donna egos and delirious hagiography by worshipful fans are the rule. Occasionally an exception appears, and James A. Drake's *Rosa Ponselle: A Centenary Biography* (Amadeus Press) is one of them, an absorbing account of the Metropolitan Opera's great Norma, Leonora, and Gioconda during the twenties. This is Drake's second crack at the subject, the first having been written while Ponselle was still alive and published a year after her death in 1982. That book, in fact, was presented as a first-person autobiography, although the writing was almost entirely Drake's and much had to be sanitized—as one longtime friend and admirer pointed out, the soprano's personal life had been reshaped to "read like the average nun's." We are now given a far more balanced picture, thanks to an unusual format that divides each chapter into three parts: Ponselle's account of the facts as she recalled them in various interviews late in life; an alternate view of the same events provided by closely involved friends and colleagues; and finally the written record as it appeared in the press, legal documents, and correspondence. Drake himself acts as a graceful guide, more or less allowing the material to speak for itself.

The Ponselle who emerges here is indeed no nun. She definitely had her idiosyncracies, blind spots, love affairs, and diva agendas, but the most fascinating aspect of her life continues to be that glorious voice, a natural phenomenon apparently fully formed and correctly placed even when she was singing as a teenager in vaudeville. The lack of any real technical training hardly prevents her from making shrewd judgments about Met colleagues from Caruso to Gigli, and her observations about New York's operatic life constitute the most flavorful sections of the book. She is less convincing about herself, the circumstances behind her Cinderella Met debut in 1918, and the reasons for her premature retirement in 1937, just as her voice was ripening into a rich mezzo-soprano. Readers can judge all that for themselves, generously assisted by detailed notes, bibliography, and a complete performance chronology and discography. ■

C e

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



“Jump Back!”

James Brown and Chaka Khan, together at SummerStage (page 94)

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movies

Jim Jarmusch...Andy Garcia...*The Game*

New Films

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well made, and utterly preposterous—a 14-year-old boy's fantasy of being president of the United States. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. On board the plane, the staff is out of the picture (literally). In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of Defense (Dean Stockwell), who wants to take command in the president's absence. Some of the actors are at the top of their form, especially Gary Oldman as the head of the hijackers. The film certainly holds our attention, and a few of us, easily manipulated, may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Brooklyn Heights; Main Street Cinemas.*

Bandwagon—The humorous and hardscrabble story of a Chapel Hill garage band taking to the road to try and make it big. With Kevin Corrigan and Doug MacMillan of *The Connells.* (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Capitaine Conan—In this World War I epic, the head of a French guerrilla unit leads his men to rebel against commanders who insist they remain soldiers—even after the fighting has ended. Winner of two 1996 César Awards. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Opens Wednesday at Anthology Film Archives.*

★**Career Girls**—Katrin Cartlidge is Hannah, a student in London looking for a roommate, and when tiny Annie (Lynda Steadman) appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. In temperament and appearance, Hannah and Annie are very different women, but they share a sense of humor and a friendship is struck for life. When the movie opens, Hannah and Annie are 30 and well established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't—and can't. It's part of director Mike Leigh's complexity of mind that he makes us see that they've been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. (Denby; 8/11/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency; Brooklyn Heights.*

Conspiracy Theory—In the first half of *Conspiracy Theory*, Mel Gibson, playing a thoroughly fortified paranoid—he keeps his tapioca and his coffee beans sealed with a combination lock—races through nut-brain fantasies with a stumbling panache. His New York taxi driver is physically hyperactive yet flummoxed. The guy's head has been messed with, yet he still has the memory of sanity, so he mixes real events with dreams, horrifying memories with sheer fantasy. As long as writer Brian Helgeland and director Richard Donner are teasing us, the movie is hip and entertaining—it plays with the dreams of nutters and cranks while granting them a little piece of truth. But when the film becomes soulful, romantic, and violent, we could be watching a great many other thrillers. For the first time, Richard Donner, director of the numskull *Lethal Weapon* series with Gibson, comes close to breaking into the clear and becoming a true film creator. Maybe next time. (Denby; 8/25/97) (2 hr. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Cop Land—This New York–area movie written and directed by the young filmmaker James Mangold and starring Sylvester Stallone, Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta, suffers from an unusual fault. *Cop Land* is actually too complicated. The cops in question, all from the same New York City precinct and led by Keitel's baleful Ray Donlan, have grown disgusted with the violence and mess of the city and consider themselves victims, the good soldiers who get no respect. At night, the men cross the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, where they live with their families in a tiny paradise called Garrison. A young cop named Babitch (Michael Rapaport) gets into trouble on the bridge, killing two black teenagers after a misunderstanding; his older police friends instantly arrange his disappearance and then hide him in Garrison. The cops are so brazen that they allow Babitch to expose himself to the gaze of Garrison's sheriff, Freddy Heflin (Sylvester Stallone). Freddy is not going to turn Babitch in; he's too passive, too dumb. Robert De Niro shows up as a former cop buddy of Keitel's who has gone over to Internal Affairs. Janeane Garofalo, of all people, is part of Freddy's police force in Garrison. Ray Liotta is part of Keitel's group but feels be-

Ground Rules:

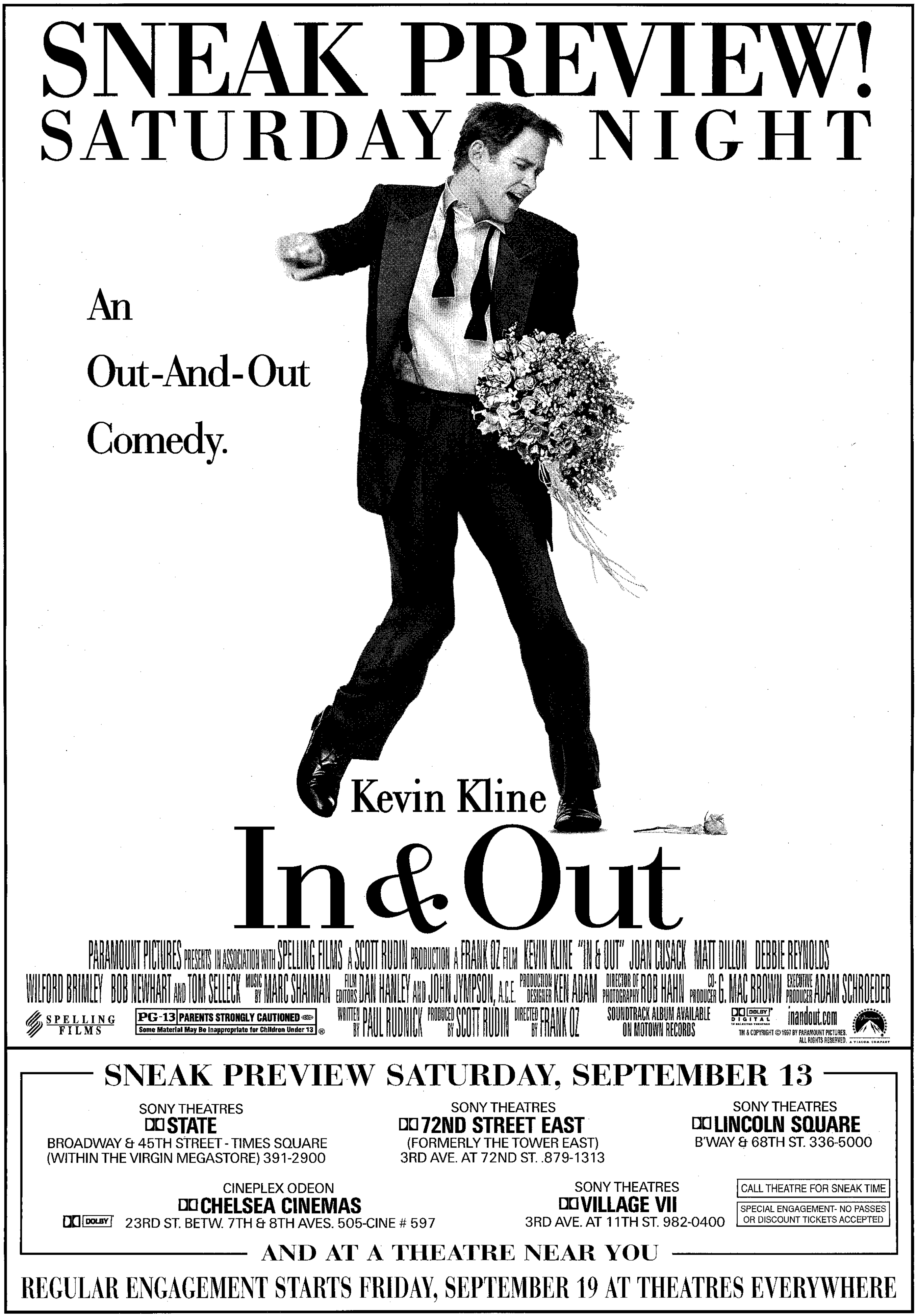
These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Retrospective
Jim's World

Jim Jarmusch, that master explorer of America's fringes, premieres 'Year of the Horse' (his new Neil Young documentary), meets his public in a rare Q&A, and shares four of the films that inspired his own (like the great 'Mystery Train,' above) in 'Jim Jarmusch: A Sad and Beautiful World,' at American Museum of the Moving Image. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GARY PANTER
FOR *NEW YORK*



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trayed and shut out. Liotta, always an intense actor, makes the most of his scenes, but he can't fight his way into the center of the movie. That place, I'm afraid, is left to Stallone. The performance goes nowhere for a long time and then lurches forward into rage. Freddy redeems himself, and, all of a sudden, Mangold turns his hero into the lone sheriff in an old Western. The picture comes to a climax in a slow-mo shootout that is one of the saddest admissions of defeat in years. (Denby; 8/25/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Delinquent—A troubled 15-year-old boy runs away and sets up home alone in an empty summer house, ultimately crossing paths with the teenaged daughter of the home's owner. By first-time director Peter Hall. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Different for Girls—Two British school buddies meet again after fifteen years, only now one of them is female and their friendship becomes a love story. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

The End of Violence—Bill Pullman, Andie MacDowell, and Gabriel Byrne star in Wim Wenders's latest sweeping story about the meaning of violence, both in reality and in images. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Event Horizon—Sam Neill and Laurence Fishburne attempt to salvage a spaceship that has been missing for seven years. With Kathleen Quinlan and Joely Richardson. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Excess Baggage—Alicia Silverstone stars as a teenager who tries to get Daddy's attention by pretending to be kidnapped—and then finds she's on the lam for real. With Benicio Del Toro and Christopher Walken. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Family Name—The documentary of a white filmmaker who searches for the descendants of slaves who once worked the plantations owned by his ancestors. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Fire—The story of the love that develops between two sisters-in-law tired of duty and devotion in their middle-class New Delhi household. Directed by Deepa Mehta. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fire Down Below—Steven Seagal plays an EPA agent who lights out to Appalachia to avenge his co-worker's death and expose the dirty dealings of a local tycoon, played by Kris Kristofferson. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and convinces them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

G.I. Jane—Demi Moore plays Lieutenant Jordan O'Neil, an ambitious woman who undergoes the most grueling military training in the world and embraces pain, death, and mastery. A wily lady senator from Texas (Anne Bancroft) gets Jordan accepted into the training program for the Navy SEALS—the shadowy group that performs rescues and other lightning strikes in the world's hot spots. After the first day, Jordan complains to the Master Chief (Viggo Mortensen)—a dominating drill-instructor type—that she's getting preferential treatment. Her training, it seems, isn't tough enough: she wants it tougher. A myth is born: G.I. Jane. Scott turns Viggo Mortensen into a creepy intellectual sadist who quotes D. H. Lawrence and introduces Jordan into the cult of pain. Is enduring torture really part of the training for the SEALS, and if so, is it necessary? In the real world, women in the military are fighting against hazing and sexual abuse. But Demi Moore, who has to get into everyone's face in order to exist as an actress, tells us that women haven't been hazed enough. They need it—it's good for them, for that's the only way women will be taken seriously. Movie-star megalomania and incomprehension have rarely gone much further than this. (Denby; 9/1/97) (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

Gravesend—Four teenage guys spend a frantic evening in Gravesend, Brooklyn, trying to get rid of an escalating toll of bodies in this debut effort by 22-year-old Salvatore Stabile. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

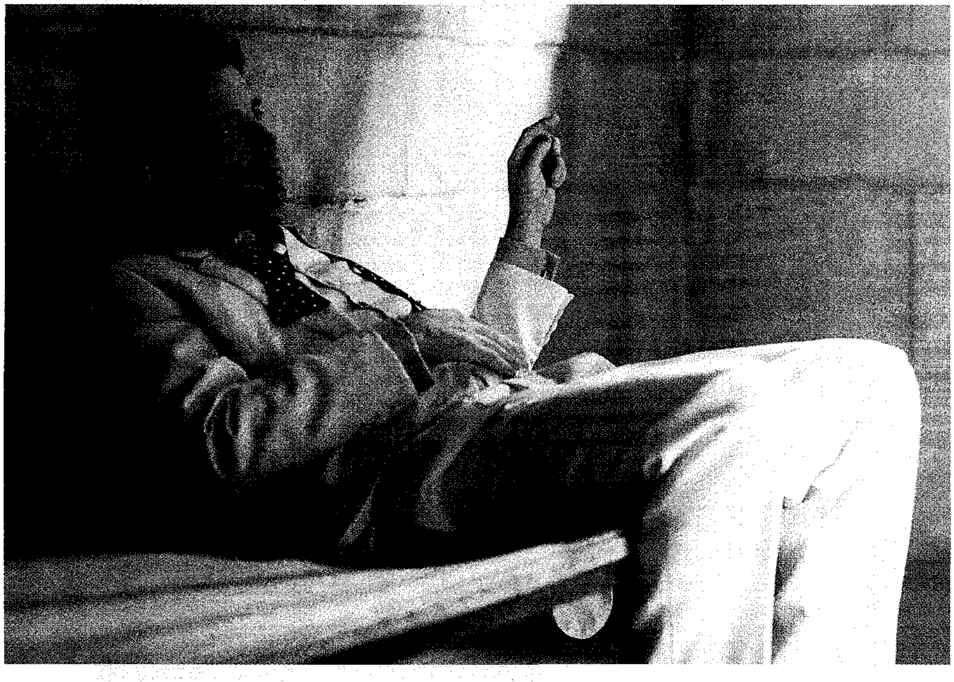
Hoodlum—Laurence Fishburne plays a numbers-racket king in thirties Harlem who triggers a gangster war when he allies himself with Lucky Luciano. Also starring Tim Roth, Andy Garcia, Vanessa Williams, and Cicely Tyson. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Centre Sunnyside; Plaza.*

In the Company of Men—At the beginning of *In the Company of Men*, Chad (Aaron Eckhart) and Howard (Matt Malloy) are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a

Talent

Garcia Family Values

Andy Garcia is a serious actor, a simmering, dark-eyed movie star who remains a gentleman even as he plays the villain, the kind of guy whose wholesome home life (he has three children with his wife of more than fifteen years) would have made a tidy *Life* spread had he been big in the fifties. But here he is in the nineties, choosing to play generally upstanding characters with moral dilemmas, shunning sex scenes, and thinking about how his choices affect the children who may see him as a role model. He thinks about this a lot. "You have to behave with a modicum of dignity and class," he says. "It's important to know the difference between a class act and a classless act." Garcia has been working constantly, adding depth to characters like *Hoodlum*'s Lucky Luciano, and in his latest film, the earnest epic *The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca* (opening Friday), he plays the homosexual Spanish poet and playwright who died in 1936 at the hands of Franco's minions. The project was initially shepherded by the late Raul Julia, and Garcia immediately signed on. "I felt honored to be associated with Raul, because I was a fan and I found him to be an extremely worthy individual," he says. "Lorca's plays are translated and performed around the world. From a cultural point of view, certainly, he's someone who's a great role model. It's important to tell these kinds of stories." Garcia admits that the thriller, which is based on two books written by Ian Gibson, "takes certain licenses" in dramatizing Lorca's story, something that has a few critics up in arms. "Where Lorca died and who killed him is not a mystery," the actor says testily. "He was arrested by the Fascists. The question is, who gave the order and who pulled the trigger?" Lorca remains a controversial figure in Spain, a country that, according to Garcia, has produced but a single television documentary about one of its greatest writers. "The reasons he died still exist," Garcia says. Not that Franco's Spain was something Garcia grew up talking about around the dinner table in Miami. As a Cuban family in exile, he says, "we had our own political tragedies." PATRICIA FALVO



Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures.

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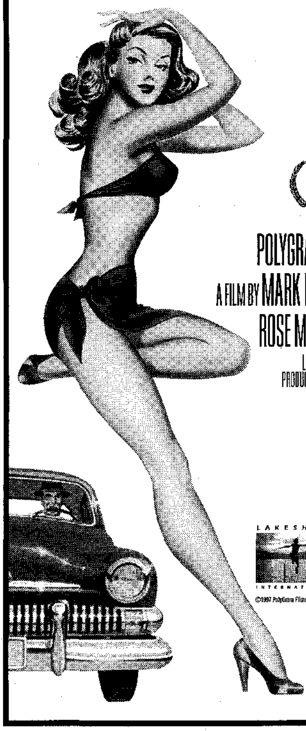

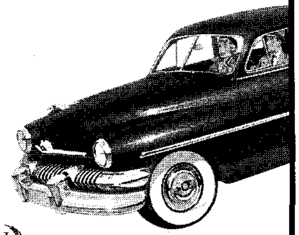

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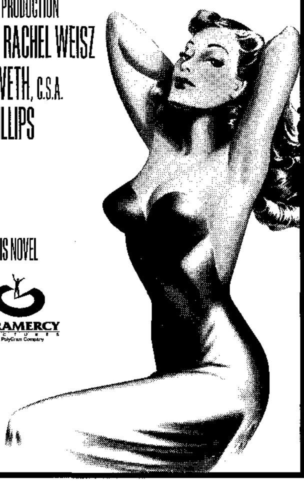

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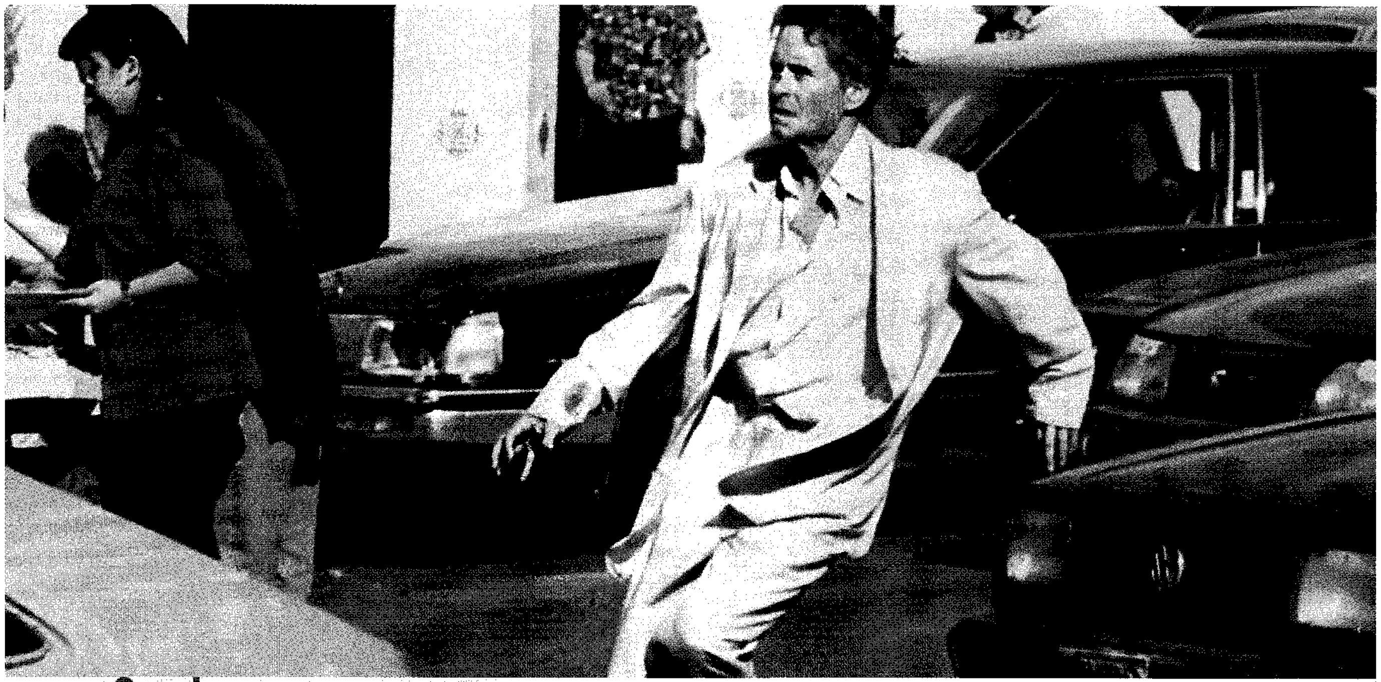


Opening

Midlife Crisis

As 'The Game' begins, Michael Douglas (pictured) is his shrewd, suited, and successful self. But when screen sibling Sean Penn gives him a nasty 48th-birthday present, he's reduced to a cowering mess (albeit accompanied by his striking blonde co-star, 'Crash's' Deborah Kara Unger). Opens Friday.

lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman ("a corn-fed bitch") and then dumping her. The two men get down to work and take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love but remains too frightened and duplicitous to retrieve the situation from disaster. Eckhart has a laughing charm, and he uses his college-stud handsomeness to reassure people; he gives a convincing performance in an unconvincing framework. But Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. The film, which was written and directed by the 34-year-old playwright Neil LaBute (it's his first film), is a didactic fable of how the dog-eat-dog ethos turns working stiffs into predators, shiv artists, and weaklings. The movie is a repellent experience—a schematic, coldly cynical work that pretends to expose coldness and cynicism. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Keeper—Tragedy results when a Brooklyn jail guard befriends a charming inmate, assists in his release, and offers him shelter. Written and directed by Joe Brewster. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Kull the Conqueror—Kevin Sorbo (TV's *Hercules*) is Kull and Tia Carrere the woman who bewitches him into marrying her in this action-fantasy. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th St. East; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kenmore; Kings Plaza; Marboro; Astoria; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Quartet.*

Latin Boys Go to Hell—A Mexican photo assistant in Brooklyn is pulled out of his lingering postadolescence into the drama of adulthood when his worldly cousin comes to visit. (1 hr. 30 mins; NR) *Opens Friday at the Quad.*

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film is a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the local D.J. and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sutton.*

Mimic—In *Mimic*, directed by Guillermo del Toro, two little boys like to sell the strange insects that they find in New York to the "bug lady"—an entomologist (Mira Sorvino) who once genetically engineered a special cockroach in order to fight some other disease-carrying roaches. The boys wander around subways looking for some really big ones, and that's when they run into trouble. *Mimic* is set in New York, mainly underground—a vast, dark, wet network of tunnels, crawlways, and abandoned rooms. It is a netherworld with huge pullulating nests yielding Sorvino's creatures, which have now evolved, very rapidly, into predators. There are the usual stern, philosophical remarks from authorities about the hubris of man, the arrogance of science, and so on, but for all the solemn talk, this movie partakes of the eternal stupidity of horror films, in which characters back away in the dark from one menace only to be attacked by another. *Mimic* gets the job done, I suppose, yet despite the A-level cast and technical crew (Rob Bottin did the crawlers), there isn't a touch of poetry, and as far as this bug-hater is concerned, a horror film without beauty is like a horse race without thoroughbreds. (Denby; 9/1/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre.*

Money Talks—Comedian Chris Tucker plays a con artist whose fate is in the hands of a TV newscaster (Charlie Sheen). Co-starring Heather Locklear and Paul Sorvino. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca)—A Spanish comedy about a struggling actor whose extraordinary talent as a phone-sex operator leads him into a passionate—and chaotic—affair with an alluring caller. Directed by Manuel Gómez Pereira. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate raillery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. Rupert Everett makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

My Mother's Courage—The latest effort from director Michael Verhoeven (*The Nasty Girl*) is a comedic and nightmarish true story about a Jewish woman whose optimism in 1944 Budapest is somehow rewarded. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Photograph by Tony Friedkin/Polygram.

A Self-Made Hero—A young Frenchman—having reached the last days of WWII without actually fighting—inserts himself into the Resistance movement and becomes a phony war hero. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and The Quad.*

★Picture Perfect—In *Picture Perfect,* Jennifer Aniston, as an advertising-world striver looking for a guy, jumps in and out of clothes, pouts, suffers, and shakes her hot little body with amusing impatience. In this contemporary screwball comedy, directed by Glenn Gordon Caron, Aniston hits the right notes of sexual candor and straightforward ambition. She's intensely likable, and the movie succeeds as romantic comedy, which is not something one can say about a certain recent monster hit that ended with the heroine in the arms of a homosexual. Aniston, bucking for promotion at her appearance-conscious firm, pretends to be engaged to a stranger played by blond Jay Mohr (from *Jerry Maguire*), a state of unavailability that immediately attracts the irresistible office cad, Kevin Bacon. As our girl's eventually authentic lover, Jay Mohr is a little indecisive (Mohr always looks like he's about to say something other than what he does say). But he'll do. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★Shall We Dance?—In the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* we learn that ballroom dancing is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho) sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. It's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

She's So Lovely—Sean Penn and Robin Wright Penn play heavy-drinking lovebirds in this John Cassavetes story directed by his son, Nick. With John Travolta. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

A Smile Like Yours—Greg Kinnear and Lauren Holly star as a young married couple trying to have a baby and keep their businesses afloat. With Joan Cusack and Jay Thomas. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Beekman.*

Sunday—A one-day romantic mystery sparked by a chance encounter between a middle-aged actress (Lisa Harrow) and an out-of-work IBM technician (David Suchet) living in a homeless shelter. With Jared Harris and Larry Pine. (1 hr. 33 mins; NR) *Film Forum.*

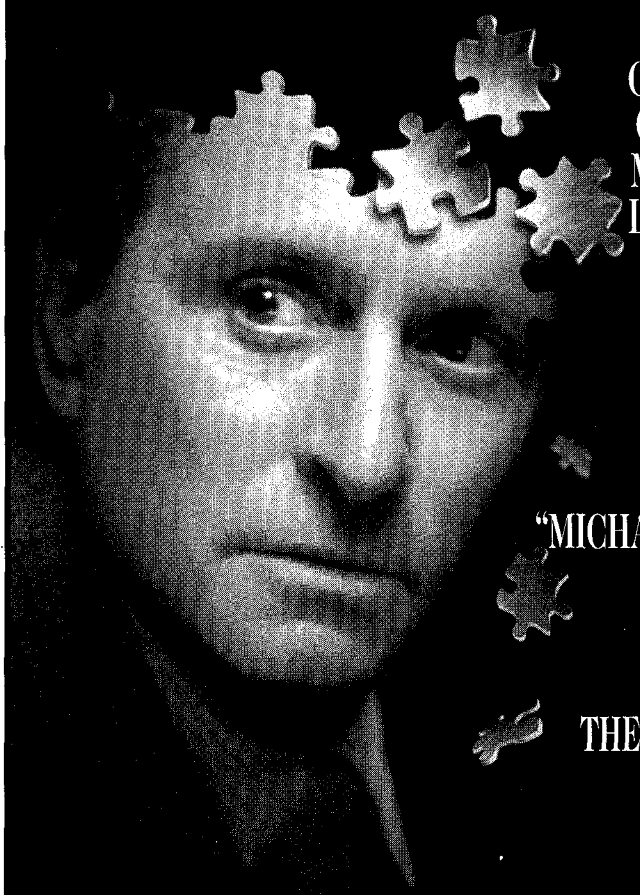
Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation—Renee Zellweger and Matthew McConaughey star in this low-budget sequel written and directed by the original screenwriter, Kim Henkel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center.*

Trojan Eddie—In this Irish drama, Richard Harris plays a local godfather obsessed with a young tinker girl; Stephen Rea is the struggling salesman who ends up in the way. Directed by Gillie MacKinnon. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Career Girls; The Full Monty; Gravesend; In the Company of Men; Love Serenade; Mrs. Brown; Shall We Dance?.*



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Opening

Runaway Train

The migrating masses of the Great Depression included thousands of teenagers who jumped trains—alone—to lessen the financial burden on their parents or to seek excitement in a hobo culture that was defined by danger and desperation. Ten surviving riders tell their stories for the first time in 'Riding the Rails,' starting Friday at Cinema Village. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Kull; Face/Off.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Festival Hong Kong '97. 8/12: *Riding the Rails.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Family Name; My Mother's Courage; Sunday.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Life Apart; Fire; The Keeper; Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca); Trojan Eddie.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *4 Little Girls; Contempt.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; Love Serenade; Mimic; She's So Lovely; Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Event Horizon; Hoodlum.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Contact; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; The Full Monty; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Kull.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Cop Land; Hoodlum; She's So Lovely.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Kull; Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Kiss Me, Guido; Leave It to Beaver; Men in Black; She's So Lovely.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; G.I. Jane; Mimic.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ulee's Gold.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Hoodlum.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Love Serenade; Mrs. Brown.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *In the Company of Men; Mrs. Brown; She's So Lovely.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Cop Land; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Men in Black; Money Talks; Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *G.I. Jane.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Career Girls.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *She's So Lovely.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Nothing to Lose.* Opening 9/12: *Delinquent.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Spawn.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Kull; Leave It to Beaver.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Lawrence of Arabia.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *A Smile Like Yours; Event Horizon; How to Be a Player; Mimic; Spawn.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Love Serenade; Money Talks.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Austin Powers; Batman & Robin; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Cop Land.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Shall We Dance?.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Kull; Cop Land.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *G.I. Jane; Mimic.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *A Smile Like Yours.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Kull; Contact; Event Horizon; Hoodlum; Leave It to Beaver; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Air Force One; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Conspiracy Theory; Face/Off.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks; She's So Lovely.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Full Monty.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Mouth to Mouth (Boca a Boca).*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Cop Land; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Contempt; The Full Monty; Guantanamera; In the Company of Men; Shall We Dance?.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Kull; Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Contact; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; Kiss Me, Guido; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect; She's So Lovely.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Air Force One; Hoodlum.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Career Girls.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Kull; Air Force One; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hoodlum; How to Be a Player; Men in Black; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Kull; Air Force One; Cop Land; Event Horizon; Fire Down Below; George of the Jungle; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Kull; Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Kull; A Smile Like Yours; Air Force One; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; Leave It to Beaver; She's So Lovely.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Air Force One; Career Girls; Conspiracy Theory.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Cop Land; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; She's So Lovely; Spawn.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Cop Land; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Kull; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Kull; Hoodlum; How to Be a Player; Leave It to Beaver; Men in Black; Money Talks.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Force One; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Mimic.*

Photograph courtesy of National Archives.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Kull; A Smile Like Yours; Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Mimic.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Kull; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Mimic; She's So Lovely.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Gravesend; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Kull; Cop Land; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic; She's So Lovely.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; The Van.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Cop Land; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Mimic; Money Talks.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *A Smile Like Yours; Air Force One; Career Girls; George of the Jungle; Hoodlum; She's So Lovely; Sunday.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Conspiracy Theory; Excess Baggage; Mimic.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Conspiracy Theory; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Kull; Air Force One; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; Leave It to Beaver; Mimic; Money Talks; Spawn.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Air Force One; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Money Talks.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Kull; Cop Land.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Kull; A Smile Like Yours; Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Event Horizon; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; Leave It to Beaver; She's So Lovely.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Mimic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72–66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Force One; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; She's So Lovely.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Excess Baggage; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; Mimic.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fire Down Below; Hoodlum.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Kull; Fire Down Below; Hoodlum; Leave It to Beaver; Money Talks.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *A Smile Like Yours; Air Force One; Cop Land; Excess Baggage.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *G.I. Jane.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; Hoodlum; She's So Lovely.* Opening 9/12: *The Game.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd.,Travis (983-9600) *Kull; A Smile Like Yours; Air Force One; Conspiracy Theory; Cop Land; Excess Baggage; Fire Down Below; G.I. Jane; George of the Jungle; Hoodlum; Leave It to Beaver; Men in Black; Mimic; Money Talks; She's So Lovely.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Jim Jarmusch: A Sad and Beautiful World." 9/13–14: *Permanent Vacation* (1980) and *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8; ages 5–18, $4.

Anthology Film Archives—9/10–9/25: *Capitaine Conan* (1996). 9/12–9/18: *Bitter Moon* (1992). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Crossing Borders: From Algerian to Buer Cinema." 9/13: *Fatima al-Amariyya* (1993) and *The Other Half of Allah's Sky* (1995). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Casa La Femme—9/14: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—"Festival Hong Kong '97." 9/8: *Peking Opera Blues* (1986) and *A Queer Story* (1996). 9/9: *Viva Erotica* (1996) and *The Christ of Nanjing* (1995). 9/10: *The New Legend of Shaolin* (1994). 9/11: *Bullet in the Head* (1990) and *The Log* (1996). 9/12–9/18: *Riding the Rails* (1997) and *Wild Boys of the Road* (1933). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8 per show.

Different Light—9/14: *A Woman's Face* (1941). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—9/12–9/18: *Jour de Fete* (1949). "Slam! Bam! Thank You, Pam!" 9/8: *Black Mama, White Mama* (1973) and *The Arena* (1974). 9/9: *Sheba, Baby* (1975) and *Hit Man* (1972). 9/10: *The Big Doll House* (1971) and *The Big Bird Cage* (1972). 9/11: *Bucktown* (1975) and *Original Gangstas* (1996). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

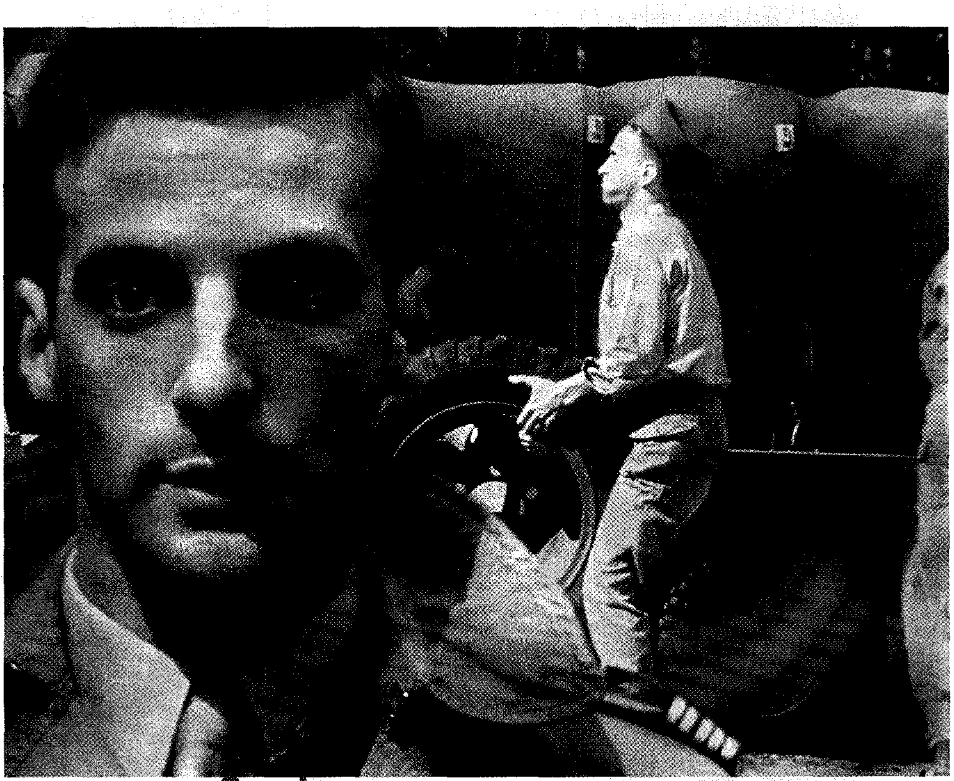
Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"American Romantics: Frank Borzage & Margaret Sullavan." 9/9–9/10: *The Moon's Our Home* (1936) and *After Tomorrow* (1932). 9/11: *So Ends Our Night* (1941) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1932). 9/12–9/13: *Little Man, What Now?* (1934) and *Next Time We Love* (1936). 9/14–9/15: *Moonrise* (1948) and *No Sad Songs for Me* (1950). "Movies for Kids." 9/13: *The Leopard Son* (1996). 9/14: *Atlantis* (1991). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cavalcade: From British Stage to Screen." 9/11: *Edward II* (1991) and *A Man for All Seasons* (1966). 9/12–9/13: *An Ideal Husband* (1947) and *Oscar Wilde* (1959). 9/12 and 9/14: *Laburnum Grove* (1936). 9/13: *Salome's Last Dance* (1987). 9/14 and 9/16: *Gaslight* (1940). 9/14–9/15: *Pygmalion* (1938) and *How He Lied to Her Husband* (1930). 9/16–9/18: *Loyalties* (1934) and *Love From a Stranger* (1936). W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Anticipating Psycho." 9/11–9/14: *One More Mile to Go* (1957), *Banquo's Chair* (1959), and *Arthur* (1959). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 9/13–9/14: *Death by Hanging* (1968). 610 Lexington Avenue (735-9717); $6.



Opening

Vichy and Me

Filmmaker Jacques Audiard probes what he calls "the great lie" of the French Resistance in *A Self-Made Hero,* the story of one meritless civilian (played by Mathieu Kassovitz, above) who uses the chaos of 1945 to create his own, twisted sense of an honorable reality. Opens Friday.

Photograph courtesy of Strand Releasing.

theater

Karen Finley...*Tracers*...Lee Atwater

Opening Beelzebubba

The late Lee Atwater, a Republican strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?), died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. But Atwater still made his mark—not only because he played blues guitar at a 1988 inaugural ball but also because his ruthless, nihilistic approach to campaigning transformed dirty politics into an art form. In his one-man show, *Atwater: Fixin' to Die,* Bruce McIntosh plays this southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he had lived an ignoble life. Performances begin September 11.

Broadway

Now Playing

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Certainly there are few if any musicals in which so large a cast of characters achieves, down to its least members, individual profile and personal savor. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing is nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/9. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Starring Bebe Neuwirth, Marilu Henner, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

About Time—Paulette Attie's tuneful preserve of poetry, American standards, and songs unsung. In addition to piano and bass accompaniment, Attie relies heavily on the tuba—an underrated and unfairly maligned instrument, in her view. The combination ought to be interesting, especially with her soprano voice. $35. Wed. at 2, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/11 opening. Through 10/12. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—The late Lee Atwater, a political strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?) died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. But Atwater still made his mark—not only because he played blues guitar at a 1988 inaugural ball but also because his ruthless, nihilistic approach to campaigning transformed dirty politics into an art form. In this one-man show, Bruce McIntosh plays the Southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he may have lived an ignoble life. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Opens 9/11. Through 10/26. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (591-0019) or (307-4100).*

The Evil Spell of the Butterfly—Cockroaches, beetles, and a swarm of more attractive arthropods make up the world of this Federico Garcia Lorca allegory of pre–Civil War Spain. The Spanish-language production features actors from leading theaters in Spain, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, and Puerto Rico; English narration is provided. $20. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Opened 9/4. Through 9/28. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Hard Times—The Pearl Theatre Company brings to life the lost souls of Dickens's Coketown. $18–$30. Tues. at 8, Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opens 9/8. Through Oct. 5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Marks Place (598-9802).*

More Stately Mansions—The New York Theatre Workshop *(Rent)* inaugurates the new season with this 1939 Eugene O'Neill play, which the playwright never intended for publication. ("Unfinished work," said the note attached to the drama. "This script to be destroyed in case of my death.") The company is using the version completed by Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater. $10–$28. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1 and 7. In previews for a 9/25 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Plunge—Christopher Kyle, who specializes in the angst of the postgraduate searching class, comes up with an age-appropriate *Big Chill.* Presented by Playwrights Horizons; directed by Ron Lagomarsino *(The Last Night of Ballyhoo).* $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 9/28 opening at 7. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Opening

Lactose Intolerant

Karen Finley claims she has no interest in meeting Jesse Helms, the courtly moralist from North Carolina who helped purge the naked and piss-partial from government-funded art. Perhaps she should reconsider. Though her performance art, largely focused on the denigration of women, is indeed shocking (breasts smeared in chocolate, yams crammed guess-where) she's subdued offstage, not to mention a picture of Victorian loveliness (long skirt, bun). But the past few years have taken their toll. "I really thought, with my career, I'd be able to get to the next level—like Off Broadway—and I haven't been able to," she says. "Now I just want my life back." In 1991, Finley took an unexpected detour through the country's legal system, suing the National Endowment for the Arts for defunding her work. Last November, after a nasty series of appeals, she won, but not without having experienced the rejection of clubs and performance spaces that once had welcomed her. "I think I got too bitter," says Finley. "I lost my sense of humor." Her newest performance piece, *The American Chestnut,* is an attempt to recover it. "After you've announced your pain, you adjust to it," she explains. "I'm hoping to do that through humor." Beat, beat. "I can be funny, you know." *Chestnut,* a commentary on domesticity, is still delivered in typical Finley fashion—she vacuums in a backwards wedding dress, harangues against the dysfunction of Pooh Corner, and, on videotape, drizzles a velvet canvas with her own breast milk ("I'm a lactating Jackson Pollock!"). It also clings to principles that have long since fallen out of fashion; her central contention, that the home "is the only safe place for a woman to make a decision without being attacked," may not resonate in an era of Camille Paglia best-sellers. "I can't even think about that," says Finley. "But I can say that I *do* do different stuff. It's not like I'm going to do the same show for 50 years." Nor will she be confining herself to the stage. She has a new book in the works, plus an installation at the Whitney. There's even a screenplay under way that—who knows?—could charm those who've had their fill of victim politics. "I really like it," she says. "It's kind of a feminist *Pulp Fiction.*"

Jennifer Senior

Photograph by Michael Overn.

Previews

Apocalypse Then, and Now

Long before *Platoon, Full Metal Jacket,* and *Born on the Fourth of July,* there was *Tracers,* the cannily restrained memory play by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam veterans. This fall, the 29th Street Rep presents a revival of the 1980 drama, with company member and Vietnam vet Leo Farley directing. "What I really like about the play is that it doesn't offer any morality stuff," he says. "It's just these guys and their stories." Previews begin September 11.

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy, perched on the rooftop of a historic building slated for demolition. Written by David Auburn; starring John Wylie. $12–$25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 9/11 for a 9/28 opening. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita.* She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Bruce Davison. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Misalliance—This is not one of Shaw's best plays, but even at his second-best, GBS fascinates, entertains, and exercises the intellect, though this last seems to be the least of the concerns of David Warren, the director. The play consists of artfully orchestrated conversations—duets, trios, quartets leading up to the occasional tutti—bespeaking the man of music that Shaw also was. Gradually, Shaw's ideas on the education of children crystallize, as do his views on marriage and the family, socialism, worldly success, the joys of literacy, and whatnot—a great deal of whatnot. The performances, for the most part, do their bit. With pleasant design by Derek McLane, Catherine Zuber, and Kenneth Posner, the play keeps the audience both amused and agog. It may even be that, amid the relaxed guffaws, some of the subversive ideas manage to strike home. (Simon: 8/18/97). Starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Opened 8/7. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Photograph by Greg Little.

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The American Chestnut—A new commentary on domesticity, delivered in typical Karen Finley fashion—she vacuums wearing a backwards wedding dress, harangues against the dysfunctionality of Pooh Corner, and drizzles a velvet canvas with her breast milk ("I'm a lactating Jackson Pollock!" she exclaims). $20–$25. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Opens 9/11. Through 9/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Cab Legs—Elevator Repair Service presents a semi-improvisational comedy combining Colombian dance music, antique furniture and shades of Betty Boop. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Opens 9/11. Through 9/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Find Me a Voice—A new play that combines drama, poetry, music and dance to tell the story of a young man's search for meaning in his grandfather's death at Auschwitz. Presented by the Rabbit in the Moon Theatre. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/11 opening. Through 9/28. *The Producers Club II, 616 Ninth Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th. (352-4336).*

Kamchik: The Singing Cowboy and His Invisible Backup Singers—Kamchik, the Israeli version of a Texas cowpoke (and a castaway from MTV's *Oddville*), entertains with an evening of song and confessions. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/28. *Pulse Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (253-1160).*

The Marital Bliss of Francis and Maxine—On their radio show, Francis and Maxine are happily married; off, they're—surprise!—as gay as Paris in the spring. It's not an especially novel premise, but the intricate, striking movements of Fay Simpson Dance Theatre's production should alone merit the price of admission. $10. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/14. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (665-8223).*

Miracle Mile—Clark Middleton's one-man show about his struggle with a devastating childhood disease. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/28. *Theater Row Theater, 424 W. 42nd. St. (358-5041).*

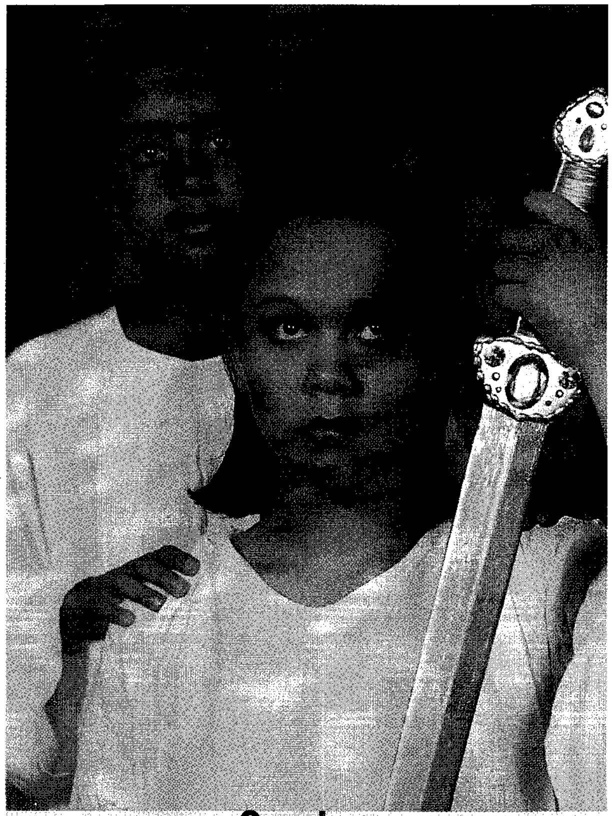
Sister—Mario Fratti's new play about promiscuity and parental naïveté. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/21. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. bet. 9th and 10th St. (254-1109).*

Strictly Dishonorable—Though best known as the original Hollywood screwball, Preston Sturges also wrote this boisterous stage play about Prohibition-era social mores. The 1929 production, directed by Antoinette Perry (for whom the Tony awards are named), was one of Broadway's longest-running shows, drawing full houses and black-market ticket prices even after Wall Street crashed. $8. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/20. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Tracers—Long before *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, and *Born on the Fourth of July*, there was this cannily restrained memory play by John DiFusco and eight Vietnam veterans. The 29th Street Rep now presents a revival, with company member and Vietnam vet Leo Farley directing. "What I really like about the play is that it doesn't offer any morality stuff," he says. "It's just these guys and their stories." $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 9/11 for a 9/18 opening. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Uncle Tom's Cabin—The Mint Theater Company presents the 1852 dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's classic. $15. Thurs. at 7, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Through 9/28. *Mint Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

Frankenstein's Wake—An adaptation of Mary Shelley's tale, but with a female monster. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Previews begin 9/11 for a 9/16 opening. Through 9/27. *Fools Company Space, 356 W. 44th St. (772-3301).*

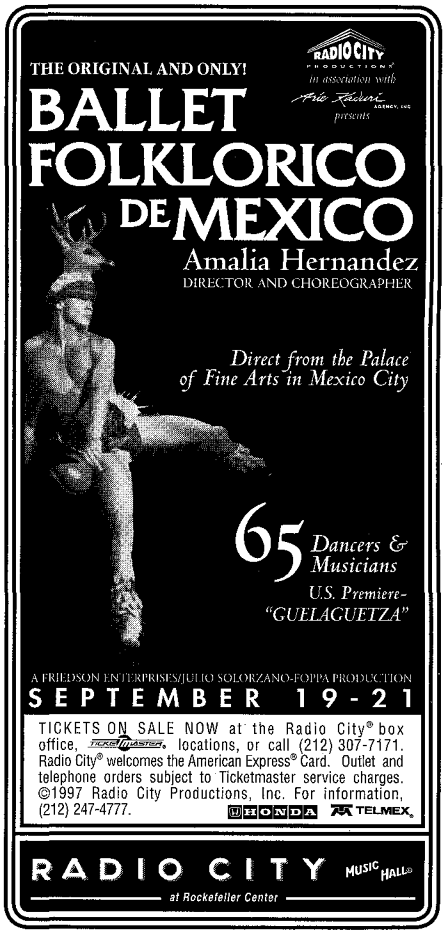


Opening

Children's Crusade

The children of formerly homeless men and women with AIDS or HIV perform a semi-original musical, 'I Make Me a Promise,' at the McGinn/Cazale Theatre starting September 10. The kids wrote the script; the music is largely drawn from 'Blocks,' a children's show by late 'Rent' composer Jonathan Larson and Hal Hackady ('Snoopy,' 'Minnie's Boys'). Call 239-6200 for tickets and information.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.



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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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art

Ruth Marten...Tom Nozkowski...Erica Baum

Openings

The **Downtown Arts Festival,** a revised and expanded version of the former SoHo Arts Festival, runs September 11–21 and includes exhibitions, performances, and programs in 130 galleries and alternative spaces. For information, stop by booths at the SoHo Grand Hotel, St. Mark's Church, and the Empire Diner during the festival, or call 925-4200.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Albert Bierstadt—Landscapes of the American West by the nineteenth-century American painter (1830–1902); through 10/24. Peters, 177 E. 78th St. (628-9760).

Stanley Boxer—A selection of marble and wood sculptures from the past twenty years; 9/9–10/4. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Betsy Friedman—Abstract paintings on panel that depict dense compositions of undulating, cartoonlike forms; 9/10–10/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Judy Glantzman—New paintings that depict psychological self-portraits; through 10/11. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Wilhelm Lehmbruck/Joseph Beuys—Sculpture and works on paper by these two German artists that show the influence of Lehmbruck (1881–1919)—whose sculpture *Kniende* was denounced as "degenerate" by the National Socialists in Germany in 1937 and whose work became a symbol of artistic freedom in the United States—on Beuys (1921–1986), who was awarded the Wilhelm Lehmbruck prize in Duisberg in January 1986, eleven days before his death; 9/11–10/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Itty Neuhaus/Maggie Poor—An installation that consists of a configuration of many translucent papier-maché forms that are lit from within and interconnect with an elastic net spanning the space/A memorial exhibition of sculpture and works on paper; through 10/7. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

57th Street Area

Marcel Broodthaers/Joseph Bartscherer—A selection of the Belgian artist's enigmatic sculptural objects/Narrow, vertical photographs of the Nevada landscape from a project begun in 1994; 9/12–11/1. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Cora Cohen—Recent abstract paintings; 9/10–11/1. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Philip Guston—Gouache and ink drawings from the early forties that depict men preparing for World War II and foreshadow the artist's forlorn hooded figures from the seventies; 9/12–10/4. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist, whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Roberto Juarez—Paintings of flowers and classical figures made while the artist was in residence at the American Academy in Rome; through 10/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Cynthia Knott—Paintings of seascapes; 9/9–10/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Holly Lane—Altar constructions that integrate painting and carving and refer to landscape; through 9/27. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Ruth Marten—Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures on the theme of hair; through 10/4. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Silvio Merlino—Mixed-media paintings on the subject of nature and man's struggle to control it; through 10/11. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Curtis Phillips—Paintings of abstracted landscapes; through 9/27. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

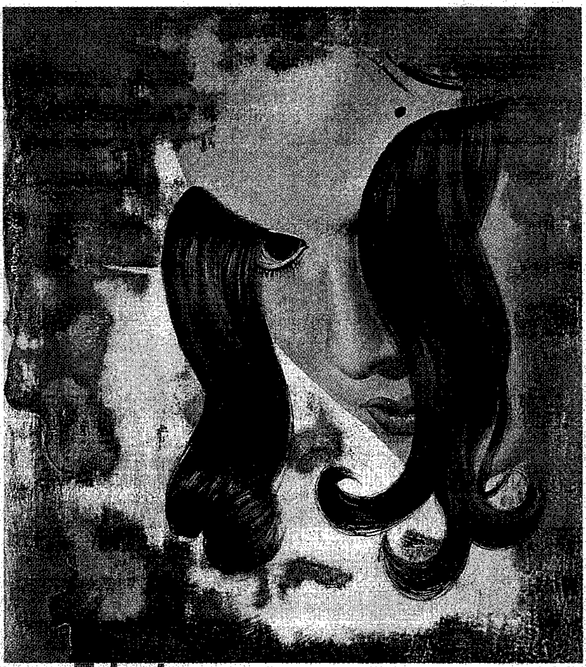
Robert Rauschenberg—"Arcadian Retreats," a series of frescoes from 1996 that depict landscapes, street scenes, figures, animals, and architecture; 9/11–10/18. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Sean Scully—Paintings of vertical stripes on aluminum boxes from the series "Floating Paintings," begun in 1994, and photographs taken during the artist's travels in Mexico, Italy, Scotland, and Morocco, at Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470), 9/9–11/1; recent paintings that depict vertically striated fields and are inset with panels of perpendicular orientation or contrasting color, at Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929), through 10/18.

Bob Thompson/Alfonso Ossorio—A survey of paintings made between 1958 and 1966 that show the artist (1937–1966) moving from his muted figurative compositions of the late fifties to his vividly colored allegorical landscapes of the sixties/A group of assemblages made in 1962 and 1963 that are known as the "Shingle Figures" and feature shells, bones, shards of mirror, and other found objects mounted on wood shingles; 9/11–11/8. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Alexandra Tyng/Duane Keiser—Paintings of landscapes in Maine and of the interior of the artist's cabin/Still-life paintings whose oblique perspectives and mysterious lighting lend them a psychological edge; 9/11–10/11. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Steve Wheeler—Early paintings and



Photograph courtesy of Littlejohn Contemporary.

Talent

Hair Today, Hair Tomorrow

Hair, as an image, has been a recurring element in Ruth Marten's illustrations since 1973, but it was not until ten years ago, when she let her own hair grow, that she experienced its effect on others. "A whole new world of female power opened up," she says. "I observed the ways in which people express themselves and their desires through hair." Then, a few years ago, Marten, who'd also worked as a tattooist from 1972 to 1980, began to paint her fantasies about hair. Free from the constraints of illustration, her egg-tempera-on-board works, being shown for the first time at Littlejohn Contemporary (41 East 57th Street; through October 4), depict thick, voluptuous hair sprouting from eyes, hanging braided from shorts, and flowing, riverlike, down chests and armpits. "Hair in my paintings is a surrogate for the figure, for human activity," says Marten, whose influences range from Meret Oppenheim's fur-covered teacup to LP covers to African-American hair magazines. In a sense, though, Marten's painting is simply a more freewheeling version of her other work, including the neo-tribal tattoos she etched on the late performance artist Ethyl Eichelberger, museum executives, rock stars, and a bearded woman. "It all comes from the same well," says Marten, whose own hair is thick, curly, and currently shoulder-length. "American culture is loaded with symbols and icons, and I'm just an American girl." EDITH NEWHALL works on paper made between 1938 and 1942, by this artist who developed a style that was a synthesis of Cubism, ethnographic art, and European modernism; 9/11–10/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Amy Adler—Photographs of the artist at 19, taken by an older woman; through 10/4. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

David Ahlsted/Monica Rich Kosann—Paintings of New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia waterfronts/Photographs of children at the Kips Bay Boys and Girls Club in the Bronx. Through 10/1. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Arakawa—Drawings and paintings made between 1960 and 1963; through 10/11. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Martha Benzing—Paintings that muse on art as commodity by employing "pigments" derived from M&M candy shells and Kool-Aid; 9/11–10/18. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Carolyn Brady—Monumentally scaled monotypes of well-known English gardens; through 10/7. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Dinos and Jake Chapman—An installation of a mass graveyard overlooked by the artists' zygotic sculptural figures; 9/13–10/11. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Devon Dikeou—A group of 60 panels that mimic gallery-building announcement boards and offer details of every group show the artist has participated in since 1991, and a sound installation incorporating the recorded celebrity announcements in New York taxicabs; through 10/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Jordan Doner/Frank Webster—Photographs whose imagery depicts the human body in extreme circumstances, created by projecting 16-mm. films onto photographic paper/Monochromatic paintings of isolated tract housing. Through 10/4. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Steve Doughton—*Delta,* a narrative film installation of seven screen projections that are arranged in the shape of an airplane; through 10/4. Boesky, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Sam Durant/Allyson Strafella—Sculptures of chrome-plated steel tubing whose dimensions are based on furniture forms/Works on paper and a wall drawing. Through 10/11. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Natalie Edgar—Recent abstract paintings; through 10/11. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Michelle Fierro—Minimal abstract paintings whose surfaces are affixed with hardened blobs of paint, scraps of paper, hair, and other scavenged materials; through 9/31. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

David Geiser/Jim Toia—Paintings/An installation of tree branches. Through 10/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Nicholas Krushenick—Recent paintings that investigate spatial ambiguity through the juxtaposition of pattern, by this artist who showed with the Graham, Fischbach, and Pace galleries in the sixties and seventies and was known for his bold, graphic style; through 10/4. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Terence Main—Paintings and sculptures of gorillas; 9/12–10/11. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Mark Milloff/Jeremy Sigler—Abstract paintings whose colors and compositions allude to Herman Melville's novel *Moby Dick*/Recent sculpture. Through 9/27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Lezley Saar—Mixed-media constructions that deal with questions of memory, race, and the human experience; 9/9–10/11. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Werner Schmidt—Abstract paintings inspired by the German artist's childhood memories of the Black Forest; 9/11–10/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

258
Jersey City
- Jesus

Photograph by Erica Baum.

Photography

The X-tinct-Files

As photographed by Erica Baum, soon-to-be-obsolete library card catalogues aren't just systematized repositories of alphabetized titles, but arrangements of outwardly unrelated topics whose side-by-side placement is often uncanny. At Clementine Gallery, 526 West 26th Street; September 11 through October 18.

Lorna Simpson—A recent video installation that depicts the goings-on in a public park in Columbus, Ohio, and alludes to and mimics TV lighting, commercial film, and Hollywood *film noir* traditions; 9/12–10/25. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Darren Waterston—New paintings of landscapes that continue the artist's exploration of nature through romantic and spiritual imagery; through 10/11. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Rebecca Welz—Sculptures of folded and color-stained Plexiglas; through 9/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Henk Wolvers—Porcelain vases and bowls by a Dutch artist; 9/11–10/11. Margolis, 560 Broadway (343-9523).

Yukinori Yanagi—Large-scale works on paper in which the artist has tracked every movement of an ant with a red crayon, and an installation of a map of the United States assembled from shards of broken glass found by the artist at Alcatraz prison; through 10/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chelsea

Aziz + Cucher—An installation of photographs and related sculptures; 9/11–10/11. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Richmond Burton—Recent abstract paintings that take their structures from plants, underwater seascapes, and crystals; through 10/11. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Lee Gordon—Unsettling watercolor self-portraits that depict the artist's head atop a child's body; through 10/11. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Roni Horn—A two-part glass floor piece and a set of seven color photographs that depict the surface of the ocean of the coast of Iceland in varying degrees of magnification; 9/13–11/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Karen Kilimnik—Recent paintings that mix imagery drawn from ballet, fashion, film, art history, and other sources, and a changing installation work; 9/13–10/25. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Martin Kippenberger—Recent paintings by the late artist and a sculpture of a transportable subway entrance from his "Metro Net" project, a worldwide subway system that comprises simulated subway exits, entrances, and ventilation shafts; 9/13–10/11. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Joachim Koester—A video installation that was shown at Documenta X and a photography project on Christiania, an anarchistic community in Copenhagen; through 10/18. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Max Mohr/Thomas Nozkowski—Recent sculpture/New abstract paintings. Through 9/27. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Marc Mulders/Guido Geelen—Paintings of flowers and wild game in the tradition of Dutch vanitas/Bronze and ceramic sculptures of accumulations of everyday objects; 9/11–10/11. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (362-1600).

Tam Ochiai—Small-scale paintings of waifs that incorporate names of famous films, actors, directors, fashion designers, and musicians; photograph-and-fabric combines; and a video; 9/13–11/1. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Calvin Seibert/Lee Boroson—New ink and gouache drawings from his ongoing project "The Encyclopedia of Twisted Sub-Plots"/A pneumatic sculpture of a cloud. Through 10/5. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Joseph Stashkevetch—Large-scale drawings based on quickly-taken snapshots of the Los Angeles freeway system; through 10/4. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Jim Torok/Matt Magee—Paintings of the artist's friends in a style reminiscent of seventeenth-century Flemish portraiture/Paintings that depict elaborate systems of personal symbols. Through 10/4. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Rosemarie Trockel—Three new video projects exhibited as a network of individual monitors, a system that orchestrates sounds and images as a multisensorial tapestry; 9/13–10/15. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art," a survey chronicling the symbolic resonance of the horse in Chinese art, history, and philosophy from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Qing (1644–1911) dynasties; 9/11–12/13.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Invitational show of works by Aschheim, Evans, Hutchison, Judge; 9/10–10/4.

57th Street Area

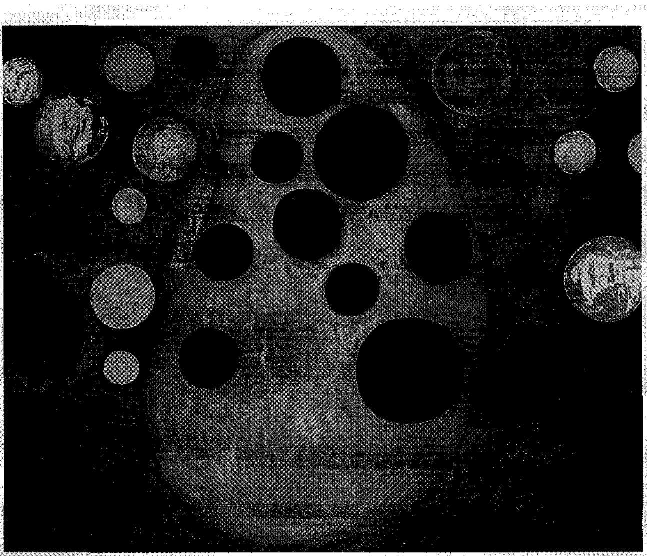
Equitable—787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Furniture of the American South: Masterworks From Colonial Williamsburg," an exhibition of more than 50 works dating from the late-seventeenth to the early-nineteenth centuries from the museum collections of Colonial Williamsburg; 9/11–10/31.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Invited," with works by Allen, Bronson, Davis, Giersbach, McGill, Pillorgé, Simpson; through 9/27.

Sheehan—20 W. 57th St. (888-4220). Modern and contemporary American prints, including works by Bellows, Cassatt, Leslie, Hartigan, Mitchell, Sheeler, Warhol, others; through 10/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Between the Acts," with works by Allen, Achjadi, Buss, Peppito, Phillips, others; "The Observatorium: Collected Reflections," with works by Dekker, Reutelingsperger, and Van de Camp; "Hanging in There," a window installation by Barbara Siegel; "Insider; Ups and Downs," an audio project in the elevator by Freya Hansell; 9/11–10/25.



On View **Thomas Nozkowski's abstract paintings have long been admired for their ability to evoke a variety of associations through an economy of means—their scale is small, their forms are ambiguous, and they don't have titles. Nozkowski fans can analyze his latest efforts at Max Protetch Gallery (511 West 22nd Street; through September 27) and his traveling mid-career retrospective at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. (through November 1).**

Basilico Fine Arts—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Lehmann Maupin (39 Greene Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of sixteen artists, among them Cain, Dunham, Owens, Ritchie, Sikander, Tyson, Weinstein, Yuskavage; 9/11–10/11.

In Khan—415 W. Broadway (226-6484). Works that incorporate the color blue by Arman, Eggelston, Francis, Judd, Klein, Mitchell, Sherman, others; through 10/4.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Works that reflect on life, by Byars, Burden, Gonzalez-Torres, Kaczynski, Messner, Ladda, O'Halloran, others; through 10/18.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Works by Latin American artists represented by this gallery, among them Capelán, Ospina, Palacios, Porter, Torres Llorca; 9/12–10/4.

Kustera—41 Wooster St. (965-1527). "Creepy," with works that explore human reactions to insects by Berdann, Dooling, Evans, Magsamen, Spencer; through 9/27.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). "Project Painting," a two-gallery exhibition with Basilico Fine Arts (26 Wooster Street) that looks at the state of contemporary painting through the works of sixteen artists, among them Antezzo, Close, Currin, Gallagher, Kuitca, Pittman, Schumann, Williams; 9/11–10/11.

PaceWildenstein—142 Greene St. (431-9224). Works by 22 emerging artists, among them Ackerman, Beirs, Cheatham, Felice, Goerk, Hillbertz, Scanga; through 9/20.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Sculpture by Anselmo, Boetti, Laib, Merz, Nauman, Paolini, Pistoletto, Vtal, Zorio; 9/13–10/18.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works by Armando, Beuys, Findlay, Horn, Jones & Ginzel, Quinn, Zakrzewski; a flowchart by Peter Halley on the gallery's "Testwall" facing Wooster Street; 9/16–10/18.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "Drawn and Quartered," with drawings by Cervera, Frank, Schneeman, Szymanski; 9/11–10/11.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Drawings and paintings by Berkenblit, Craven, Heilmann, Sillman, others; vintage photographs by Aaron Siskind; through 10/11.

Chelsea

Cristinerose—529 W. 20th St. (206-0297). Works that incorporate thread or sewing by Amer, Davenport, Gerber, Hamilton, Messager, Semmes, others; through 10/4.

Debs—529 W. 20th St. (995-5003). "Very Large Array," with works that explore the relationship between scientific and artistic inquiry, by Green, Holliday, Joelson, Knudsvig, Potterat, Rockman, Woodruff, others; through 9/27.

Kirkland—504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930). "Word to Word," with works that incorporate words, by Anastasi, El Hanani, Gissler, Kruger, Lieberman, others; 9/13–10/18.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). Works by Albenda, Cotton, Danluck, Horowitz, Raytmont, Seward; through 10/4.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). Works by Alexa, Estenger, Manola, Middelbrook, Neidich, Thomson, Weyland; through 10/4.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (691-5711). "Land Marks," with works by artists who have made direct contact with the landscape, among them Ashkin, Aycock, Fulton, Goldsworthy, Hamish, Hayes, Mori, Smithson, Stuart, Weiner; 9/13–10/11.

Other

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). "Variations of Structure," with works by Apfelbaum, Biggs, Harris, Hyde, Peck, Whitten; through 10/11.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Killing Time," with works by Asbury, Buell, Goldman, Gunning, Murphy, Smith; through 10/10.

Photography

Erica Baum—Photographs of library card catalogues that use framing to isolate random, pithy word combinations; 9/11–10/18. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Tseng Kwong Chi—Photographs of New York's downtown club and art scene of the eighties; 9/10–10/25. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Stephane Couturier—Large-scale color photographs of construction sites in Berlin and Paris; through 10/18. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Gregory Crewdson—Color tableaux that show the artist as corpse in various stages of decay and a new black-and-white series, "hover," that depicts aerial views of a mythical suburban subdivision; through 10/4. Luhring, Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part 1," a survey of American photography covering the years 1900 to 1935, including works by Cunningham, Curtis, Stieglitz, Strand, White, others; 9/11–10/25.

Tim Hailand—Color photographs of natural and staged settings; through 10/4. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

ICP Midtown—"Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs from the Avon Collection by woman photographers; 9/12–11/13. 1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students.

International Center of Photography—"Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14. 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors.

Koichiro Kurita—Recent black-and-white photographs of landscapes in France; through 10/18. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Michael Martone—A survey of mixed-media photographic works from the past 30 years by this photographer known for his 1973 monograph *Dark Knight;* through 10/4. Ricoo/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). A two-part survey of "Paparazzo" photographs taken between 1954 and 1997; 9/9–10/4.

Hirimitsu Morimoto—Photographs of male and female nudes and classical sculptures; through 10/12. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent black-and-white photographs; 9/11–10/25. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Alexander Rodchenko—Photographic portraits of Vladimir Mayakovsky, Liubov Popova, and others who formed the center of the avant-garde movements of postrevolutionary Russia; 9/9–10/11. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Aaron Siskind—Photographs from the late forties through the eighties that depict letters and words from deteriorating signage and marks and glyphs that suggest an abstracted language; 9/11–10/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Louis Stettner—A survey of photographs of everyday scenes in New York and Paris taken between 1950 and 1997 by this photographer who has been a resident of both cities for most of his life; 9/11–10/18. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Robert Stivers—Images of men, women, and animals spotlit and surrounded by darkness; through 10/11. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Donald Sultan—Black-and-white photographs of smoke rings; 9/11–10/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

World Financial Center—"Eyewitness 1997," featuring 200 photographs that were chosen from 35,650 entries submitted to the World Press Photo com-

Photograph courtesy of Max Protetch Gallery.

petition by photographers, newspapers, magazines, and press agencies representing 119 countries; through 9/25. North Bridge, West St. bet. Liberty and Vesey Sts. (206-6703), open 24 hours; free.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; through 9/14. . . . "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metropolitan area; through 9/14. . . . "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five woman artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; through 9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. . . . "The *Hands of Rodin*: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications on loan from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society; and a portrait of Benjamin Franklin painted by Jean-Baptiste Greuze in 1777 and a marble bust of Condorcet executed by Jean-Antoine Houdon in 1785, on loan from the American Philosophical Society; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be have been the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. . . . "Anna Ruth Henriques: The Book of Mechtilde." A series of drawings that explore the beliefs and superstitions of the artist's native Jamaica and her Jewish heritage; 9/4–10/13. . . . "Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; 9/9–11/16. . . . "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the Library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990), made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art— "Photographs From S-21: 1975–1979"; through 9/30. . . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects"; through 10/7. . . . "Projects: John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans"; through 9/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley"; through 9/13. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 10/26. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922–1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 9/11 at 10 and 2: "The Nineteenth Century." On view from 9/6.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 9/11 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 9/6.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 9/10 at 10: "Belle Epoque, 19th- and 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 9/6.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 9/10 at 10:30: "Fine Judaica, Hebrew Books, and Works of Art." On view from 9/6.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/11 at 6:30, 9/12 at 10 and 2, 9/13 at 10 and 2, 9/14 at 12, 9/15 at 10, 2, and 6:30, 9/15 at 10, 2, and 6:30, 9/18 at 10, 2, and 6:30, 9/19 at 10: "Windsor Collection." On view from 9/6.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/11 at 10:30: "Americana." On view from 9/6.

restaurants

New Brew...Mamá Mexico...Steak Café

Manhattan

Lower New York

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

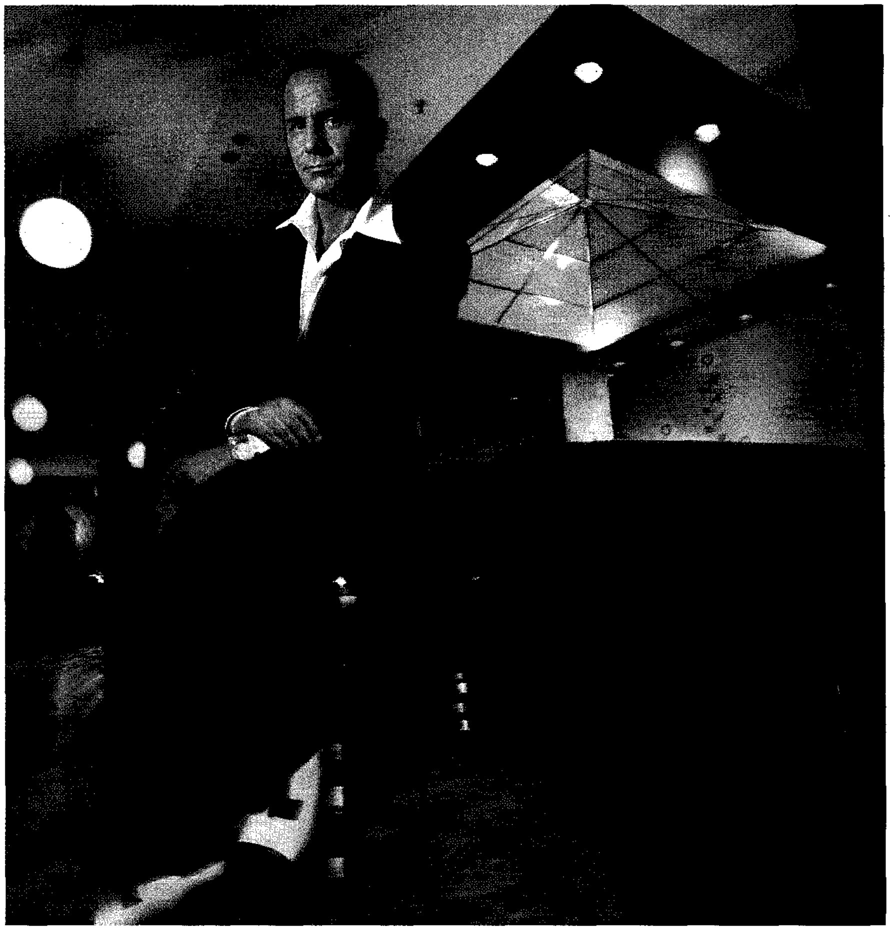
Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Play It Again

Before his midlife reincarnation as an American restaurateur, Alain Chevreux (Chez Ma Tante, Ferrier) was a French D.J. Still music-minded, he's hoping to create a jazzy *Casablanca*-era feel at his new Tam-Tam Bar. Chef Christophe Barbier, formerly at Redeye Grill, has infused his eclectic American menu with Asian and southern accents in dishes like tamarind-barbecued pork ribs, lobster-ginger ravioli, and melted-chocolate beignet. (145 East 50th Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of inexpensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtown branch satisfies all manner of macaroni cravings, with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodka, and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami su, the house dessert. *18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypal brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Granville—This duplex restaurant, under the same ownership as Match uptown and down, offers a similarly clubby, cigar-friendly environment on the second floor, while the ground floor, done up in bordello red and gilt mirrors, is given over to a sophisticated modern Creole menu. Try the crayfish-and-white-bean salad or the jerk-crusted pork chop. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The *au courant* Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées, such as crisp cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoule vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run $14–$17. *226 Third Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. 301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872–4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Stylized diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here includes standards like burgers and open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-

Tasting Sipsters

As cigar bars and brewpubs overrun the urban landscape, the emerging nightlife phenomenon of the sake lounge presents a quasi-exotic change of pace. Previously confined to Japanese restaurants and nondescript sushi bars, the traditional celebratory rice wine shows signs of becoming the beverage world's next trendy indulgence. Like microbrews, "boutique" sakes are handcrafted and intensely regional, though not exclusively Japanese: Over the past twenty years, sake producers have opened breweries in Colorado and along the Pacific coast, claiming that Sacramento-grown rice and Rocky Mountain water equal their Nipponese counterparts. The new Sake Lounge at Mirezi, constructed in the underutilized downstairs café space, lists nineteen (including two domestic) brands, available by the three-ounce glass, the masu (a six-ounce cedar box), or the bottle, plus an intriguing Asian bar menu. *Sakana,* or sake accompaniments, like edamame (soybeans in the pod), sesame rice noodles with vegetables, sea-scallop satay, and quail tea eggs, make for a highly sophisticated alternative to beer nuts. (59 Fifth Avenue, near 13th Street.)

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Photograph by Steven Freeman.

free induction-heat table. The brick-and-stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

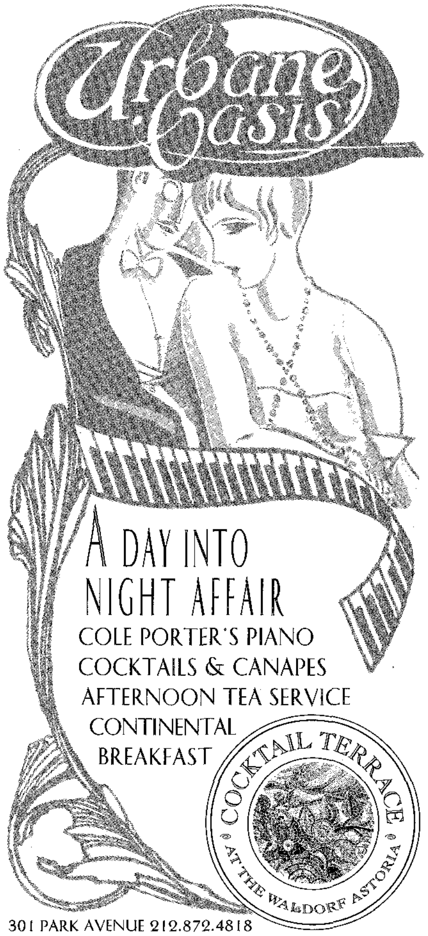
Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine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provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

August Moon—This new candlelit, serene Chinese restaurant specializes in Hunan and Cantonese cuisine. Try the homemade dumplings, steamed whole fish, or Peking duck carved tableside. *145 W. 58th St. (581-2288). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

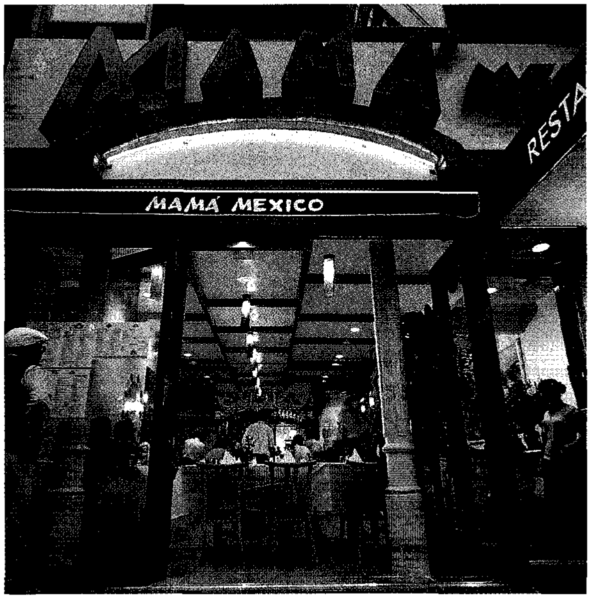
Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

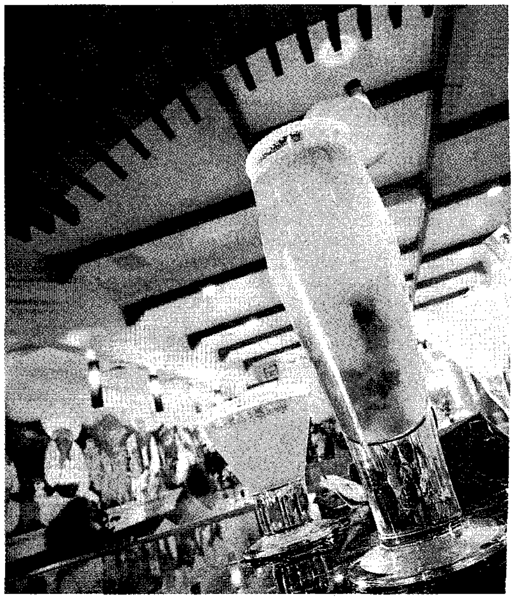
Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Opening

Mamá's Boys

Juan Rojas Campos and his brother Bernabe grew up with six brothers in a tiny Mexican village, where their mother taught them to cook. Now, with their brother-in-law, the hermanos have opened Mamá Mexico, a festive cantina with a roster of frozen margs, a colorful mural of Mexican village life, and a strolling mariachi singer. The extensive menu ranges from the traditional (nachos, burritos) to the less familiar (grilled marinated rack of lamb and red-snapper soup). (2672 Broadway, near 101st Street.)





Photographs by Warren Salowe.

Opening Steakout

Ben Benson's Outside, the steakhouse's brand-new sidewalk café, challenges the historic premise that beef-eating be relegated to cave-like, wood-paneled rooms filled with sawdust and cigar smoke. Through mid-October, a streamlined, surprisingly progressive café menu—shrimp and lobster on brioche bun, linguine with shellfish and wild mushrooms in a light pesto—will be offered on the sheltered terrace along with the regular meat-and-potatoes menu. (123 West 52nd Street.)

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Empire Szechuan Gourmet—It's hard to conceive of a variety of Asian food that isn't available at this Upper West Side standby. The menu ranges from Cantonese dim sum to Japanese sushi, and the weekday lunch specials make for bargain dining. Vegetarians have a "Taste of Zen" menu all to themselves. *2574 Broadway, nr. 97th St. (663-6004). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

nightlife

Gillespie's Big Scores...Bacharach as Art Rock

Concerts

"Back to Bacharach: Radical Jewish Culture"—Dionne Warwick may be Bacharach's officially designated songbird; Isaac Hayes may have given "Walk On By" its heaviest interpretation. But as this daylong lineup of downtown-jazz scenesters proves, there are plenty of impressive folks with something to say about Bacharach's deceptively pretty pop compositions. Saxophonist John Zorn "curates" the two-part proceedings, whose afternoon set includes performances by accordionist and Zorn sideman Guy Klucevsek, cellist Eric Friedlander, and harmonium-player Myra Melford; in the evening, catch pianist Anthony Coleman, guitarist Marc Ribot, and organ trio Medeski Martin & Wood. Of course, Bacharach's unlikely gift is to use normally off-putting devices, like tricky time and key changes, to make subtly catchy tunes even catchier. So when a bunch of difficult-listening types begin mucking around with the music, one might be tempted to wonder if they're doing anybody any favors. Such anti-intellectual hair-splitting aside, the show promises to be one of the most thought-provoking of the year. 9/14. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $17.50 per set; $25 for both.*

Blur—With this spring's *Blurring the Edges,* the London quartet proved itself one of the most talented (and, with the influence of Pavement showing itself on every other track, the most Americanized) of the recent crop of Brit-poppers. And at June's Tibetan Freedom Concert, Blur were one of the few bands able to pull off a satisfying set in the dusty, rock-unfriendly environs of Randalls Island. So imagine what they can do in a real club, with real lights and no messy political agenda to spoil the fun. 9/11 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $19.50.*

James Brown—The Godfather of Soul. The Hardest Working Man in Show Business. Soul Brother No. 1. (See box, this page.) Unofficial Soul Sister No. 1 Chaka Khan opens the show. Her early-seventies hit "Tell Me Something Good" has become a live-show staple for every New Jill swinger from Mary J. Blige to Erykah Badu. We hope the song's original owner can restore some of its raffish, gutbucket appeal. 9/14 at 3 P.M. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, at 72nd St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

"Dizzy's Big-Band Bop"—In addition to putting in horn time, Wynton Marsalis conducts the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra's season-opening survey of Gillespie's late-forties large-ensemble arrangements. Guest veterans include vibesman Milt Jackson and pianist John Lewis—both of whom actually played at Gillespie's storied 1947 Carnegie Hall debut—as well as Jon Faddis, Chucho Valdes, and Lewis Nash. 9/11–9/13 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—9/10 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Nanci Griffith—On her recent new album, *Blue Roses From the Moon,* the sweet-voiced, plainspoken folk-rocker chronicles regular folks' lives. Live, she does the same—though from a giant, rather impersonal stage on 34th Street. 9/12 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $29–$36.*

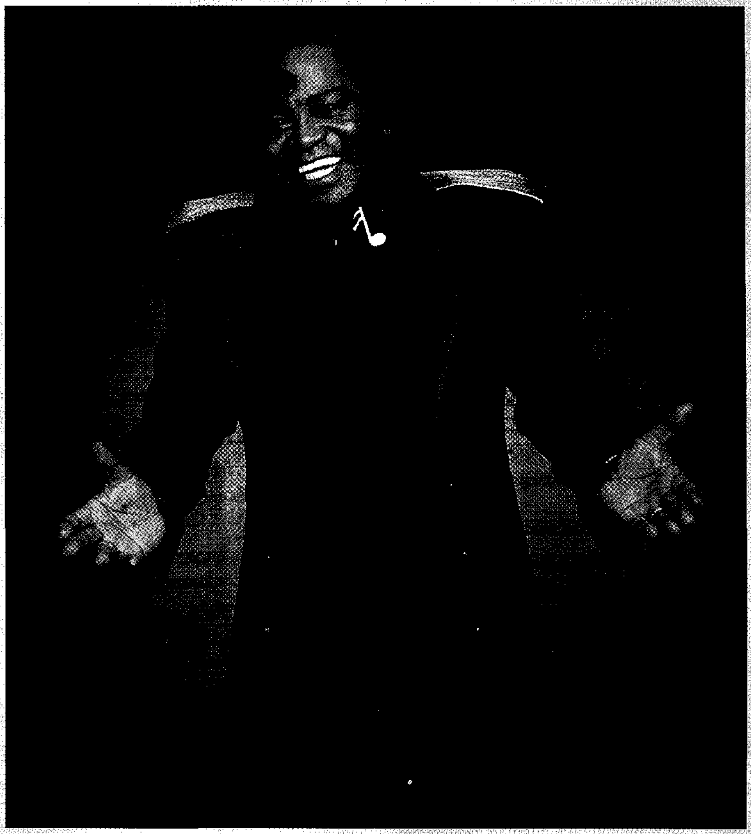
INXS—Twenty years and going strong (not counting, of course, that four-year early-nineties hiatus), the dance-rock Aussie sextet has just released *Elegantly Wasted* and apparently effected a comeback. But just as they did in their eighties heyday, Michael Hutchence and company need you tonight. 9/16 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Morrissey—Central Park (or anywhere outdoors) isn't necessarily the first place you'd look for the singularly glum ex-Smith. But here he is, plugging his new album (fittingly titled *Maladjusted*) and ex-

Talent Out of Sight

Calling James Brown's Augusta, Georgia, headquarters is a bit like taking a ride in a telephonic time-machine. "Good afternoon," responds a chipper young voice straight out of an early-sixties period piece, "the New James Brown Enterprises. Miss Thomas speaking." (In Augusta, apparently, the newfangled, feminist "Ms." craze hasn't caught on.) Things take a turn for the positively bizarre, though, when his eminence, the Godfather of Soul, is requested. "Mr. Brown," we are informed, after a lengthy session on hold listening to vintage Brown recordings, "is en route to Beirut." With more than four decades in the business (and a couple of years in a state penitentiary) under his belt, Soul Brother No. 1 might be expected to take it easy and lay off the touring. But there he is, getting in some last-minute stress training for his first New York City appearance in more than three years (September 14, SummerStage) with a warm-up gig in a war-torn Middle East city. The Godfather's performances have retained a surprisingly high energy level through the years, with classic Brown-isms such as fancy footwork, staccato shout-outs to the band, and the mid-set mock heart attack. All of which would seem to indicate that Brown is in no rush to relinquish his "Hardest Working Man in Show Business" title—or to sit still long enough for phone interviews.

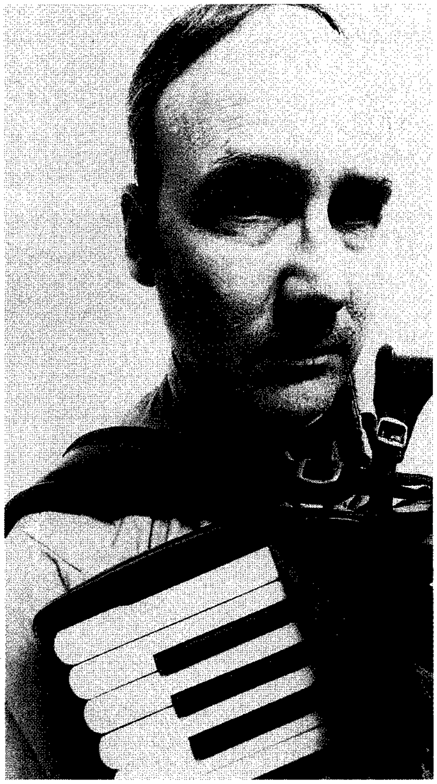
Ethan Smith



Photograph by Ken Sax/Naras/Outline.

That's What Friends Are For

The hipsters must have smirked when avant-jazz accordionist Guy Klucevsek added a twisted rendition of "This Guy's In Love With You" to his repertoire. Now he and fellow downtown stalwarts like John Zorn, Marc Ribot, and Medeski Martin & Wood explore the many facets of Burt Bacharach's *oeuvre* in a two-part program—titled, unironically, "Radical Jewish Culture: Back to Bacharach"—at Merkin Hall, September 14.



ploring nature, sorta. 9/17 at 7 P.M. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS). $25–$30.*

"Music Festival of India"—Some of the biggest names in classical Subcontinental music celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of India's independence. Performers include young tabla master Zakir Hussain, father-and-son sitar duettists Vilayat Khan and Shujaat Khan, singers Balamurali Krishna and Ajoy Chakraborty, and a slew of others. 9/13 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). Sold out.*

Pantera—Heavy metal in Converse high-tops. With Machinehead and Coal Chamber. 9/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20–$23.50.*

Ravi Shankar—Shankar's concert at Carnegie Hall last year was also the debut of his teenage daughter, Anoushka. In addition to demonstrating a distinctly un-adolescent aplomb in such a large room, the younger Shankar revealed herself to be a remarkably promising sitarist, whipping off a couple of masterful solos during the course of the show. She returns this year, hopefully even closer to stardom in her own right. Both are accompanied by tablaist Bikram Ghosh. 9/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$75.*

James Taylor and His Band—With his new album, *Hourglass*, Taylor's proven himself to be pretty much the same old James Taylor we've come to expect over the years: earnest, slightly workman-like, and generally exuding the faintly bohemian atmosphere of his beloved Martha's Vineyard. And his fans wouldn't have it any other way. 9/10–9/13 at 8 P.M. *The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. Eighth Avenue at 32nd St. (307-7171). $40.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 9/9: Mary Lee's Corvette. 9/14: Chris Moore; Brenda Kahn. 9/15: Greg Garing; the Churchills; Willie Nile. 9/16: Joy Askew. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/11: Cliff Eberhardt; Terre Roche Band. 9/12: Kenny Rankin; Dee Carstensen. 9/13: Al Kooper & the Rekooperators; Ronnie Earl & the Broadcasters. 9/15: Michele Malone. 9/15: Trilok Gurtu & the Glimpse. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 9/9: New Radiant Storm King. 9/10: Love American Style; Angry Salad. 9/12: Bailter Space. 9/16: Ilya Kuryahkin; Perry Serpa. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 9/12: The Dickies. 9/16: Nada Surf; Joey Ramone; Bush Tetras. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—Surprisingly, France—not the good ol' U.S.A.—may be heading toward second place in the electronic-music race with Britain. First, the manic, acid-tinged Daft Punk took a Fred Wesley sample and turned it into the spring's acid-house hit, "Da Funk." Now the multi-talented D.J. and producer Luke Vibert has set out to release as many albums under as many names as he possibly can in one year. His latest incarnation, Push, is about to release the peripatetic, two-CD *Drum 'n' Bass for Papa* (which, despite our best efforts to find them, reveals no traces of an Ernest Hemingway theme). See Vibert/Push adopt at least one persona, 9/11. 9/15: Ben Neill. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 9/11: Marillion. 9/12: Third Rail, a one-time-only acid-dub supergroup comprising James "Blood" Ulmer, Bill Laswell, Bernie Worrell, Jerome Brailey, and Amina Claudine Myers. 9/19: Ska-pop quintet Reel Big Fish. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 9/11: Marc Ribot's Los Cubanos; Elliott Sharp. 9/12: *Battle Sounds: A Hip-Hop D.J. Documentary*. 9/14: Bluiett Baritone Saxophone Group, with James Carter. 9/15: D.J. Soul Slinger. 9/16: Enja Records' 25th Anniversary Celebration. James Emery Quartet; Bobby Previte's Latin for Travelers. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 9/10: Chris Cain. 9/11: Jimmy Johnson. 9/12: The Water Street Blues Band. 9/13: Tom Principato. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 9/9: Grand Mal. 9/11: Blue Mountain. 9/12–9/13: The Mekons. 9/15–9/16: Lucinda Williams; Chip Taylor. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/9: Culture, featuring Joseph Hill. 9/10: The Klezmatics. 9/12: Sandra St. Victor; Phajjia; Boukman Eksperyans. 9/13: Samba Novo; Manhattan Samba Group. 9/15: Orquestra Aragon. 9/16: Michael Rose. 9/17: Eek-a-Mouse. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—Luna's new CD, *Pup Tent,* wrests fresh meaning from the same Velvet Underground chord changes the New York foursome's been working for five years. Which isn't to say the album isn't as beautiful as its David Levinthal cover photograph. Hear old songs, the new songs, and the new-old songs, 9/11. 9/12: Beat Positive. 9/13: The Flying Neutrinos. 9/15: 10,000 Maniacs. 9/18: L7. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—Memphis's premier indie-blues-soulsters, the Grifters, gave themselves a lively kick in the pants for their new album, *Full Blown Possession,* adding "Boogie Oogie Oogie" synths to their trademark gritty Southern Gothic sound. Come share the magic of the band's newfound identity, 9/17. 9/10: Steel Pulse. 9/13: Naughty By Nature. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest. 9/11: Rhythm Nation. 9/12–9/13: Blues Jumpers. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30–7:30. 9/9–9/10: Randy Brecker, with the Rosenthal Trio. 9/11–9/13: Mark Murphy. 9/14: Victor Jones. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/9–9/14: Drum legend Elvin Jones celebrates his septuagenary with special guests. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 9/9–9/14: Billy Taylor Trio, with special guests Jon Hendricks (Tues.), Roy Hargrove (Wed.), David "Fathead" Newman (Thur.), Slide Hampton (Fri.), and Frank Weiss (Sat.). Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Redeye Grill—The sprawling, airy, midtown eatery is an unlikely jazz venue, but there it is: Five nights a week, right across from Carnegie Hall, get down to the sounds of "Jazz into the Wee Hours of the Night." 9/9: The Carl Berry Quartet. 9/10: The Peggy Cone Quartet. 9/11: Cynthia Scott Quartet. 9/12–9/13: The Bobby Sanabria Trio. 9/16: Ron Affif Trio. 9/17: Mark Elf Trio. *890 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday,

Photograph by Steve Speliotis.

the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 9/11: Joe Magnarelli Sextet. 9/12–9/13: Peter Zal Quartet, featuring Jimmy Cobb. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 9/9–9/14: Andy Bey Trio. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 9/14: Tommy Flanagan leads his marvelous trio. 9/16–9/21: Paul Motian, Joe Lovano, and Bill Frisell. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday in June, Stephanie Nakasian and Hod O'Brian. 9/8–9/13: Roy Meriwether, Melissa Slocum, and David Meade. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square, just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 9/11–9/14: Mario Cantone. 9/17: Dr. Dre and Ed Lover's "Phat Comedy." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Wednesday night's "This Is Not a Test" broadcasts live on the Web. Ill-advised as it sounds, this marriage of high-tech and high jinks is novel, fresh, and entertaining—thanks in large degree to its ratio of cost (free) to talent (Janeane Garafolo, Conan O'Brien, Jon Stewart). Thursday's "The Loft" features a rotating cast of fresh-faced young comics, while Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 9/8–9/14: Colin Quinn; Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/8–9/14: Richie Byrne; Jerry Diner; Jim Norton. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

f-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, and *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem. No cover; no minimum. *28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 9/12–9/13: John Bush; Matt Graham; Rock Ruben; Todd Barry. 9/16: Musical satirist John Forster. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—9/9–9/27: Julie Budd delivers clear, perfect treatments of standards in her one-woman show, "Pure Imagination." Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Beginning 9/16, Barbara Cook pays homage to Harold Prince and sings "Send In the Clowns," "All I Ask of You," and others. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, 35 E. 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 9/16–10/11: Amanda McBroom. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Barcode—A dark, appealingly divey Alphabet City outpost, with a fine early-rock and country jukebox, a gaggle of Pratt students huddled over their pints of Bass, and bartenders who breathe fire (literally) nightly. The best free nighttime entertainment in the city. *100 Ave. C, at 9th St. (no phone).*

Vermouth—A daunting two dozen varieties of martini (including chocolate, vanilla, and any number of other questionable concoctions) ensure that the worst of the neighborhood's sexual-predator barflies stay down the block at a sports bar—making plenty of room for genuine yuppies and pro athletes to gladhand, backslap, and stogie-suck. *355 Amsterdam Ave., at 77th St. (724-3600).*

Performance
Dizzy Does It

Wynton Marsalis emcees the inaugural dates of Jazz at Lincoln Center's ambitious 1997–1998 season: the three-night 'Dizzy's Big-Band Bop,' in which onetime Gillespie sidemen Milt Jackson and John Lewis join the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra to re-create Diz's underrecorded large-ensemble performances. Alice Tully Hall, September 11–13.

Photograph by Frank Stewart.

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Gravity...Strings

Children's Events

Under Pressure—Ten lucky amateur contestants get to flaunt their skills and strike it rich by hitting half-court shots on a regulation hoop for prizes totaling $184,000. The 92nd St. Y's fourth annual cultural festival is a mammoth thirteen-block street fair giving the public a chance to learn martial arts, make jewelry, and just find out what really goes on all year at the Y. The fair is filled with raffles, storytelling, music, dance, and other events for all ages. 9/14, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., Lexington Ave. between 80th and 93rd Streets. The basketball shoot-out is 4 P.M., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). The following day, the Y opens *From Home to Home,* an interactive exhibit about the immigration experience, 9/15–12/15, Mon.–Fri. 10 A.M.–5:30 P.M., Sun. 11 A.M.–3 P.M. **92ND ST. Y,** 1395 Lexington Ave. (call 415-5600 in advance to confirm schedule).●●

Three Wishes—Director Nicolas Coppola presents a marionette adaptation of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp* accompanied by Khachaturian's *Gayane* ballet, flying carpets, and a "live" genie. Saturdays through 12/20, Sundays through 9/28 and 11/23–12/21, performances at 12:30 and 2:30 P.M. **THE PUPPETWORKS, INC.,** 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn; $5 children, $7 adults. Reservations required (718-965-3391).

Keep the Doctor Away—Droves of orchards are secreted in the historic Hudson Valley, with fruit—several varieties of apples and raspberries—ready now for picking. Find a gift for the new homeroom teacher (with or without worm), or make your own fruit salad. Through 10/31, **MONTGOMERY PLACE ORCHARD** (call 914-758-6338 for details).

Time Travel—Modernity is mixed in liberally with Ye Olde at the "20th Annual New York Renaissance Faire," where kids can play Myst and King's Quest on CD-ROMs or meet Mattel's medieval Barbie. Ogling the improvised chain-mail attire, along with consuming Renaissance-inspired junk food and shouting sixteenth-century encouragement at the Mud Pit Show, is part of the fun. Through 9/14, **STERLING FOREST,** Tuxedo, N.Y. (914-351-5171). Tickets are $15, $13 seniors, $6 children 3–12.●

Ahoy Matey!—Trap doors, giant puppets, and smoke machines are just a few of the items invading a playground near you in *Pirates,* the latest slightly subversive street-theater production from **THEATER FOR THE NEW CITY.** 9/13, 2 P.M. at Tompkins Square Park, at E. 7th St. and Ave. A. 9/14, 2 P.M. at Washington Square Park. (For additional info., call the theater at 254-1109.)●●

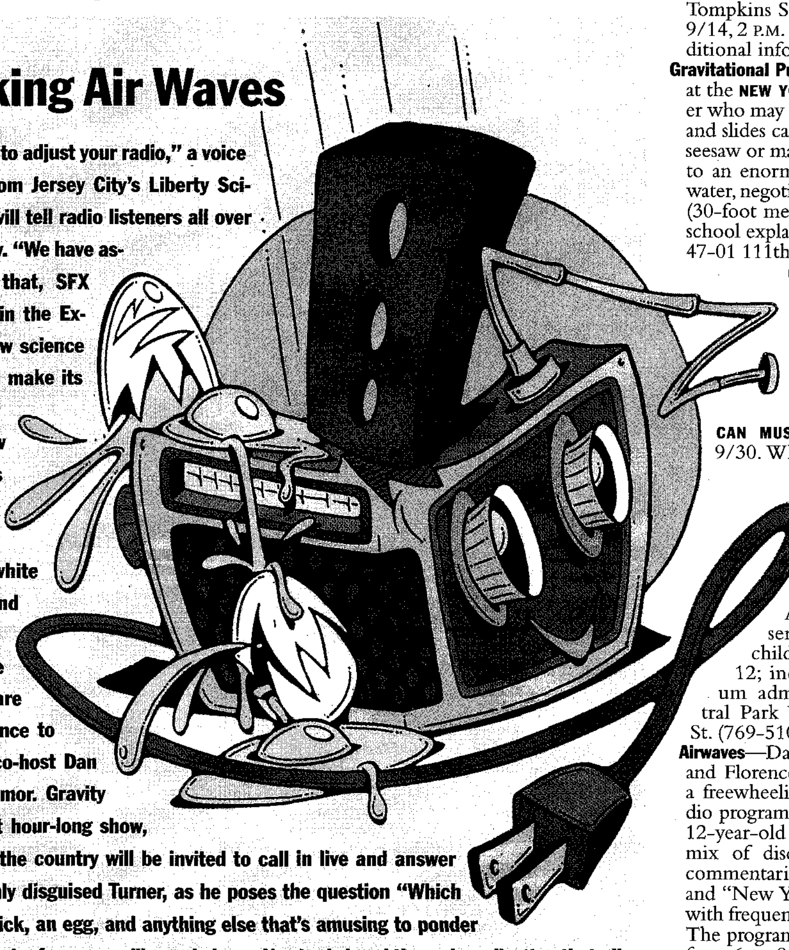
Gravitational Pull—At the new Science Playground at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** kids 6 and older who may have grown weary of the local swings and slides can jump (all together now) on a giant seesaw or make a water tornado in what amounts to an enormous physics lab, navigate streams of water, negotiate a 3-D spiderweb, and make waves (30-foot metal ones). Don't worry, adults: High-school explainers are on-site to answer questions. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Admission is $6, $4 children and seniors.

***The Lost World* Deconstructed**—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie and astounding new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30. While you're there, visit the seals and penguins on the four-story screen in the new IMAX film *Survival Island,* shown daily at 11, 1, 3, and 5, and on Fri. and Sat. at 6 and 7:30, as a double feature with the star-studded *Cosmic Voyage.* For IMAX info, call 769-5034. Admission is $12, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2 to 12; includes museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

Airwaves—David Gonzalez and Florence Barrau host a freewheeling call-in radio program for the 8-to-12-year-old set that's a mix of discussion, kids' commentaries, reviews, and "New York factoids," with frequent adult guests. The program airs Sundays from 6 to 8 P.M. on **WNYC FM,** 93.9.●

Shipshape—Second Annual New York In-Water Boat Show. 9/11–9/14. Thurs.–Fri. 1 P.M. to 9 P.M., Sat.–Sun. 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. **CHELSEA PIERS,** 23rd St. and the Hudson River. $8, free for children under 12 with adult. (336-7873).●●

The Ticket
Making Air Waves



'Do not attempt to adjust your radio," a voice emanating from Jersey City's Liberty Science Center will tell radio listeners all over the country this Saturday. "We have assumed control." With that, SFX (short for Science Fun in the Extreme), an irreverent new science radio show for kids, will make its debut on Aahs World Radio. "We want to show kids that science is about real stuff that interests them—not just a bunch of guys in white coats with beakers and test tubes," says co-host Becky Ndosi, whose hard scientific facts are the perfect counterbalance to Aahs regular and SFX co-host Dan Turner's outer-ozone humor. Gravity is the theme of the first hour-long show, when kids from around the country will be invited to call in live and answer "Suede Johnson," a thinly disguised Turner, as he poses the question "Which falls faster?" about a brick, an egg, and anything else that's amusing to ponder falling from on high. Ndosi, of course, will supply Isaac Newton's breakthrough realization that all things fall at the same speed, but not before the program has played with the question in ways kids are likely to remember. On "Gross Theater" segments—short *Masterpiece Theatre* parodies with decorous classical music and an Alistair Cooke–ish English-accented host—kids will get detailed scientific explanations of all things icky. "You know, they get the lowdown on boogers, gas, acne, saliva," Turner says with obvious glee, "and all that other stuff their mother doesn't want them to talk about." Saturdays at 1 P.M. WJDM, 1660 AM.

BARBARA ENSOR

Illustration by Steven Cerio.

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Sports
Movies

Matthew Fenton
Online

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

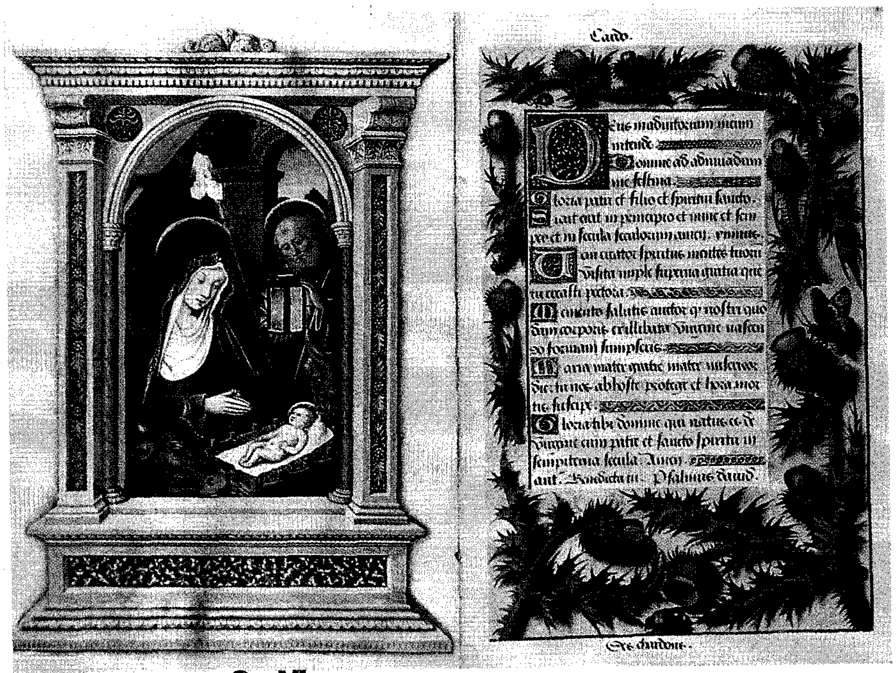
Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

the mix

Wordrobe...Medieval Bestseller



On View

The Dark Pages

Best-sellers in an age (the mid-thirteenth through mid-sixteenth centuries) when divine intervention was much preferred to self-help, "Books of Hours" have the further distinction of being surpassingly beautiful examples of illuminating and binding. With "Medieval Bestseller," the Morgan Library devotes the entire season to these illustrated prayer books; the exhibition is bolstered by a great series of related lectures and workshops. September 17 through January 4, 1998.

Radio Highlights

New York and Company—9/9: Jonathan Coleman on *Long Way to Go;* Aryeh Lev Stollman on *The Far Euphrates;* Barbara Fishkin on *Muddy Cup;* Michael Uys and Lexy Lovell on their documentary of those who "hit the road" in the thirties. 9/10: Grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper on the trouble with English; Edmund White on *The Farewell Symphony;* celebrated satirist Vilayat Khan. 9/11: Journalist John Hess on what's wrong with the world at large; David Murphey and Sergei Kondrashev discuss their book *Battleground Berlin: The CIA vs. KGB in the Cold War;* Ira Levin on his new novel, *Son of Rosemary;* Carol Schacter on the dedication of the new Dvorak statue in Stuyvesant Square Park. 9/12: The great Studs Turkel reviews *My American Century;* John Jiler on his book *Sleeping With the Mayor: A True Story of "Kochville";* Open phones. Weekdays, noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—9/13 at 10 P.M.: Savio L. C. Woo, Ph.D., and Dr. Isabelle Germano discuss the effects of gene therapy when treating brain tumors; Bonnie Burnham, president of the World Monuments Fund, talks about the 100 most endangered sites; former captain of the U.S. Davis Cup Team Gene Scott and tennis observer Linton Baldwin discuss this year's U.S. Open. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

A Lifetime in the Making—9/10 at 8 P.M.: Melanie Thernstrom reads from *Halfway Heaven,* Toi Derricotte reads from *The Black Notebooks,* and Susan Thames reads from *I'll Be Home Late Tonight.* The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South, at 20th St. (475-3424); jacket required.

James Salter—9/15 at 7:30 P.M.: The PEN/Faulkner Award–winning author reads from his brilliant memoir, *Burning the Days: Recollection.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Joyce Carol Oates—9/16 at 7 P.M.: The renowned author will read from and sign copies of her new novel *Man Crazy,* as well as sign her highly acclaimed 1996 work *We Were the Mulvaneys.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Gini Alhadeff—9/16 at 6:30 P.M.: Join the author of *The Sun at Midday* for a reading and book-signing at the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3211).

Carmen Valle—9/18 at 6:30 P.M.: The poet will read from her own work and join others in a reading of such celebrated Spanish-speaking poets as García Lorca, Neruda, Borinsky, Ochart, and others in both Spanish and English, to benefit Housing Works. Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324).

Lectures and Panels

Michael Walzer—9/9 at 7:30 P.M.: Princeton professor discusses group differences and pluralism in his current book *On Toleration.* Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St., at Union Square (253-0810).

Edward Sullivan—9/10 at 6 P.M.: The NYU professor lectures on *Nahum Zenil and the Politics of the Body* in conjunction with an exhibition of the Mexican artist's work at the Grey Art Gallery. Followed by a conversation with the artist. 100 Washington Square East, Room 300 (998-3650).

The Poetry Center Writing Program—9/10 at 7 P.M.: Meet the faculty and learn about the wide range of workshops and tutorials offered at the 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760).

Masao Yokomizo—9/15 from noon to 2 P.M.: During this corporate luncheon, the president of Nikko Research Center will give a candid assessment of Japan's overall economic performance. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (715-1244); $55 for nonmembers, $45 for members.

Kohdo: Appreciation Workshops and Games—9/16: Masataka Hata and Kiyoshi Ota will conduct three interactive workshops on this treasured Japanese tradition and Buddhist ritual. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (715-1210); $20 for nonmembers, $15 for members.

Tours

Ghostly Greenwich Village—9/13 and 9/20 at 6 P.M.: Visit the haunts of some of our favorite departed New Yorkers, along with sites of public executions, the cursed Twain house, graveyards, and more. Spooky! Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (969-8262); $10.

Chelsea: The New Frontier—9/13 at 4 P.M.: This walk explores the recent development of New York's newest gallery district while investigating how artists and their environs energize each other (534-1672, ext. 206); $9; call for reservations and meeting place.

Events

New York Armory Antiques Show—9/17–9/21: This first major antiques show of the season opens with a wide spectrum of pieces dating as far back as 5,000 years and ranging from Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, and Pre-Colombian to seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture. Also on sale is an extensive collection of Oriental rugs, paintings, prints, maps, rare books, brass, glass, as well as textiles, needlepoint, and tapestries. At the Seventh Regiment

Photograph: this page, by David A. Loggie courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library; opposite page, courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Armory, Park Avenue at 67th St. Call for times (472-1180 or 0590); $10.

Brainstorming Forum and Reception—9/15: Brainstorm and drink wine with the Municipal Art Society Fellows, a volunteer group of professionals dedicated to making New York a more livable city. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960);$5.

Exhibitions

A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, located in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Online

Who Died Today—Have you ever found yourself asking that question just as you get out of bed in the morning? Now you can consult the Obituary Page, which supplies a daily compendium of the celebrated and obscure who bit the dust on each day of the year. The lists are organized by discipline (movies, music, science, sports, politics, etc.) and are supplemented by a rather anemic list of death hoaxes and a rather extensive list of death links (dead celebrities, dead adult-film stars, dead rock stars—you get the picture). *http://catless.ncl. ac.uk/obituary/readme.html*

Cutting Edge—For a sample of music that's literally off the charts, set your browser for the Delivery Room, a clearinghouse for unsigned bands and new acts being promoted by small, independent labels. You can pick from an archive of more than 100 collections, playlists included, that can be downloaded and played (using Real Audio), or contribute your own basement tapes (via upload, or by submitting a tape through the mail. *www.metaverse.com/droom*

Doing Good, Virtually—At the Interactivism site, you can pitch in for a variety of noble causes, such as stopping NASA from lofting plutonium into space, securing free television commercials to level the electoral playing field, and "getting dangerous handguns off our streets" (as opposed to the undangerous kind?), without ever leaving your computer keyboard. This seems to consist mainly of sending automated faxes to the concerned evildoers, which (like chicken soup) couldn't hurt and might help. If you're looking for a more substantive way to make a difference, there are links to advocacy groups working on each of these issues, which need your time and money. *www.interactivism.com*

Couldn't Be Much Worse Than the Real One—A funky, if uneven, Web magazine that calls itself *George Jr.* serves up monthly doses of contrarian wit (typical discussion point: If Oskar Schindler could save 1,100 Jews from the Nazis by selling his car, imagine how many more the Pope could have saved by hocking the Vatican art collection) and iconoclastic style. *www.georgejr.com*

Dixie Club—On the face of it, the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club's site might not sound very interesting to New Yorkers. But this is the best of the home pages published by the various trail and hiking organizations, and it contains scads of information about fall touring along the East Coast's premier mountain walking route, much of it useful even to people who plan to hike the northern sections of the trail. Worth a look. *www.patc.simplenet.com*

For the Thief in You—If you've ever wanted to steal a car, browse here for a virtual-reality simulation of what it's like to get through locks, an alarm system, and the ignition quickly enough to avoid being snagged by the cops. All of which is sponsored by a manufacturer of auto security devices, strangely enough. *www.autoprotect.com*

Sports

Baseball—**YANKEES:** The Yankee Channel has served up one soap opera after another this season, the most notable perhaps being "The Courtship of Hideki's Fastball," which concluded joyfully with a love-struck Boss, played by George Steinbrenner, employing the strengths of his many millions to win over his foreign-born flame (thrower), Hideki Irabu. But in a spin-off airing last week, the love affair officially came to an end when the pitcher from the land of the rising fastball got rocked by the worst team in the majors, the Phillies. After witnessing the drubbing firsthand, the embittered Boss memorably cast off his allegiance: "I've got about seven dozen Hideki Irabu T-shirts I am giving to the Little Sisters of the Blind." By the time you read this, Irabu will be in reruns in the bullpen and the Yanks will be attempting a Sweeps Week against Baltimore: eight games in ten days versus the division leaders. Yanks return home 9/15. 9/9–10: at Boston at 7:05 both nights (MSG); 9/11–14: at Baltimore at 7:35 P.M. (MSG); 7:35 P.M. (MSG); 1:35 P.M. (FOX); 8:05 P.M. (ESPN). **METS:** Just when you're ready to admit the Mets aren't as good as they've been pretending to be, they do what they did last week: win two out of three in Baltimore and then beat both last year's A.L. Cy Young winner, Pat Hentgen, and this year's probable winner, Roger Clemens. The Amazins scored more runs against the Rocket than any other team had managed this year and handed him just his fifth loss against twenty victories. The way the Marlins are playing these days, it's probably too late for the Mets to catch them for the wild-card spot, but we'll know their chances for sure after their second-to-last home stand of the season, starting 9/8 against Philadelphia. And kids, don't forget: Sunday the fourteenth is "School Binder Day" at Shea. 9/8–10: vs. Philadelphia at 7:40 P.M. (Sportschannel) all three nights; 9/11–14: vs. Montreal at 7:40 P.M. (WWOR); at 7:40 P.M. (WWOR); at 4:10 P.M. (Sportschannel); at 1:40 P.M. (WWOR).

Football—The reaction to both the Jets' and the Giants' impressive first-game wins may have been cautious optimism on the part of both fans and sportswriters, but no one seems able to resist using the sentence "Football is back in New York," the kind of ironic statement that occurs regularly when a city's two home teams play in another state. We would say the real test is yet to come for the Giants, except they've got the third-easiest schedule in the league, so playoffs may, in fact, be a realistic hope. As for the Jets, whose relationship with losing has been so obscenely intimate you have to cover the children's eyes when they play, we'll believe the Tuna is the Second Coming of Weeb Ewbank when ticker tape rains down on the streets of East Rutherford in January. And speaking of raining down, expect the odd tuna can winging toward the visitors' bench this Sunday when Parcells makes his first return to Foxboro since bailing out—then bailing out on—the Patriots. 9/14: Giants vs. Baltimore at 1 P.M. (NBC); Jets at New England at 8 P.M. (TNT).

On View

Read My Clothes

Richard Martin, the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, known for his clever, densely packed writing style, calls his latest exhibition "Wordrobe," the pun glowing in winking neon light at the entrance. On view September 9 through November 23, the show is an investigation of the use of letters, words, numbers, and printed messages in the clothes of the twentieth century. These uses are ingeniously various; the examples—many given or lent to the museum by Martin himself—range from haute couture to from-the-street funky.

The art of calligraphy having proven that letters and numbers are as decorative as they are functional, it's inevitable, Martin suggests, that they should stray from paper to ornament clothes. And *ornament* is the operative word here; the actual use of text rarely goes further than surface decoration. "This is not a show about form or even silhouette," Martin concedes. Historically, however, "readable" clothing does affirm the human impulse, as old as tattooing, to emblazon the body with declarations of rebellion or affiliation, to affix slogan to skin.

The most obvious manifestations of this impulse: a gown imprinted with an enlarged eye chart, a paper dress imprinted with Campbell's soup cans, and tacky beach culottes declaring HOW GOOD IT IS—a slogan for Winston cigarettes (thank you, Duchamp, Warhol, and Madison Avenue). More subtle in its implications, and the most beautiful item in the show, is an anonymous French couture dress of the twenties, the fine black lace of which rejects conventional abstract patterning in favor of an "Alphabet Soup." The fact that you must get close up to see this peculiar charm is, of course, central to the garment's seductive force. Martin found the dress at an Armory show a few years ago and had to have it.

TOBI TOBIAS

Campbell's
SOUP

Happening **Random House is uncharacteristically late with its upcoming caucus on "Memoirs" (which never deserved to be an issue in the first place; as Tobias Wolff has pointed out, memoirs—plentiful as they are—differ not at all from other books in that they are of two kinds: good and bad); still, a panel discussion need not be urgent or even edifying to be entertaining, and for his September 16 literary breakfast at Fred's, host Harold Evans has assembled a group that anyone would want to keep company with: Isabella Rossellini, Pete Hamill, James Salter, Rosemary Bray, Nathan McCall, and Susan Cheever. (Call 940-7480 to reserve a seat.)**

Soccer—The next time your kid comes up to you and asks, "Dad, whatever happened to the MetroStars?," you tell 'em the home team is alive and um . . . alive, thank you very much. Sure, the M-Stars are drawing only 5,000 more fans a game than the Liberty despite playing in a stadium with three times the seating of the Garden, and they are in last place with roughly Ruth Messinger's chance in a mayoral race of making the playoffs, but hey, how 'bout that snazzy logo! 9/9: MetroStars vs. New England (MSG); 9/12: MetroStars at Kansas City (MSG).

The Making of . . . SportsCenter—9/10; 7 P.M.: Anyone who can't go to bed without getting their nightly fix of the witty sports-talking heads on ESPN's SportsCenter will want to check out this special "seminar," hosted by the Museum of Television and Radio. Producers, editors, and anchors will be on hand to take the audience through the nitty-gritty of a typical workday at the show. 25 W. 52nd St.; $10, $8 for members; call 621-6600 or Ticketmaster for tickets.

NHL Breakout '97—9/13–14: Although the name sounds like a powerful acne medicine, the event should be a lot of fun. The grassroots street- and roller-hockey tournament, hosted by the National Hockey League, will feature hundreds of local hockey players as they do battle in inflatable Coolair rinks. Others can demo in-line skates, have their slapshots clocked by radar gun, and meet members of the New York Rangers. Rye Playland. Free except for tournament play. Call 465-6685 for information.

Race for the Cure—9/14; 9 A.M.: Around 15,000 people are expected to turn out for the seventh annual New York Race for the Cure, which raises hundreds of thousands of dollars to benefit breast-cancer research and health programs. One of the largest all-woman runs in the country, the New York race will this year include a new feature called Three Miles of Men, which will organize husbands, fathers, brothers, and other male supporters along the race course, led by NBC's Al Roker. Race applications can be picked up at health clubs and retail outlets throughout the tristate area. Call 293-CURE for information or to volunteer.

BRIAN FARNHAM

Rubenstein

continued from page 69

mesclun salad with a strong saffron-and-black-olive vinaigrette is a rare instance of mixed greens not tasting like penance.

From her pictures, I guess you could imagine Ms. Stein tearing into the duet of beef, a gutsy, spirited combo of tender, wonderfully peppery hanger steak and two short ribs worthy of *Tom Jones*'s banquet table. Or perhaps a thick, pale-pink veal chop with a super ménage of caramelized fennel, grapes, and chorizo. Sautéed skate is sweet and tender, too, but the squid-ink vinaigrette is all windup and no pitch. Black risotto with seafood is only at lunch, and that's a shame; Irish char in a modified bouillabaisse is only at dinner, and that's not fair; but seared codfish in a peridot-clear herb broth can be had all the time, and that's very nice.

Mission figs with licorice ice cream? Prune ice cream? Dessert DMZ again? Surprise—the former is a zippy, who'd-a-thunk-it combination. The latter is far more gentle than it sounds and awakens a lazy sugared brioche. Strawberry-and-rhubarb crumble winds up all over your face, and though armagnac-soaked *baba Gascogne* cake is too heady and wet to pair with caramelized peaches and apricots, warm flourless chocolate cake is not the yet-again you expect.

RESTAURANTS

There are so many restaurants around these days obsessed with making a spectacle that a low-pressure, stay-put experience like Gertrude's winds up more energizing than anachronistic. Leaving so refreshed, you may feel inspired to walk up Madison for a spot of window shopping. On your way past the glinting Waterford crystal, the sparkling Armani gowns, and the cracking-crisp Pratesi sheets, don't forget to peek into Le Bilboquet. You're sure to see someone waving frantically with one hand and pointing to his coffee cup with the other. This neighborhood is so alive, ain't it? Hey, Gertrude, welcome to it.

Gertrude's, 33 East 61st Street (888-9127). Seven days a week; lunch, noon–3 P.M.; dinner, 6–11 P.M. Appetizers are $8 to $16; entrées, $22 to $29. A.E., M.C., V.

IS THERE ANYONE IN ANY NEIGHBORHOOD on this island still unaware of the rhapsodic baking talents of Sarabeth Levine? Of the chocoholics out there who pray on Valentine's Day for a box of her no-nut brownies instead of rubies (okay, maybe one ruby)? Of her chocolate-chip cookie? *The* chocolate-chip cookie. The lemon squares, the apple turnovers, the date bars and cookies, scones, pies, all devastating temptations that blow away willpower as if it were confectioners' sugar.

Thanks to Levine's enchanted baking pans, densely rich preserves, and pumpkin waffles, there is hardly a young mommy in overalls on either side of the park who does not wheel her Peg Perego stroller into **Sarabeth's** for breakfast and/or lunch at least once a week (she's got places on Madison Avenue near 92nd Street and Amsterdam at 80th Street; her operation at the Whitney attracts a different clientele). There are days when Sarabeth's resembles a day-care center.

At night, however, the crowd at this handsome bed-and-breakfast-in-the-Berkshires dining room looks more like a turnout for a Joyce Carol Oates reading at the 92nd Street Y on a drizzly Monday in February. The room is barely populated, often by people who linger over coffee longer than it takes Juan Valdez to load up the burros. Somewhere along the way, you folks got the idea Sarabeth can't cook an evening meal.

Boy, are you guys more off-base than anyone standing in line to buy a disk of Mrs. Field's oatmeal-raisin glop. You think someone who makes extraordinary Plum Loco preserves can't fashion a hearty, rich crab cake or a plate of sliced salmon sushied with mint and lime that practically floats lighter than her pumpkin waffles? You doubt the creator of Four Flowers juice can figure out how to make a superb squash soup with a smash of ginger (though her famous velvety cream-of-tomato soup is too thick and coating)? Then fine, miss out on longboat mussels in a saffron-ginger sauce that widens your pupils, or a grilled leg of lamb as good as your favorite chop house's. Go to one of those brick-pizza-ovened pastatoriums and scorn a heady rush of woodland mushrooms bathed in truffle oil, or a tuna so good, you'll think she's a local fisherman. The gulf shrimp are irresistible, but perhaps no match for that 400th order of squid-ink pasta. And, of course, who has better desserts? Banana-cream pie, incredible ginger-pecan tart, chocolate-mousse cake as good as those brownies, and fruit pies that should only be avoided if your washboard abs are what you hold dearest in the world.

Sarabeth's is right up the street from me. So if you folks, especially you East Siders, don't take a hint, it's your loss. Have another salad tricolore on me.

Sarabeth's, 1295 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street (410-7334); and 423 Amsterdam Avenue, at 80th Street (496-6280). Monday through Friday, breakfast served all day from 8 A.M.; lunch, 11:30 A.M.–3:30 P.M.; dinner, 5:30–10:30 P.M. Saturday and Sunday, brunch 9 A.M.–4 P.M.; dinner, 5:30–10:30 P.M. Appetizers are $6.50–$11; entrées, $19–$25. A.E., M.C., V., and D.C. ■

Photograph by Marion Ettlinger/Outline.

in concert

First Week at the New York City Opera

Classical Music

Thursday, September 11

Bargemusic—Trio performances of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $23.*

Noonday Concerts—The young Amerigo Ensemble performs Ligeti, Piazzolla, d'Rivera, and Rosales. *Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl., at Broadway (602-0873), at 1 P.M.; free.*

Andy Irvine, Singer-Songwriter—Performs folk and traditional Irish music. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318), at 8; $15.*

Saturday, September 13

Dvořák Monument Dedication—Josef Suk, violin, performs his great-grandfather's works with the Guarneri String Quartet and the Harmonie Ensemble; Steve Richman, conductor. St. George's Church, East 16th St. and Rutherford Pl. (206-1450), at 5; free.

Music Festival of India—Performances by classical musicians and dancers, including sitar player Vilayat Kahn, in commemoration of the country's fiftieth anniversary of independence. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $20–$200.*

Sunday, September 14

Brahms on Broadway—Works by the Viennese classicist. *Trinity Church, 74 Trinity Pl., at Broadway (602-0873), at 1 P.M.; free.*

Queens Symphony Orchestra—Performs Shui-Long and Mahler. *Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing, at the corner of the LIE and Kissena Blvd. (718-786-8880), at 2; $17–$27.*

Adria Sternstein, Flute—Performs works by Telemann and Tchaikovsky, to benefit the Episcopal church's soup kitchen. *St. Ignatius of Antioch Church, West End Ave. and 87th St. (865-9784); $10.*

Chamber Music in the Chapel—Early-music group La Folia performs Turini, Telemann, and Vivaldi. *St. Patrick's Cathedral, 460 Madison Ave., at 50th St. (753-2261), at 12:30; free.*

Bargemusic—See 9/11, at 4.

Monday, September 15

Tokyo Pops—Performs new compositions by its artistic director, Katsuhisa Hattori. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $5–$50.*

Opera

New York City Opera—Their season begins with Verdi's *Macbeth,* featuring Lauren Flanigan and Mark Delavan, 9/11 at 6:30 and 9/14 at 1:30; Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri,* with Phyllis Pancella, 9/12 at 8; Mozart's *Magic Flute,* with Amy Burton and Sanford Sylvan, 9/13 at 1:30 and 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world begins its fiftieth season with a bilingual version of Verdi's *Falstaff;* Anthony Amato, conductor. 9/13 at 8 and 9/14 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $40 for 9/13, $20 for 9/14.*

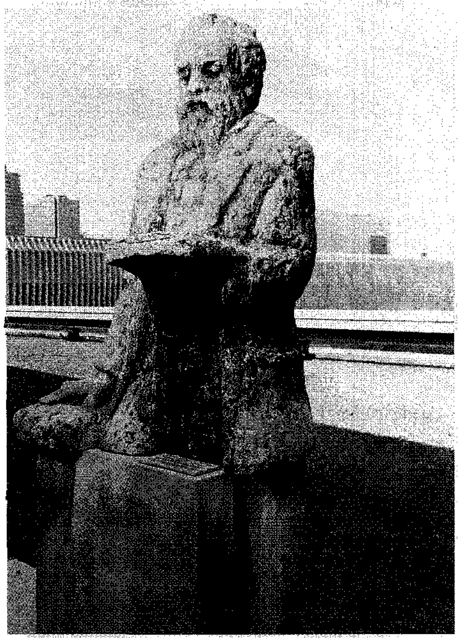
Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Dance Now—Beginning September 11, the Downtown Arts Festival (formerly the SoHo Arts Festival) presents two weeks of dance, including the Marathon Series, in which 60 dance companies—among them Cortez & Co. and Neo Labos—perform on each hour. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (431-9233), call for times; most performances $10.*

Previews

Dvořák's Back



Which musician used phrases from "Yankee Doodle" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" in his compositions? Wrote a cantata for the American flag? Offered to write a new national anthem for the U.S.? If you chose Irving Berlin, you guessed wrong. It's Antonín Dvořák, the nineteenth-century Czech composer who directed the country's first music conservatory—he famously championed letting in women and black students—and composed arguably the finest orchestral piece written in America, the *New World Symphony,* as influenced by his Bohemianism as it is by plantation songs and Negro spirituals. All this happened while he was living in a little brick row house at 17th Street and Second Avenue for a few years in the 1890s. But you can't visit that house anymore—the City Council gave Beth Israel permission to tear it down in the summer of 1991. "Thank god I wasn't in town," says Steven Richman, New York's Harmonie Ensemble artistic director and founding member of the Dvořák American Heritage Association. "Because I would've chained myself to the door. Lain down in front of the house. It was just so physically sickening." Insult to injury, then, when Richman discovered that a likeness of his main man was languishing on the roof of Avery Fisher Hall—and had been for 32 years. "You couldn't see the statue from the street," says Richman. "Except if you stood on your tiptoes on the northeast corner of 68th Street and Broadway. Then you could see the top of his head." This was not satisfactory. Richman campaigned for several years to get the thing off the roof—harassing bureaucrats, raising $100,000 from contributions of $25 or $50 apiece and several benefit concerts—and reinstate it in Stuyvesant Square Park, right around the corner from Dvořák's former home. And on September 13, just declared Dvořák Day, Richman and other boosters—including the mayor of Prague, the ambassador to Czechoslovakia, and the preeminent violinist Josef Suk, Dvořák's great-grandson—will finally dedicate the statue, followed by a performance at St. George's Church of most of the works Dvořák composed in New York. It's some consolation. "I'd go down to Stuy Park every once in a while, sure," says Richman. "Every time Dvořák would get nervous the day before a concert, he'd walk around that park a few times. I like to think of him doing that."

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Lisa Clifford.

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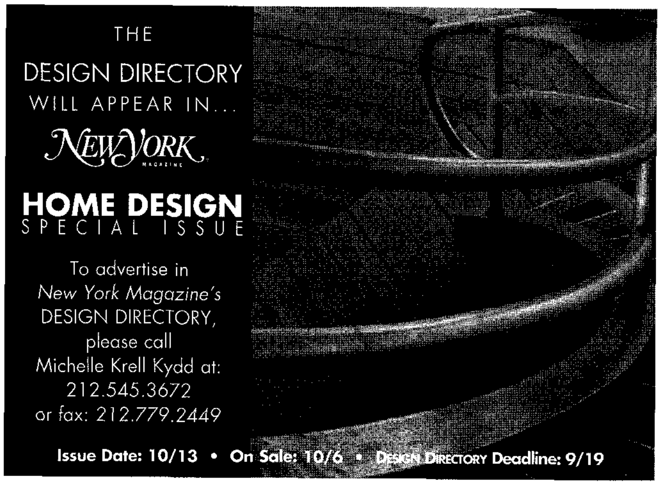

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Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 7041 ✉

Financially Secure—Professional, 63, easygoing, tall, slender, good looks, seeks tall, NJ/(914) lady, 40ish, strong, athletic form, solid. Photo. 8274 ✉ ☎

Elegant Brunette—A very attractive former ballerina with a slender, athletic physique and a sophisticated approach to life, desires a distinguished, multifaceted man (40-50s). You are professionally accomplished, have the time and resources to experience your bohemian heart in a loving relationship. If you are curious to know more about me, take a moment to call. 8250 ✉ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful Jewish media sales exec, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr. type (lighter features), bright, kind, caring, affectionate, witty, loyal. Seeks soul mate for a lifetime of hugs and kisses. Note/photo, please. 8061 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Investment banker, 34, with an unforgettable sense of humor and personality. I am 5'5", and a well-built Jewish Texan (not religious and not a preference). My philosophy is to live life to its fullest and never look back on the past. I travel extensively, mostly for pleasure, and am partial to places such as the French Riviera. If you are 22-30, beautiful, petite, confident, and possess poise and a magnetic personality...and would like to join my carnival and ride all the rides for life with this fun guy, then send a note and picture. 8262 ✉

Wanted: Gentleman's Quality—By sensuous, green-eyed, classy, raven-haired beauty in her pursuit for excellence with human touch and much more... If you are extremely successful, financially set, a distinguished socialite and well established, you might be the happy end or the glorious beginning for savoring vigorously life together with finesse, exquisite taste but also understanding. 7962 ✉

Funny Lady—Pretty, playful, slim, sexy, warm professional woman - dreaming of a fun-filled, intellectually satisfying relationship with an accomplished, financially secure man of integrity, 50-65. I love being outdoors - sailing, hiking or biking. Note/photo, please. 8263 ✉

Physician, Jewish, 45—5'6", handsome, kind, gentle, caring, seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female for long-term relationship. Photo appreciated. 8248 ✉

Nice Guy—With great sense of humor, dynamic, caring, CEO, handsome, cultured, 43, fun, fit, 5'10". Seeks warm, woman under 36, for best friend/lover for life. Note/photo a must. 8277 ✉ ☎

Please Skip This Ad—If you're not truly that one-in-a-million, 37-44 lady with class, looks and brains, yet is sweet and real. I'm a handsome, fit, 5'9", refined Jewish man of quality, 40s, with success and character. Must be open to honesty, warmth, caring, humor, cuddling, marriage and the finer things in life. Photo. 8252 ✉

Honest, Handsome, Educated—Successful white male - 48 years, 6'3", 230 lbs, sincere, healthy mentally and physically, seeks nice, tall beautiful woman, 35-45, for serious relationship. Photo. 8253 ✉

Extraordinary Woman—Seeks extraordinary man. Successful investment banker and entrepreneur who enjoys all that life has to offer, seeks that one man in a million. I am a single white female with shoulder-length red hair, late 30s, 5'8", who is fit (rollerblade, ski and ride horses), and a great cook and companion. If you are a leader in your field, financially and personally secure, 38 plus, and are searching for an exceptionally attractive, well-bred and well-educated young woman who is your equal, to also be your partner in life, send note with photo please. 8211 ✉

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, 38, warm, sentimental, affectionate and fit, seeks an exceptionally bright, spirited woman for marriage of the heart and mind. Pleasures range from the serious (opera, languages and literature) to the pedestrian (well, I do like to walk) ...to the downright silly (no confessions in print). Will take a size twelve over the "waif look" any day, but a generous spirit is the only sine qua non. Photo appreciated. 8223 ✉ ☎

Great Find—39, Jewish, handsome, successful, bright, fit and warm - seeks a truly special woman. Photo/note. 8265 ✉ ☎

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Wanted:—Extraordinary, youthful, energetic, 50-60 entrepreneur, academic, adventurous guy - secure, sense of humor, lover of good company, food, France and yellow dogs...for my equally exceptional sister. Must be willing to lead a battalion of friends and family. Photo please. 8285 ✉

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6'3" Male, Italian Descent, 195—Well-educated in schooling and culture, single, no dependents, athletic, lover of life ...outdoors. Great sense of humor, romantic, passionate, with family/moral values. Successful professional, financially secure, 48. Seeks friend, commitment, marriage/family with professional (no dependents), slim lady, 30-43, who is giving, caring, not selfish, and who wants to share a true, no-games future together. This could be the start of something big. Photo/home number and note gets response. 8270 ✉

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Your Presence Is Requested—To meet an exquisite, attractive, slender, fit blond, early 40s, professional, with varied interests. Seeking handsome, emotionally and physically fit man (wanted: Pierce Brosnan look-alike)... Asking a lot, but I'm worth it. Photo. 8251 ✉ ☎

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Tall, Slim, Smart Guy—Ivy, 40, funny, easygoing, quiet - reader, listener, accomplished, interesting, traveler - independent, flexible, giving. Seeks thin, pretty, smart, educated, creative professional gal, 26-36, 5'7" plus, independent, stylish but nonpretentious, with depth, warmth, integrity, sense of humor and history. Photo please. 8242 ✉

Delightful Company—Smart, warm, attractive brunette - enjoys food and wine, the arts, tennis, golf, chess, skiing, sailing, travel. Seeks interesting, intelligent man (48-58) with zest for life. 8246 ✉

Professional Actress/Singer—With Broadway credits and masters degrees in theater and social work - attractive, green-eyed, slender, 5'7", is looking for a relationship with an emotionally mature, intelligent, kind, good humored, nonsmoking man in his 40s-50s who is professional, successful, tall, with good looks preferred, for mutually giving, close, life enhancing, long term relationship. Recent photo, note, phone please. 8226 ✉

Joan Collins-Type Looks—Retired high school teacher; interests in golf, mystery novels, Restoration, dancing. Seeks principled gentleman, 55-65, who is emotionally and financially secure. Photo. 8281✉

Beautiful Asian—Smart, well-educated professional, young-looking, 39, 5'8", 125. Broad cultural interests. Seeking emotionally available, stable, fit male partner, 36-46. Photo/note/phone. 8238✉

South FL Surgeon—38, Jewish male, seeks professional Jewish female, 25-30, for long-term relationship. Photo. 8213✉

Handsome, Successful MD—36, 5'9", Jewish, cultured, athletic - seeks a truly pretty, sophisticated, professional, athletic Jewish female. 8207 ✉ ☎

Jewish Professional Man—48, highly educated, European born, single parent, warm, sense of humor. Seeks bright, attractive professional lady, 38-54 (MD, DDS or similar type). 8217 ✉

Dynamic, Sophisticated Professional—Lady seeks gentleman, 50s, for serious friendship, love and evolvement. 8276 ✉

Not Getting Any Younger—Very fit (6', 170 lbs), youthful 41, successful NJ exec, JD, financially secure, good-looking, athletic, talented (part-time musician), also funny, warm, affectionate (and decent cook). Needs slim woman under 40 - with looks, style, smarts and great smile - to write (photo) soon. 8264 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Athletic Jewish Female—36, seeks one great guy. Note/photo. 8220✉

Handsome Attorney—Witty, baby blues, movie lover, piano player, weight lifter, Jewish, 33 - seeks very voluptuous, intelligent lady as friend, lover and soul mate. 8212 ✉ ☎

Man—Widower, professional, 65, 6'2" - all attributes - seeks interesting woman. 8224 ✉

Reliable, Successful And Handsome—In great shape, white male, 40. Enjoy traveling, skiing, cultural arts. Seeking very slim Asian or white professional lady for friendship...with an open mind to marriage. Photo/phone. 8268 ✉

Genuinely Nice Guy—Slim, smart and funny (a little sarcastic), 35, but looks younger. Seeking single white female who is ready to settle down. 8255 ✉

Wanted, Wanted, Wanted—One wonderful man for one wonderful woman. Should be funny and love to laugh (I am and I do). Should be bright, successful and have a positive outlook (I am, I am and I do). Seeking a terrific, great-looking man (mid 30s-mid 40s) for me. I am very pretty, very fit, very exciting, very normal and very interested in your response. 8254 ✉ ☎

Funny Woman—Great wit, good looks, tall, slim, Manhattan/FL/Hamptons, looking for compatriot, white, 58-65. 8259 ✉

Beautiful, Slim—Long-haired brunette, creative professional, 42, Jewish (non-religious), in NYC, seeks man, 45-55, for great relationship. Photo/note. 8258 ✉

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Charismatic Columnist—Slim, fit, good-looking, 5'8", 52, Upper West Side. Have two grown kids who make me very proud, wonderful friends whom I've kept for years, great job. All I seek now is a woman to love for life. Photo. 8210 ✉☎

Searching—Trim, rich lady, 60, very attractive, seeks same type male, 55-65, with teeth and hair. 8209 ✉ ☎

European-Born—41, never married... I am looking for a young woman in her 20s to start something lasting and special. I am 5'8", blue-green eyes, dark brown hair, physically and mentally fit. I love traveling, scuba, photography, good food, movies, etc. You are aesthetically pleasant, comfortable with yourself, and have had enough life experience to know the value of a commitment. Smoking, drugs and drinking are not options. No children or religious fanatics, please. Write soon. Your picture and e-mail will get instant response. 8287 ✉

Petite, Slim, Energetic—Fun-loving, young 60s, art teacher - enjoys theater, travel. Seeks Jewish male, 60s-70s. 8273✉

NJ Esquire With Great Smile—37, Jewish, seeks shapely woman who enjoys folk music, jazz, ethnic foods, romance, and... Note/photo. 8280 ✉

Sensual, Sweet Lady Dentist—48, 5'4", easy to be with, many city/country interests, seeks accomplished, down-to-earth, loving, marriage-minded man. 8227 ✉ ☎

Black Woman—Of beauty and substance, seeks intelligent, financially secure nonsmoker, 38-50. Note/photo. 8236 ✉

Financial Analyst—For high-end fashion house. 30, single, Latin-American male, MBA - speaks four languages, loves foreign films, fashion, travel, disco. Wants to meet sensitive, passionate, romantic, spontaneous, fashionable professional female. Note/phone 8240 ✉

Expressive Blue Eyes—And a smile to match. But why, you ask, am I such a great catch?... Pretty Jewish female, 37 years old, a total quality package with a true heart of gold... You're equally special, with character, sense of humor and style. And for two terrific people to meet leaves me certain this ad's worthwhile!... Note/photo please. 8219✉

Petite, Successful Jewish Female—34, very attractive, fit, upbeat professional, looking for dynamic, fun, intelligent soul mate to share life, love, family. Photo, please. 8271 ✉

Connecticut/Westchester—Striking, slim, 5'7", auburn-haired professional, 49, with passion, integrity and wit - seeks caring man for fun and future. 8278 ✉☎

We Make A Difference—5'4", 125, 39, attractive brunette. Dedicated in career and NP education. Enjoys sports... Seek like-minded, serious gentleman. 8244 ✉☎

Girl-Next-Door Type—Who loves life in NYC, seeks well-educated, down-to-earth Christian man. I'm 29, petite and upbeat. You should be under 42, fit, and preferably never married. 8288 ✉

Single White Male—Handsome, athletic trial lawyer, 6'2", 175 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, warm and sincere, likes outdoors, nights out. Seeks caring female, 21-30. Note/photo appreciated. 8267 ✉

A Glimpse—45, 5'10", 170, nonsmoker, Jewish (nonreligious), divorced father... sensitive, creative, athletic MD. Patiently waiting for a special, under-40, dynamic, accomplished feminine woman to gently fall into my world. Photo. 8216 ✉ ☎

Fit, Fun And 41—Male pianist/author, into karate, seeks female who loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone. 8235 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Sincere Gentleman—6', dentist, 41, seeks pretty, kind, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 8228 ✉

Too Romantic—Very attractive and tired of sharks! Where are the nice honest guys? 5'2", red/brown, good fit body, 36, divorced, young son. Sincere, loyal and honest to a fault, kind, caring, smart and successful too. Looking for my soul mate/life partner. You are, I hope, tall, fit, attractive, with vast integrity, intelligence, kindness and career, 32-45, and you believe in true love too. Will reciprocate your note/photo/phone. Thanks. 8205 ✉

Jersey Shore Marathon Man—Ivy-League PhD, good-looking, athletic, 5'8", 145 lbs, 52 - seeks a best friend who is an attractive, slim, athletic, nonsmoking woman under 45, to share runs on the beach, vegetarian dinners, movies, concerts, laughter and fun. Jersey Shore preferred. Photo appreciated. 8249 ✉

Successful Gentleguy—Seeks woman friend and lover for fun, marriage and having children. Prefer pretty, fit, tall and smart. Photo a must. Your response handled with care. 8241 ✉

Seeking Asian/American—Significant other. Extremely handsome, 6', 180 lbs, well-built, athletic, very successful entrepreneur - is intelligent, charming, witty, passionate, funny, sexy and affectionate. Enjoys variety of sports and activities. Seeks his female counterpart with similar attributes, 20s-30s, ready to share the best life has to offer. Photo please - will exchange. 8233 ✉

An Attractive, Adventurous—Literary author (five books), world traveler, 51, seeks her male equal. Photo. 8243 ✉

Very Attractive—Fit, intelligent, professional Jewish female, 36, seeks professional Jewish male counterpart, soul mate... life, love, family. Note/photo. 8221 ✉

"Matchmaker, Make Me A Match"—Attractive, 5'2", blue-eyed blond, 70 years young, affluent, exciting, caring Jewish widow - desires meeting financially accomplished, cerebral gentleman, my counterpart, for happy, loving, monogamous relationship. 8275 ✉ ☎

Paging Doctor Self-Realized—Seek world's coolest MD, 34-48. Must have a real life outside medicine. I'm Ivy League, 30s, own a hugely successful medical firm and (surprise, surprise) am truly gorgeous and very choosy. Note designed to compel/amuse. Photo. No non-MDs please. 8272 ✉

Warmhearted, Outgoing Woman—Intelligent, voluptuous, professional Manhattanite - seeks single white male, 30s, Catholic, emotionally secure, with good sense of humor, who likes travel, museums, movies, theater and tennis. Nonsmoker and drug-free. 8247 ✉

A Woman Of Substance—Passionate about the arts (especially classical music), the outdoors...European orientation, cheerful and upbeat. Would love to meet kind, cultured gentleman, 45-60, of similar disposition and interests. Note/photo appreciated. 8230 ✉

Jewish Widow Seeks Widower—50 plus, ready to love again. Bubbly, optimistic, blue-eyed blond entrepreneur - loves traveling, golf, theater and life. 8006 ✉

Love To Laugh—Smart, creative, energetic, independent woman, 42, seeks equal for running, eating, travel, movies, family and fun. Note/photo please. 8260 ✉

Assortments

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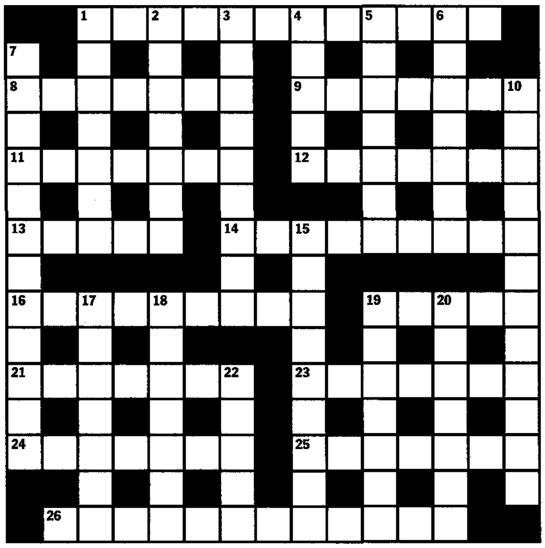
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Lawyers clean out account of sailor. (8,4)
8 Ancient Egyptian poet upset him. (7)
9 Teacher rejecting fragrant oil on rice-dish. (7)
11 Return of letter about apostle's shoulder ornament. (7)
12 Dance of short duration apparently. (3-4)
13 King objects to splits. (5)
14 Putting together an essay on fictional doctor. (9)
16 Infernal cacophony! (6,3)
19 Sailors holding one river-town in Yorkshire. (5)
21 He won't thank you for tearing letters. (7)
23 Bans unfashionable rules . . . (7)
24 . . . and wanders round with messages. (7)
25 Amiable radical relations. (7)
26 King to study first English author. (7,5)



DOWN

1 Prohibition involving hairstyle in Gulf state. (7)
2 Disturbs the baby's toys. (7)
3 Paper ties the hungry don't need? (9)
4 Leading long-boat is broad and slow. (5)
5 Ask for second-class cheese-spread. (7)
6 Understatement in untruths about child. (7)
7 Invariable procedure arranged by tour operator in Orient. (5,7)
10 Adversaries not in favour of pretentiousness. (8,4)
15 Unprecedented delivery of a magazine. (3,6)
17 Artist who has to take all paintings home first. (7)
18 Pupil finding paid work after school ends. (7)
19 Mystery tour and trip round hall. (7)
20 Plain pie that has the right appearance. (7)
22 Measure girl has to follow. (5)

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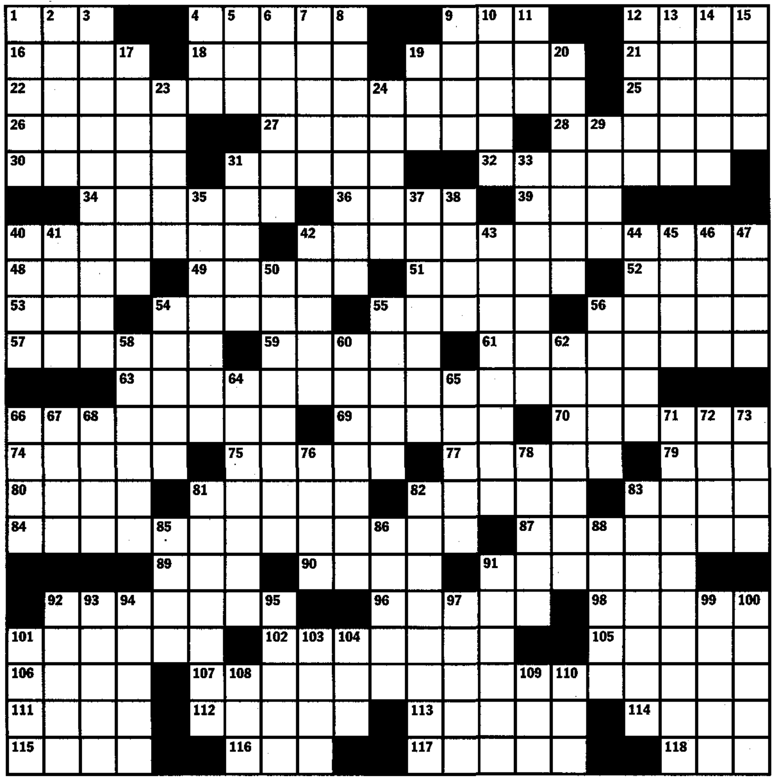
'Nursery Rhyme Revisions': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Start of a question to Mary, Mary
4 Shinny up
9 Used to be
12 Alehouses
16 Woe is me!
18 Lammermoor maiden, in an opera
19 Phil Silvers role
21 As blind as ——
22 Mrs. Malaprop's daughter?
25 Meddlesome
26 —— barrel (in a fix)
27 Swindler
28 Until now
30 Canary's kin
31 Mopy feelings
32 Issue forth
34 "Oklahoma!" star
36 "Beauty —— the eye . . ."
39 One of Bo-Peep's flock
40 Soon-to-be adolescent
42 A dillar, a dollar in operatic circles?
48 Rub the wrong way
49 Hocks
51 Popular shock jock
52 —— Bator
53 Los Angeles judge
54 Dressed greens
55 A Marx brother
56 Religious pamphlet
57 1982 Oscar film
59 Balbo or Calvino
61 Develops into bone
63 What a smart little piggy did?
66 Tea tin
69 —— with (tolerate)
70 Opposite of never
74 Spanish girl friend
75 Gwyn namesakes
77 Creepy
79 Floor piece
80 Walkway
81 Come afterward
82 Gave over
83 "East of Eden" woman
84 Wrong parentage for Tom, Tom?
87 Kaiser's realm
89 Compete
90 Caesar's rebuke to Brutus
91 Famed Roman general
92 Kneecap
96 In —— (reeling)
98 State of India
101 With melodic intonation
102 Corelli and Zeffirelli
105 Jeweled headwear
106 Blowgun missile
107 Silly silly goose's mate?
111 Notion, in Nice
112 English porcelain
113 Labor coalition
114 Sound from Big Ben
115 Taylor's third
116 UFO passengers
117 Took sudden notice
118 Numbered rd.

DOWN

1 Angel glows
2 Martini tidbit
3 Heavy fruit
4 Suffix for corpus
5 Abner's radio partner
6 Winter dripper
7 Baryshnikov's nickname
8 One-baggers
9 Peter, Peter's kept woman
10 Actress Woodard
11 Slalom need
12 Zoo attraction
13 Sub
14 Moisten the roast
15 Eye sore
17 Having narrow grooves
19 "None —— the brave . . ."
20 Resident of Canada's capital
23 Bengal soldier's weapon
24 Billiards shot
29 Change for a five
31 Trite
33 TV "Place"
35 Do brushwork again
37 Briefly
38 Reply to the Little Red Hen
40 Bluenose
41 Beatles' meter maid
42 "—— Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street"
43 Gained back
44 Kind of time restriction
45 Fronton game, with "jai"
46 Handkerchief trim
47 Aardvark's diet
50 Restaurant employee
54 "The Liner —— Lady": Kipling
55 Name on Santa's mailbox
56 Championship
58 Ike
60 Most adequately sized
62 Not as flighty
64 "Wonderland" illustrator
65 Tart-maker of a rhyme
66 Between Lt. and Maj.
67 Nanking nanny
68 Evening, in adspeak
71 Top-ranking diplomat
72 Knitter's buy
73 Collar accessory
76 Troubadour's instrument
78 Cordelia's sister
81 Authors' postscripts
82 Moroccan pasta dish
83 Titillating
85 The Y in YSL
86 Comic Arnold of the Berle show
88 Rancho rope
91 Square peg in a round hole
92 Madrid museum
93 Televised
94 Carried
95 In progress
97 City near Bombay
99 Ain't, corrected
100 Baseball owner Schott
101 Mine passage
103 Farm mail abbrs.
104 Popeye's yes
108 Unseal: poetic
109 "Have —— any wool?"
110 Economics stat.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 83.

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as your own.

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been sure
of yourself.
You should be
equally sure
of your clothes.
Sure they
appropriately
represent
who you are,
wherever you are.
That's why men
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of a major cosmetic
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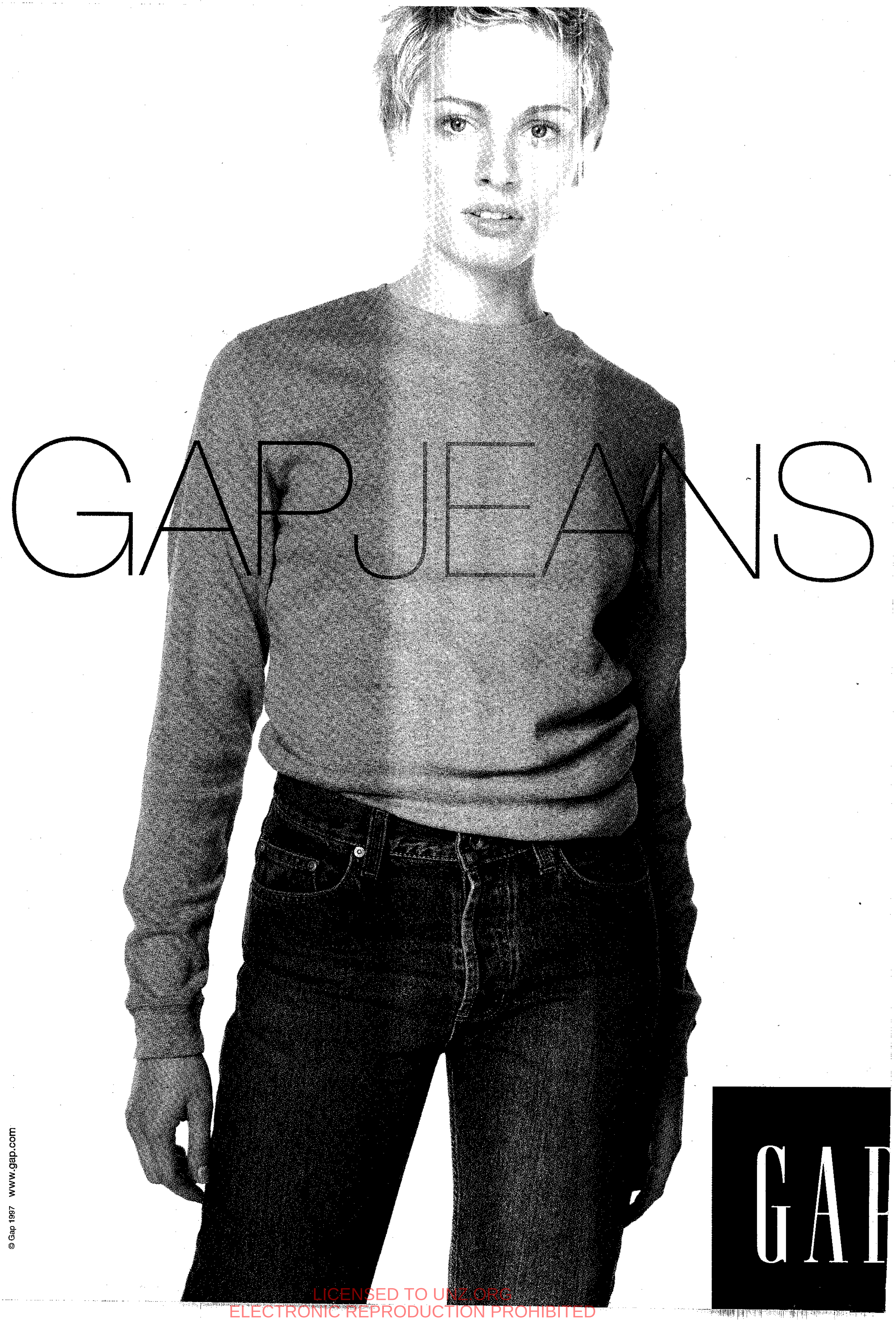
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